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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SUMMER AND OUT-DOORS ISSUE

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ADVICE TO *Cruising* GIRLS

Bright, Breezy Letter of Help from Gilbert Frankau, Noted English Author

HOLIDAY MANNERS .... *and* MEN

Are girls on cruises as bad as they're painted by Gilbert Frankau, noted English author, in the following humorous letter to his nieces?

Between the lines of his satire are tips for cruising behaviour—so read, mark, and learn before you "gang away."

ON SHORT CRUISES, possible husbands, except those already appropriated, are few and far between . . .

MY dear Joan and Peggy: You are quite wrong. I am not in the least surprised at your mother and father allowing you to "do a spot of cruising," as you so elegantly phrase it, without a chaperon.

After all, you have both had your own way ever since you were old enough to howl for it. And why not?

Self-expression is infinitely more important than self-discipline; and with your engaging personalities even a fortnight's ocean travel ought to take you fast and far.

What does surprise me, I admit, is that you should ask any advice—let alone that of a crusted Victorio-Edwardian like myself. Surely, nowadays, the inferiority complex is the prerogative of the juvenile male. Young women should be of sterner stuff.

However, I'll do my best, starting with that most important question: "What should the cruising girl wear?"

To Mother's Account

FACTUALLY, as far as I can gather from the folders issued by the shipping companies, she should wear as little as possible. But do not let this be a handicap to your enthusiasms.

Buy anything that takes your fancy, preferably charging it to your dear mother's account—as I understand your own credits are already at their limits.

Shorts for Joan. Trousers for Peggy—unless her "understandings," as we Victorio-Edwardians prefer to call them, have been considerably reduced.

Dressing-gowns must have **all** your attention. Many a good acquaintanceship can be made on the way to or from one's bath.

Don't Be Late!

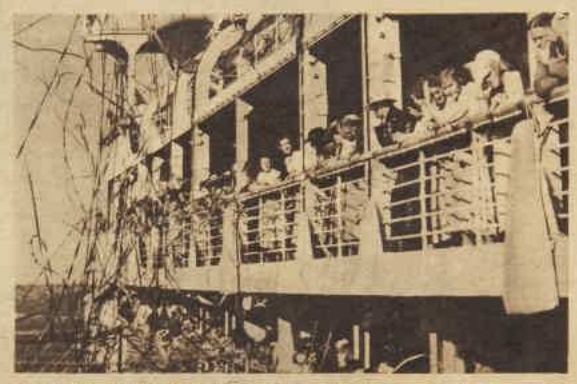
REMEMBERING your last arrival under my own hospitable roof (letters of thanks not yet received) may I give you a few words of counsel about your first appearance at the boat train or on board?

Liners rarely wait more than three hours even for the most important passengers. It will be inadvisable, therefore, to telephone the shipping company: *"So sorry, darling, but we shan't blow in till about midnight."*

Your stewardess—if I can believe the hints dropped by my own exiguous staff after your departure—you will know how to treat without any advice from me.

Just leave her to do your packing and/or unpacking, and to tidy up your day clothes from any place where your fancy chooses to fling them when you go down to dinner.

As a woman, she will regard this as a labor of love; and no doubt it will give her a vicarious joy to screw the lids back on your various pots of face creams and other unguents.



LINERS RARELY wait more than three hours even for the most important passengers—so be early, girls.

Unfortunately, there will be no gas-fire even in the most modern ship.

So you can't leave that burning. But I feel that I really can trust you never to switch off a light.

So much then for your *stable* manners. Behave in your cabin exactly as you behaved in my spare room—and your geniuses for self-expression will come to no harm.

Table manners on shipboard present a slightly different problem. For the first day or so, at any rate, you will be expected to pay for your own drinks. Smoking immediately after the fish course may not be encouraged. And while on this subject of tables, let me dissuade you from the captain's.

These ancient sea-dogs are mere masses of prejudice. The doctor, if in his first ship, or the assistant purser, preferably an Irishman, will be safer bets.

"Hard-Boiled"

I NOW approach, with considerable diffidence, the vexed subject of what I believe you call "social relationship." But even there your excellent upbringing will be the surest guide.

Continue to treat any woman of your mother's age or over with that sublime mixture of arrogance and pity which is your prerogative; and never forget that a gramophone should always play at its loudest when accompanying a rubber of contract bridge.

Actual (or rather "definite") rudeness to your elders is as unnecessary on sea as it is on land. *Put them in their place—and keep them there.*

Beware, nevertheless, of mothers with daughters nearing thirty. Rouse one such tigress by luring a possible husband to the boat deck—and your name will be mud.

On short cruises—let me further warn you—possible husbands, except those already appropriated, are few and far between.

Accordingly, remain *hard-boiled*, avoiding, as far as possible, any further approach from

(a) the man of about my own age who opens by saying that you remind him of his own darling daughters;

(b) ex-captains of the Great War who wear line regiment ties with Guardee moustaches, and

(c) any man, whatever his age, who brushes his hair straight back from his forehead without a parting.

These last, believe me, are *dangerous*. Their very sleekness denotes a personality of cat-like proclivities with overmuch experience. Leave such to the grass widows, who will know how to deal with them better than you.

Doing the Damage

GRASS *widowers* should be treated with considerable circumspection. At the first reference to "my missus, the best little woman in the world, but she doesn't understand one side of my nature," insist that you can hear the next dance beginning, *and* that you've promised it.

Similar manoeuvres, varied to suit the occasions, will get you out of most difficulties.

Practise them constantly—and you will do more damage than you suffer; which is the whole essence, from your point of view, of "having a good time."

Hollywood Style

MEANWHILE, let me suggest regular exercise, and the greatest possible restraint when facing cameras, of which there are certain to be whole batteries on board.

The privilege of "doing a holiday girl"—that is to say, of displaying all the ivories and at the same time lifting the right hand in a semi-Fascist salute—is now exclusive to Hollywood and Elstree. You should no more trespass on it than you should indulge in the old-fashioned practice of writing letters to your parents.

What were postcards invented for, anyway?

Always yours affectionately,

Gilbert Frankau

P.S.—On re-reading your letter, I notice that the word you use is "*help*," not "*advice*." Sorry. Cheques enclosed.

Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People

Well-earned Victory

AN American tennis champion, Miss Marble, who was awarded the Victor's Cup after her defeat of Miss Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, Polish tennis star, in matches played in U.S.A.

The Polish champion had previously beaten Miss Marble in England on three occasions.

—Broothorn.

State Director of Finance

MR. A. T. SMITHERS, Victoria's new State Director of Finance, is only 43, the youngest officer who has ever been in charge of a Government Treasury in Australia.

An Associate of the Commonwealth Institute of Accountants, Mr. Smithers joined the State Public Service in 1911, and was appointed assistant accountant to the Treasury in 1931. He has attended all meetings of the Loan Council and all Premiers' Conferences during the last 10 years, and has taken part in the preparation of 15 State Budgets.

His chief work was associated with the preparation of the financial agreement adopted by all the Australian Parliaments in 1927.

Unusual Vocalist

MISS DOROTHY DAMPIER, who has been doing some broadcasting in Australia, has a voice so unusual that it cannot be classified—and a personality that belies her voice.

Daughter of Claude Dampier, of Sound City and B.B.C. fame, she can hold dialogues with herself so that the quickest ear could not tell there were not two people speaking.

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3 MINS. 30 SECS.—*When* AUSTRALIA *Stands* BREATHLESS

Melbourne Cup, Our Greatest Race, Holds Nation in Suspense

Do you suffer from Cup thrill?

It's a complaint — or is it ecstasy?—peculiar to about 6½ million Australians, likely to reach epidemic point at 3.30 p.m. on the first Tuesday in November.

Cup thrills begin with a fever and usually end with a headache, but we mustn't talk about that.

THE GIRL AT THE RADIO and the crowds on the course share the same intense interest in the Melbourne Cup—at 3.30 they're off, 3½ minutes later the Cup is over. In that brief passage of time a nation stops everything, then picks up the rhythm of life again.

WHEN properly in the throes, you experience about 3½ minutes of extreme exhilaration, tense drama and breath-taking suspense; excitement as action-packed as any movie you've ever seen.

The whole thing happens something like this: The focal point of the trouble is in Melbourne. There a cry goes up: "They're off!"

A twisting ribbon of silk unravels into a straight line, and the measured rhythm of drumming hoofs sweeps on. The sudden shout of the stands, close-packed like matches in a box, is swallowed in silence. The Melbourne Cup is on.

So much for Flemington, but it doesn't end there.

Office Sweeps

THE great Australian "talkie" short then begins. A million radios take up the cry, spinning the words in a crescendo of excitement to the four corners of the continent.

It's the one day in the year when nobody says "There's nothing interesting on the wireless." **It's the day when the crooner's voice is silenced by mutual consent, and the dial-twirler goes in fear of his life.**

For a few minutes you forget everything but the thrill of it. People who have never had a bet or been on a racecourse in their lives are likely to be as badly affected as seasoned racegoers.

Girls in offices and shops, busy housewives, society women, and a thousand other types are easy victims.

A ticket in the office or family sweep is one of the reasons. It gives them an interest in the race. Others find enjoyment in the thrill alone.

At Cup time sober citizens are taken with the disease. Recluses who haven't read anything more recent than Gladstone's speeches in the House of Commons study the acceptances and go seeking a radio to hear the Cup run.

If you could draw cross-sections across the continent from the man in the grandstand at Flemington to the man in shorts and a solar topee at Darwin, from the housewives in Sydney to their sisters at Perth, Adelaide, Brisbane and Hobart, you'd find an extraordinary similarity of ideas among them all.

For a few hours Australia is the most united country in the world. For the 3 minutes 27 seconds which is about the average time for the Cup to be run it's a land of one idea.

When Wotan won it last year he created a record of 3 minutes 21 seconds—which made the thrill a little more concentrated than ever. Since he won at 100 to 1, perhaps the haste to break the bad news was unseemly in a New Zealand visitor. But it was all part of the game.

The Melbourne Cup is more than a horse-race—it's a horse-race in the heroic tradition—the battle of giants, the clash of Titans, which intrigues us all.

Out at Alice Springs the group around the radio have very much the same feeling as the group that will be listening to the running of the Cup in your home, your office, in the street, or in the place next door. It's almost a solemn rite, this obligation to hear the Cup run.

The diver fishing for pearl somewhere off Broome by some psychic means finds himself once more aboard the lugger where a raucous radio sends its noise out across the waters

In Coober Pedy, the opal miners sit in their rock huts drinking in the glamor of a scene from which they are separated by a thousand miles of desert. In the inland the pedal wireless of the station outposts picks a thrill from the air

Round the World

IN North Queensland the canefields share in the carnival of excitement, and in tropic Rabaul they hope the static will not be too bad to prevent the direct broadcast. If so, they postpone it and get the rebroadcast at six o'clock—thrill and all, even if a little delayed.

Traffic slows down and the tram-driver, heedless of the conductor's "Righto, Bill!" snatches a few seconds' excitement from a blaring street radio before clanging on his way.

Passengers in trains hear the Cup, people in aeroplanes and motor cars listen-in.

The men who go down to the seas in ships haunt the wireless-room or listen to the Australian stations if near enough.

Out in India, Australians in the Army and their English comrades who go out in the midday sun ask each other the question, "What won the Cup?" and someone's sure to know the answer.

America, which manufactures thrill and sends it all over the world in celluloid cans, has sent reporters to watch the Cup. San Francisco, across the Pacific, will read about it, and so will London, Calcutta, and Bombay.

Melbourne swims in an orgy of Cup Day excitement. It begins the social whirl of Carnival time, every girl gets herself a new frock and everybody gets a holiday. It's all part of Cup Day thrill.

A word of warning to visitors. There is one thing you must not do: If a breathless person should ask you what won the Cup, you must not say "What cup?"

It simply isn't done.

RICHEST HAIRDRESSER *Seeks Perfect* HAIR TINTS

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Perfect hair tints that will enable a woman to change the color of her hair as easily and safely as she changes her dress are being sought by the world's richest hairdresser, M. Gaston Boudou.

HE aims to produce the perfect blonde, the perfect brunette, the perfect red-head, and perfection in other hair colorings which are likely to become fashionable.

M. Boudou, who supervises the hairdressing of more peeresses than any other man, may bestow on women the means of achieving hair beauty hitherto unknown.

At the age of sixty-seven, he has retired from participation in most of his businesses so that he can give more time to his hobby That is what he calls it. Others regard it as research into the science of hair-dyeing.

M. Boudou, inventor of hair tints already in daily use, is believed to have discovered dye secrets unknown to others.

He works at his research when the mood takes him. He has three laboratories, where he can surround himself with dyestuffs and chemicals and locks of freshly-cut hair.

He is particularly proud of a hyacinth dye—a lovely pale mauve

Holidays and Outdoors . . .

- ***You will find in this issue:—***
- ***Special articles and pictures that deal with the outdoors and travel.***
- ***The Fashion Section specialises in summer wear.***
- ***The Homemaker Section contains special recipes for picnics, and other features.***
- ***L. W. Lower, with his usual humor, discusses the great outdoors.***
- ***Betty Gee writes a special article about the Melbourne Cup carnival.***

"MY DEAR, YOU'RE MARVELLOUS!" . . . "YOU MEAN THAT TEDDIE GARRATT IS.

He taught me to play in this modern syncopated style by his wonderful Postal Course. Believe me, no other Course can begin to compare with it. I know! I've tried them all! ! But his is so easy to understand—so fascinating, and so rapid! ! Anyone who has a piano at their disposal and can spare not less than 30 minutes per day to practise should fill in the coupon below. . . . Even though you are an Absolute Beginner, do not know one note of music, that is NO handicap.

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

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FILL IN COUPON BELOW, AND POST AT ONCE!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W., NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practise, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosures—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME.....

(Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS.....

The King's Daughters—Second instalment on Page 53

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JEAN BATTEN, *the Woman—a Man's* IMPRESSION

Traits of Character That Make Her Essentially Feminine

By RICHARD G. L. THOMAS, Aviation Writer.

Because Jean Batten has beaten the men at their own job, there seems to be a popular fallacy that she is a masculine type.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Because she is a feminist does not mean that she is not feminine.

I know. I had twelve appointments with her in the week before she left for Darwin. She was late for every one of them.

JUST like any other woman. She was pleasantly apologetic. You had to leave it at that.

Jean is pleasant, capable and attractive. She is the only woman record-breaker I have met I would call pretty without putting my tongue in my cheek.

Give her a chance and she is a brilliant conversationalist.

Try to push her into answering questions and she assumes the attitude of a person in the witness-box. She will give the minimum answer necessary for courtesy.

If you doubt her femininity, watch her before she has a photograph taken. She will pull the little green curtains of her plane and use the polished celluloid as a temporary mirror to set her hair.

A speck of dust will be removed with the precision of a careful housewife dusting her most highly-polished table.

When she sees the result of the photograph she will complain that it is terrible! **What woman doesn't?**

I fancy that the legend of masculinity has grown around Jean because of her carefully-cultured veneer of reserve. She needs it to prevent exploitation.

Then she is a feminist. She will not admit that her sex has any inferiority. She asks no favors because of her sex and gives none.

That applies equally to hundreds of women in business. To the majority of women, in fact, who have to meet the world at large and not merely the restricted circle around their own homes.

Little Courtesies

BUT because she is sensible, businesslike (except for some of her appointments), cool and collected, it does not mean that she is masculine in character.

On the contrary. Those who fail to recognise the woman beneath the veneer will always misunderstand her. They will not realise the little courtesies which please her.

She likes to be treated as a woman. Yet many make the mistake of treating her like a man.

I have seen her climb from her plane a dozen times with dozens of men around, and not one has offered her the support of his arm. With anyone else it would be considered plain bad manners, but for some reason they seem to think it quite in order with Jean.

But if you do offer her your hand you will probably receive a pleasant smile and a cheery word. She appreciates a courtesy and acknowledges it as any other lady.

I know that the frequent indifference to these little courtesies hurt her more than she ever says. When she's hurt she becomes even more austere, and so the legend of masculinity snowballs ever onward.

Cheerful Wit

NO. Jean is nothing if she is not a girl. She has pluck and endurance greater than most men. She has determination, courage and frankness. She is an out and out sport.

But she is companionable, too. She likes frills and laces as well as the purr of an aeroplane engine and the smell of petrol. She earns her living breaking records, and is thoroughly businesslike in the process. So much to her credit.

But I shall always remember Jean Batten, the girl. She is playful, cheerful with a pungent wit, always kind and never cruel.

She laughs happily and no one appreciates a good joke more than she does. Restless and anxious in varying moods, but she, with it all, is the compleat woman.

She has, too, a strong bond of affection for her fellows, **and beneath the veneer I have seen, too, the gleam of sentiment that makes me think that some day Jean will retire and someone, somewhere, will be very, very glad.**

"Jean Batten masculine?"

I asked a mechanic apprentice that before I knew her.

"What! Blimey! You have to brush every speck of dust off her bus. Everything has to shine like a pin and she darned near faints if there's a fingermark on the windscreen. Masculine! Blimey. She thinks that crate of hers is her best drawing-room!"

She does. And she has the woman's pride in it that any housewife has in beautiful furniture. It's hers. Her own. And she has a woman's pride of possession that man can only try to understand.

JEAN BATTEN and her compass, which is as important to her as a compact is to the office-girl.

Jean Batten's Log from the Beginning

What marvellous achievements are written in Jean Batten's log of life! Here is the record in its simplest form—which is also the most impressive.

JEAN BATTEN was born in Rotorua, New Zealand, in September, 1909.

Her first flight was made in 1929 in the Southern Cross, with the late Air-Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford Smith as pilot.

Later in the year she went to London with the intention of studying music, but sold her piano to take flying lessons.

Hero-worship for Bert Hinkler and "Smithy" made her turn her attention to record-breaking, and the fact that she was born in New Zealand gave the Anglo-Australian route a particular magnetism.

After many futile attempts to raise finance for her proposed Anglo-Australian flight she finally managed to save sufficient to make the attempt in April, 1933.

She made a gallant effort, but crashed at Karachi and only managed to save log-books, a toothbrush, comb, and mirror.

Undeterred, she made new arrangements and set off again in April, 1934, and this time crashed again, much nearer home, at Rome

The machine was soon repaired this time, and she went back to London, and on this occasion proved that "third time does it."

Leaving London on May 8 she reached Darwin after 14 days 22½ hours, and became holder of the women's solo record from England to Australia.

After a sea trip to New Zealand she resolved to fly back to England.

She left Darwin in April, 1935, but failed to capture the record.

New Solo Record

LATER in the same year—November, 1935—she created a new absolute solo record from England to Rio de Janeiro, which included the first solo crossing of the South Atlantic by a woman, in the all-time record period of 13 hours 15 minutes.

Following the successful termination of that flight she flew non-stop from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires in 13 hours 32 minutes.

She returned from South America by steamer and then started planning her record-breaking flight from England to New Zealand.

Her accomplishment of this astonishing flight is still fresh in the public mind.

In the course of this gallant effort she captured the absolute England-Australia solo record by flying from Lympne to Darwin in 5 days 21 hours, the absolute Tasman record by crossing from Richmond (N.S.W.) to New Plymouth (N.Z.) in 9¾ hours, the Sydney-Auckland record (10½ hours), and the distinction of being the first woman to fly the Tasman solo.

Don't let Constipation make you old before your time

"JUNIPAH"

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Dull eyes—lined faces—sallow skins . . . How many people we see like that—looking 10 years more than their age. Are *you* one of them? Do you have headaches and feel "all-in" for no apparent reason? Then, ten to one you suffer from Incomplete Elimination—the most dangerous form of constipation. Your system seems to be working properly but poisonous waste matter is remaining in your system in small but deadly quantities; it is undermining your health, taking all the "go" out of you. Don't let it go on or it will lead to serious complications. You can rid yourself of this menace to health by starting *to-day* a course of this

AMAZING NATURAL REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION

JUNIPAH has the same ingredients and wonderful properties as the world's most noted spa waters. A level teaspoonful in a glass of warm water first thing every morning completely cleanses the intestinal tract, stimulates lazy muscles, purifies the blood stream and tones up the whole system.

CONTAINS PRECIOUS OIL OF JUNIPER

ENDS KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts contain a special and most valued ingredient—Oil of Juniper—used for hundreds of years and acknowledged by modern medical science as being the finest remedy for kidney troubles. If you suffer from backache or any similar complaints, let Junipah give you the relief you have longed for. Nothing else is so quick and sure in action.

Junipah is equally valuable for rheumatism, gout, sciatica—because it is a solvent of URIC ACID (which causes those excruciating pains in the muscles and joints) and provides quick relief often where everything else has failed. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES IN TWO SIZES—1/3, AND MORE THAN DOUBLE THE QUANTITY—2/-.

FREE OFFER!

Grosvenor Laboratories,
P.O. Box 747 G, Sydney.

Sirs:—Please send me, without cost, generous FREE SAMPLE of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts as advertised in .....

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SHY PILOT

Complete Short Story

Romance in the air and the story of a shy lamb who was a lion in the face of danger...

By....
Peter B. KYNE

Illustrated by...
Wynne W. DAVIES

Mike helped her to alight from the plane. His hands held her protectively for a moment.

FLIERS who survive the experience Mike Nash survived do so because they have great intelligence, natural adaptability for the game, love for it and hard, practical common sense. He had had in France sufficient stunting to last him the remainder of his life; when he started flying post-office planes he was twenty-five and the youth was gone out of him. He was twenty-eight when his former commanding officer retired from the service to take over the job of General Manager for the Amalgamated Air Lines—and at once sent for Mike.

He came out to Salt Lake City by train. Amalgamated, at that time, flew the mail and such meagre passenger traffic as offered between Salt Lake City and points in Idaho and Montana.

On the way out he saw a girl get aboard the Overland Limited at Chicago and he knew, by her luggage, that she must have a rich and indulgent father. Also she had a wire-haired fox terrier and when the porter told her politely she'd have to take the dog up into the baggage car, because dogs were not permitted in drawing-rooms, Mike noticed she paid no attention to the admonition.

Mike had the compartment next to her, and he hoped the dog would bark continuously in order that he might speak a word of protest to her about it. This, he reflected, would be a grand excuse for becoming acquainted; for while he had a collection of medals attesting his courage, his courage had never been equal to his modesty or sense of decency, and he shrank from attempting a mash.

Staid, old-fashioned fellow, Mike Nash. He had never learned to dance. He was shy and lacked little social graces because he had never had time to cultivate them. The girls he had met had regarded him, he was quite certain, as a dud, and none of them had challenged his interest. Now, at twenty-eight, there was a vague restlessness in him and that girl with the dog was the reason for it.

SHE had curly black hair and fine, frank, dark blue eyes. She had a graceful walk and an assured way about her; plainly she had encountered few obstacles in her lifetime, which Mike judged might be about twenty years. He wished she didn't travel with a dog. He was, without knowing why, suspicious of doggy women.

After the conductor had collected his ticket, he opened his door and stood out in the vestibule, to eavesdrop on the conductor's pronouncement (doubtless it would be firmer and more insistent than that of the porter) on the dog.

"Miss Gillam," he heard the conductor say, "it's a strict rule of the company that dogs may not be kept in drawing-rooms."

"I was aware of that rule," he heard Miss Gillam reply, "but every rule has its exception, so I collected my exception yesterday. Here is a letter for you from the General Traffic Manager of your Chicago office."

Mike heard the rustling of paper. "He urges me to show you every courtesy, Miss Gillam. Well, we'd do that anyhow, but—he doesn't instruct me to violate the rule regarding dogs. Anyhow, he's in Traffic, and I take my orders from the General Passenger Agent."

"My father," Miss Gillam replied demurely, "ships about ten thousand head of steers over this road annually. Sometimes to Omaha, sometimes to Kansas City, sometimes to Chicago. He could get the same rates and service over some other line. The General Traffic Manager would not put that in writing, of course, but I have a notion he expected you to use your Grade A diplomacy when I mentioned the matter."

"Miss Gillam, I haven't seen your dog. Please keep him out of my sight. Just before I finish my run at Omaha I'll discover him officially and report his presence to the conductor who relieves me. I have a job to think of, and I must go on record. I must warn you, however, that the man who relieves me has never violated a rule in twenty years of service."

"THANK you," Miss Gillam replied. "You are very kind and very diplomatic."

At Grand Island, where the train made a five-minute stop, Mike saw Miss Gillam take her dog out on the platform for a walk. Promptly a local dog appeared and jumped at the stranger. As they met, standing on their hind legs, the Gillam dog got a grip on the right foreleg of the enemy, threw him, let go and reached for a throat hold. But the Grand Island cur had had enough; he rolled over, scrambled to his feet and fled, with Miss Gillam's dog in raucous pursuit.

Now Mike Nash was not one to overlook opportunity. He leaped off the platform and raced after the deserter. He cornered him in a soda fountain two blocks up the street, picked him up and ran as fast as he could back to the train. He swung aboard as it was pulling out; in the vestibule he dangled the dog by the neck and with his handkerchief wiped the dirty feet before handing her property back to Miss Gillam.

"Thank you, Sir Galahad," she said brightly. "For a noticeably lame man you're amazingly fast on your feet."

"I knew there was quick work for a good man and true the instant I saw that cur charging," he gasped. "Er—ah, nice little chap, isn't he? What's his name?"

"Pilate," she answered. "Pontius Pilate, really, because he's a double-crossing little rascal and was given to me in Rome. What a coincidence! A Pilate pursued and captured by a pilot."

He stared at her, amazed at her perspicacity. "How did you know that?"

"Read a piece about you in the paper last week. The story carried your picture. Besides, you carry in your lapel the insignia of The Quiet Birdmen. You're Michael Nash, aren't you?"

"Discovered, by gum! Well, I'm quite a detective myself. You're Miss Chloe Gillam, and you have very little respect for rules when they interfere with your desires. Your father ships ten thousand steers annually over this line—so you got away with murder."

He liked her soft, gurgling laugh. "You eavesdropped, Mr. Nash."

"I hadn't anything else to do—and I was curious."

AS the train slid into the Omaha station his compartment door was opened about eight inches and Pontius Pilate came flying through onto his lap. He disposed of the new conductor without trouble; ten minutes after the latter had checked up on Miss Gillam she opened his door.

"Did he talk dog, Miss Gillam?"

"Talked it and looked for it. He was very thorough and refused to accept my story. Bilious sort of man. Please release Pilate from the duffel bag now but keep him half an hour longer. That conductor is working from the head of the train to the rear; when he's finished and en route back he'll poke his inquisitive nose into my drawing-room again."

An hour later he delivered Pilate to her.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Nash."

He mumbled something about being happy to serve her—and then came out with it. "Of course I should go now, but do I have to? I'd like to sit around and talk to you."

"I was hoping you would and because your approach is extremely nice and extraordinarily juvenile you may come in—do."

He came in but left the door open. "Shut it," she commanded, and laughed because she had read his mind. "You're afraid of girls, aren't you?"

"Well, not afraid exactly, but I avoid them."

"I'm tremendously complimented. Why do you avoid girls—that is, nice girls?"

"They keep looking at my face," he confessed, "and wishing they knew how I got it on upside down, but are too polite to ask. I make them nervous—and they make me nervous. You're the first girl who hasn't kept looking at my face. You do not make me nervous."

"YOU'LL make me nervous if you do not tell me how come your face is so funny. And I did look at your face—once, with interest. But once was enough. I've been taught manners."

"A motor came back in the cockpit one day and jammed the cowling of the instrument board against me. It broke my right jaw and threw me over against the seat coaming and that broke my left jaw. One of the instruments broke my nose. Caved in the bridge—and now I have a saddle nose and both jaws are faintly lumpy, like those of a squirrel that has tucked away one nut too many in each jowl."

"But that will gradually be absorbed—and a plastic surgeon could build you a new nose—any style nose you like—a beautiful nose."

"Couldn't afford the operation when it happened and haven't had time since I could afford it. Takes three or four months to do a perfect job."

"You seem quite lame," she pursued.

"Oh, that's temporary. Comes from riding a mule!"

She laughed again, remembering what she had read in the paper. Mike Nash, flying the air mail from Newark to Cleveland, Ohio, had gotten lost in a snow storm over the Alleghany Mountains, run out of gas and pancaked in some scrub timber, unhurt. He had borrowed two mules from a hillbilly and, with the latter for a guide, had carried the mail by mule-back to the railroad.

"Hero-stuff," she suggested. "The air mail must go through."

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Continuing . . .

The CITADEL

By— A. J. CRONIN

Author of "Hatter's Castle," "The Stars Look Down," etc.

©

Illustrated by FISCHER

An absorbing human drama which will thrill you with its force, its humor and its tenderness

"Oh, darling," said Andrew, "I've made an awful muddle of our start."

DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young, ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career as assistant to Dr. Page in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales.

He discovers on arrival that Dr. Page is a hopeless invalid, and his wife Blodwen really controls the practice. She is greedy, grasping, and avaricious, but Andrew works hard despite the fact that he is badly underpaid.

Conditions are appalling in Blaenelly, but every move he makes for reform is met with blank disinterest.

He makes a friend of young Dr. Denny, who practises in the same town, and helps him with his work.

Andrew meets Christine, a schoolteacher, and falls in love with her. Shortly afterwards he has a quarrel with Mrs. Page and resigns.

He then applies for a post at the neighboring town of Aberalaw, and is successful. He marries Christine, and they enter happily on their new life.

Andrew gets a thrill out of seeing his nameplate outside the surgery where he is to work in the future.

He is flattered, too, by the number of people waiting on him—such a crowd, in fact, that he thinks it better to begin work immediately without first making himself known, as he had intended, to Doctor Urquhart and the dispenser, Gadge, who are to be his nearest colleagues in his new work.

The story continues:

THE PERFECT PART

IT must be nice to hear the big world say
She sings her song, or plays her part, or does
Some other thing in a surpassing way.
Yet were it left to me I think I'd choose
The humbler praise, far sweeter than all other
Praises sung: "She is a perfect mother!"

—*D. S. Mernagh.*

SEATING himself, he signed for his first case to come in. This was a man who asked simply for a certificate adding, as a kind of after-thought, beat knee. Andrew examined him, found him suffering from beat knee, gave him the certificate of incapacity for work.

The second case came in. He also demanded his certificate, nystagmus. The third case: certificate, bronchitis. The fourth case: certificate, beat elbow.

Andrew got up, anxious to know where he stood. These certificate examinations took a great deal of time. He went to his door and asked:

"How many more men for certificates? Will they stand up, please."

There were perhaps forty men waiting outside. They all stood up. Andrew reflected quickly. It would take him the best part of the day to examine them all properly—an impossible situation. Reluctantly, he made up his mind to defer the more exacting examinations until another time.

Even so, it was half past ten when he got through his last case. Then, as he glanced up, there stamped into his room a medium-sized, pidish man with a brick-red face and a small pugnacious grey imperial. He stooped slightly so that his head had a forward belligerent thrust. He wore cord breeches, gaiters, and a tweed jacket, the side pockets stuffed to bursting point with pipe, handkerchief, and an apple. About him hung the odor of drugs, carbolic and strong tobacco. Andrew knew before he spoke that it was Doctor Urquhart.

"Darn it, man," said Urquhart, without a handshake or a word of introduction, "where were ye these last two days? I've had to lump your work for ye. Never mind, never mind! We'll say no more about it. Thank Heaven ye look sound in mind an' limb now ye have arrived. Do ye smoke a pipe?"

"I do."

"Thank Heaven for that also! Can ye play the fiddle?"

"No."

"NEITHER can I—but I can make them bonny. I collect china too. They've had my name in a book. I'll show ye some day when ye come ben my house. It's just at the side of the surgery ye'll have observed. And now, come away and meet Gadge. He's a miserable devil. But he knows his incompatibles."

Andrew followed Urquhart through the waiting-room into the dispensary where Gadge greeted him with a gloomy nod. He was a long, lean, cadaverous man with a bald head streaked with jet black hair and drooping whiskers of the same color. He wore a short alpaca jacket, green with age and the stains of drugs, which showed his bony wrists and death's door shoulder blades. His air was sad, caustic, tired; his attitude that of the most disillusioned man in the whole universe. As Andrew entered he was serving his last client, flinging a box of pills through the hatch as though it was rat poison. "Take it or leave it," he seemed to say. "You've got to die in any case!"

"Well," said Urquhart spryly, when he had effected the introduction. "Ye've met Gadge and ye know the worst. I warn ye he believes in nothing except maybe castor oil and Charles Bradlaugh. Now—is there anything I can tell ye?"

"I'm worried about the number of certificates I had to sign. Some of these chaps this morning looked to me quite capable of work."

"Ay, ay. Leslie let them pile up on him anyhow. His idea of examining a patient was to take his pulse for exactly five seconds by the clock. He didn't mind a docken."

Andrew answered quickly. "What can anyone think of a doctor who hands out certificates like cigarette coupons?"

Urquhart darted a glance at him. He said bluntly:

"Be careful how you go. They're liable not to like it if you sign them off."

For the first and last time that morning Gadge made gloomy interjection.

"That's because there's nothing wrong wi' half o' them, ruddy scrimshankers!"

All that day as he went on his visits Andrew worried about these certificates. His round was not easy for he did not know the neighborhood, the streets were unfamiliar and more than once he had to go back and cover the same ground twice. His district, moreover, or the greater part of it, lay on the side of that Mardy Hill to which Tom Kettles had referred and this meant stiff climbing between one row of houses and the next.

Before afternoon his cogitation had forced him to an unpleasant decision. He could not, on any account, give a slack certificate. He went down to his evening surgery with an anxious yet determined line fixed between his brows.

The crowd, if anything, was larger than at the morning surgery. And the first patient to enter was a great lump of a man, rolling in fat, who smelled strongly of beer and looked as if he had never done a full day's work in his life. He was about fifty and had small pig eyes which blinked down at Andrew.

"Certificate," he said, without minding his manners.

"What for?" Andrew asked.

"'Stagmus." He held out his hand. "The name's Chenkin. Ben Chenkin."

The tone alone caused Andrew to look at Chenkin with quick resentment. Even from a cursory inspection he felt convinced that Chenkin had no nystagmus. He was well aware, apart from Gadge's hint, that some of these old pitmen "swung the lead on 'stagmus," drawing compensation money to which they were not entitled for years on end. However, he had brought his ophthalmoscope with him this evening. He would soon make sure. He rose from his seat.

"Take your things off."

This time it was Chenkin who asked: "What for?"

"I'm going to examine you."

Ben Chenkin's jaw dropped. He had not been examined, so far as he could remember, in the whole of Doctor Leslie's seven years of office. Unwillingly, sulkily, he pulled off his jacket, his muffler, his red and blue striped shirt revealing a hairy torso swathed in adiposity.

Andrew made a long and thorough examination, particularly of the eyes, searching both retinae carefully with his tiny electric bulb. Then, sharply, he said:

"Dress up, Chenkin." He sat down and, taking his pen, he began to write out a certificate.

"Ha!" sneered old Ben. "I thought you'd let us 'ave it."

"Next please," Andrew called out.

Chenkin almost snatched the pink slip from Andrew's hand. Then he strode triumphantly from the surgery.

Five minutes later he was back, his face livid, bellowing like a bull, thrusting his way between the men seated waiting on the benches.

"Look what he's done on us! Let us in, will ye! Hey! What's the meanin' of this." He flourished the certificate in Andrew's face.

Andrew affected to read the slip. It said, in his own handwriting: This is to certify that Ben Chenkin is suffering from the effects of over indulgence in malt liquors but is perfectly fit to work. Signed A. Manson, M.B.

"Well?" he asked.

"'Stagmus," shouted Chenkin. "certificate for 'stagmus. You can't play the fool on us. Fifteen year us got on 'stagmus!"

"You haven't got it now," Andrew said. A crowd had gathered round the open door. He was conscious of Urquhart's head popping out curiously from the other room, of Gadge inspecting the tumult with relish through his hatch.

"For the last time—are ye going to give us 'stagmus certificate?" Chenkin bawled.

Andrew lost his temper.

"No, I'm not," he shouted back. "And get out of here before I put you out."

Ben's stomach heaved. He looked as if he might wipe the floor with Andrew. Then his eyes dropped, he turned, and, muttering profane threats, he walked out of the surgery.

The minute he was gone Gadge came out of the dispensary and shuffled across to Andrew. He rubbed his hands with melancholy delight.

"You know who that was you just knocked off? Ben Chenkin. His son's a big man on the committee."

THE sensation of the Chenkin case was enormous. It hummed round Manson's district in a flash. Some people said it was "a good job"—a few went so far as "a darned good job"—that Ben had been pulled up in his swindling and signed fit for work. But the majority were on Ben's side. All the "compo cases"—those drawing compensation money for disabilities—were especially bitter against the new doctor. As he went on his rounds Andrew was conscious of black looks directed towards him. And at night, in the surgery, he had to face an even worse manifestation of unpopularity.

Although nominally every assistant was allotted a district, the workmen in that district had still the right of free choice of doctor. Each man had a card and by demanding that card and handing it to another doctor he could effect a change. It was this ignominy which now began for Andrew. Every night that week men whom he had never seen dropped into his surgery—some who were disinclined for the personal encounter even sent their wives—to say, without looking at him: "If you don't mind, doctor, I'll 'ave my card."

The wretchedness, the humiliation of rising to extract these cards from the box on his desk was intolerable. And every card he gave away meant ten shillings subtracted from his salary.

Andrew Strikes Trouble

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SALLY WARNER

A Complete Short Story

By . . . PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Illustrated By . . . FISCHER

THERE was profound peace in the room, and the sort of harmony that years of hobnobbing together can give to furniture and ornaments which no decorator would ever dream of collecting within the same four walls.

A stranger felt, and rightly, that the Dresden shepherd and shepherdess had stood on either side of the onyx clock for generations. The bronze Joan of Arc on the clock had seemed to three consecutive sets of Blake children to be challenging the cast-iron warrior mounted upon the occasional table.

Mrs. Blake's white head rested against a chair-back, and her fingers were busily embroidering another one; both her daughters were married now and had homes of their own where their chairs might go unprotected, but in this house things remained as they had always been. ("I'd as soon see a baby without a bib, as a chair without a chair-back!" she had once told Margy fiercely.) She looked over her spectacles at her son.

"Aren't you going to see Edith tonight?" she inquired.

"I suppose so," he said, and grinned as he met his mother's bright gaze. He knew, as he often did, what she was thinking, and he agreed with her thought. Neither his tone nor his words had been the sort that a young man should use when referring to his fiancee. For a moment longer, mother and son looked at each other. "She knows why I don't want to go there," he thought. "I wonder if she agrees with Edith?"

And Mrs. Blake was thinking: "People are how they are made. She can't change him. If she wants a 'go-ahead' businesslike young man, why doesn't she choose someone else?"

Charles Blake sighed and stood up, and as the light from the chandelier fell upon his head and shoulders it was obvious to his mother why Edith Dawnport did not choose someone else. No girl in her right mind would, when she could have Charles.

He looked like his mother's people. All the Paines were tall and blue-eyed, and Charles was taller and bluer of eye than most. All the Paines being so tall were inclined to slouch, and Charles slouched more than any of them.

Charles' father had been of a different type—which was, perhaps, why she had married him. Brisk and businesslike. If he had lived to bring his pet dream, Elm Acres, to fulfilment, they might all have been rich. Might!

SOMETIMES Maria Blake wondered whether even Will could have brought forth profit from the nightmare of taxes and mortgage interest that the entire Elm Acres development had become since his death. Will never would have done what Charles had done to-day, of course—

It was a queer thing, but a fact, she reflected, that while Charles would never make money like his father had, neither would he ever die leaving his dependents unprotected. To-day's business was typical of the difference between them. Charles was responsible. At his father's death he had given up his medical training (that again was like the Paines, who had been, almost to a man, doctors), and had returned without a word of regret to take over his father's business and the support of a mother and two young sisters. He was a good boy, honest and honorable—and if that, she thought, with sudden sharpness, hearing his car on the drive, was not enough for Edith Dawnport, she hoped the girl would end up an old maid!

She didn't care much for Edith.

"What a lovely couple," said Aunt Agatha when she saw the snapshots.

There was a romantic picture of Charles and Edith in the garden.

First of all Edith took no notice of Charles. Then when Charles' mother was at the seaside they became great friends. Charles wrote to his mother, and every letter literally dribbled snapshots of Edith and Charles. Aunt Agatha, who was romantic, fell in love with a picture of the couple in the garden. "What a lovely couple!" she said. But that was in the beginning.

Charles Blake drove slowly along the road. There was no use hoping that Edith would not have heard of this afternoon's affair. What the hard-headed business man, Surrey Dawnport—her father—did not hear and repeat of any day's events was not worth hearing or repeating, and Charles could almost re-create in his mind Dawnport's exact words, telling the story to his daughter and wife.

"Well—what do you think my future son-in-law did to-day? A woman went into his office with a cheque for five thousand pounds"—(Edith, she was a widow with children, and it was her husband's life insurance; it was all that they had in the world)—"and said that she wanted to buy the Elm Acres Hotel!"—(You know as well as I do, Edith, that no one could make money out of that place. It would cost her thousands even to finish it, and a hotel that size would never pay here, anyway.)—"And would our leading young estate-agent take the lady's money, although she begged him to with tears in her eyes?"—(Edith, how could I? I couldn't go on living here with that poor woman fighting a losing battle up there.)

If only Charles would make Edith see! Yet that, after her father's certain view of the affair, would be impossible. Surrey Dawnport managed always to make Charles appear ridiculous. Well, thought Charles, he had made himself look ridiculous! Refusing to sell a white elephant like that! Of course, he hadn't actually refused to sell it, but he had told her the truth about the place. And now he was about to make an added fool of himself in pleading with Edith to look at it from his point of view.

And he knew what Edith would say. It was dreadful, knowing precisely what lay ahead of him, living in advance the hour of reproaches and pleading and possibly with tears. Edith meant well; it was his own interests that stirred her.

"I'll make a man out of you yet, Charles!" she had said once, laughing, and he had grinned, while inside he felt cold and sick.

HE was a man, even though he was not a businessman. He would have made a good doctor; he was sure of that. "No one would ever have paid you, darling!" Edith had said, by way of consolation. Pay! As though a doctor were paid for his labor in money, anyway.

The main road stretched straight ahead; the lights of a car were coming towards him at high speed, and Charles steered his own car to the extreme left. He was a careful driver; Edith teased him about that, too.

Suddenly the approaching headlights transcribed a half-circle and went out completely, leaving black emptiness, dimly lit by stars. Charles' foot pressed on the accelerator; he knew that there was no side road upon this familiar stretch—no turning. His own headlights picked out the other car, a low-slung sports model, lying on its side at the foot of the bank. As he shut off his engine and jumped out, shapes stirred among the wreckage.

The figure of a young man rose, silhouetted sharply in the yellow glare, and a shaken young voice demanded:

"Bill! Tony! Are you chaps all right? Nina! Is anyone hurt?"

A girl's voice, sharp with fright, cried out:

"What happened?"

Somewhere in the shadows, a second girl was crying hysterically.

Charles slid down the bank.

"A front tyre burst," the young man explained, his voice shaking. "I co-couldn't keep her on the road. I-say—where is everybody?"

"I'm scared stiff, but I seem to be all here," one of the girls answered. "Kay, stop crying and talk sense. Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," Kay sobbed. "But where's Sally?"

Two other young men had scrambled to their feet, and Charles bent over and lifted a girl from the back of the wrecked car. Her head fell back limply as he picked her up, and her small face, illuminated by his headlights from the road above, looked like a white flower.

"She's dead!" the girl called Nina cried, plucking at Charles' sleeve.

Charles placed the girl gently on the grass, and she moaned, a whimpering, muffled sound, like a small hurt animal.

"I think her shoulder's dislocated," he said. "We'd better get her to a doctor. Are the rest of you all right?"

Except for bruises and small cuts, the five others were miraculously unhurt.

"One of you must drive," Charles ordered. "I'll sit in the front and hold her. The rest of you can get in the back."

ONE of the men took the wheel of Charles' car and turned it back towards the town. The girl in Charles' arms did not weigh any more than a kitten; her face, soft and warm, was pressed against his neck, and he held his arms rigidly to keep her steady.

They were students, the boy who was driving explained; the three girls were on tour in a show running at the theatre in the nearest big town. They had had supper together at a country hotel and were on their way back to the town.

"You can telephone a garage from here," Charles said when they reached Dr. Franklin's house. "You'd better all wait outside while the doctor looks at her."

He carried the half-conscious girl into the surgery, and laid her gently on the sofa.

"H'm," said the doctor, cutting away the soft yellow wool dress from the girl's shoulder. "Dislocation. Might be worse. Want to help me put it into a cast?"

"Are you going to hurt me very much?"

They both jumped as she spoke; her eyes were open, soft, violet eyes, round and cloudless, like a child's.

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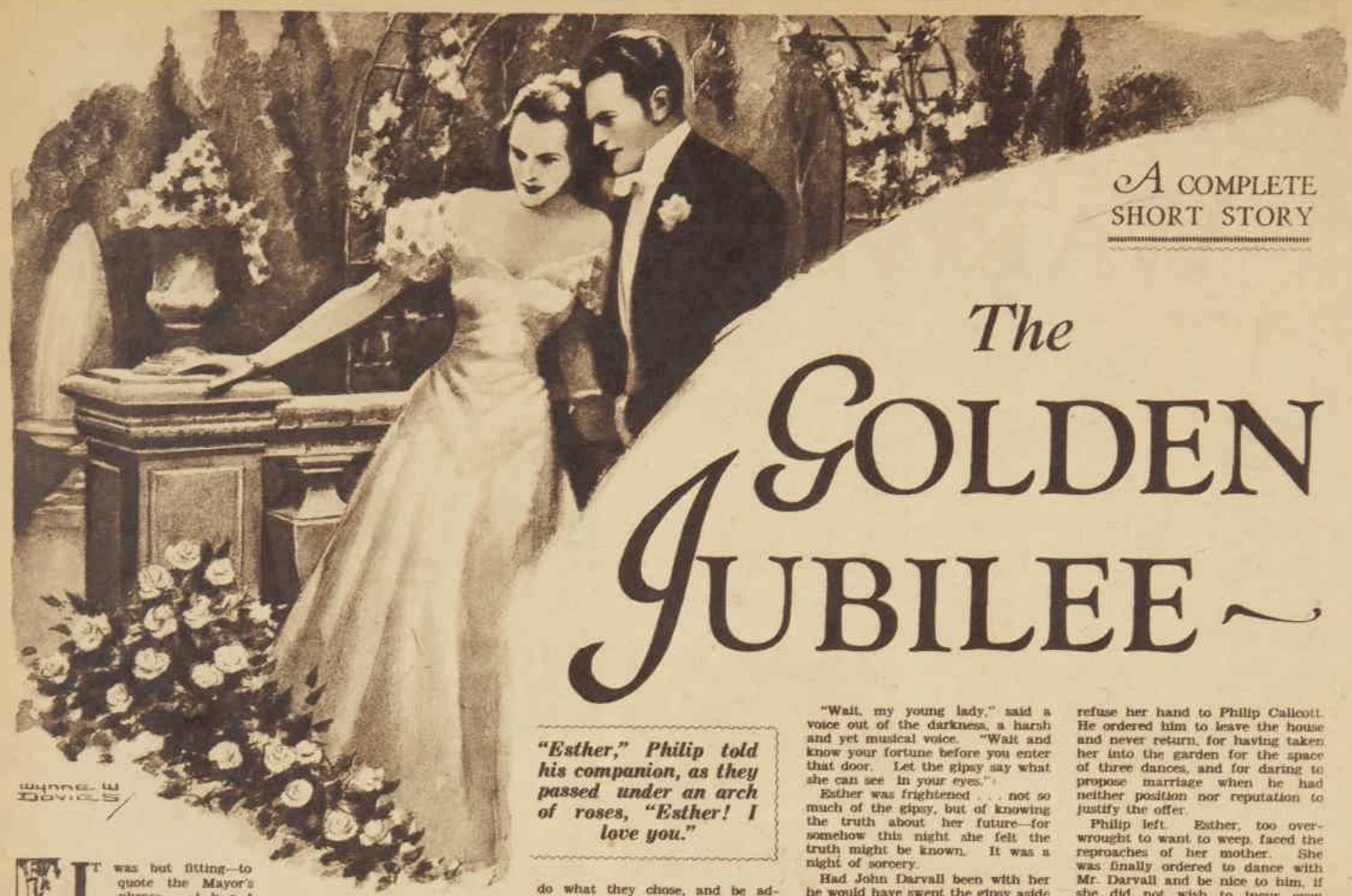

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

The GOLDEN JUBILEE

"Esther," Philip told his companion, as they passed under an arch of roses, "Esther! I love you."

By . . .

MARTIN GERARD

IT was but fitting—to quote the Mayor's phrase — that Esther Darvall should occupy a place of honor upon the official dais at the Golden Jubilee Celebrations of the city of Gidyea.

The term, city, was but a courtesy one—and it was a courtesy extended to Gidyea only by the Gidyea folk themselves—but this was a day for courtesies, for it was the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the town.

Throughout those fifty years, and indeed for five years before there was any attempt at a township, Esther Darvall had lived in that remote river valley. She was, as the Mayor remarked, a pioneer of pioneers, for she and her husband had been the first settlers in the valley.

"We must not forget," said the Mayor, "what we owe to the Darvalls and their kind, the people who came here when this fertile vale was a primitive wilderness, and unflinchingly and self-sacrificingly gave of their labors to bring about the progress and prosperity of their district . . ."

Esther Darvall smiled a wry smile to herself. The idea of John Darvall sacrificing himself for anybody was so richly comic. He had come there to win himself a fortune by grabbing what land he could and working it as hard as he could, and any man who stood in his way would go down. Yes, he was a pioneer, all right. As for working to build this progressive and prosperous town, Esther, as she let her glance rove down the main street, thought that only a madman could take pleasure in imposing such a hideous, garish, and meaningless jumble of iron, wood, and brick on the face of a valley that had once been beautiful.

"Mrs. Darvall," said the Mayor, "remembers this district in the very early days, the days when there was an element of lawlessness in the land. She actually had experiences with the bushrangers. However, we are not here to talk of that element in our past; it is best forgotten . . . these men were not pioneers, but the steady, hard-working farmers and graziers who came here to wrest a living from the wilderness . ."

Esther's eyes grew bright and then misty. She looked right through the brick facades and advertising signs of the main street, through the bunting and gilt of the golden jubilee, through the smug crowds, the smugger officials . . . she looked down the valley and down the years, to a clearing with a tiny hut in the midst of the forest . . . a hut of slabs cut by John Darvall's never-resting axe . . .

That was what Gidyea had always meant, and would always mean, to Esther—that hut in the clearing, with the vast uninhabited bush stretching away around it . . . the wildest, loneliest place in the world to an English girl. And always, at grips with that sullen wilderness, John Darvall, the man consumed with ambition, driving himself, driving her, driving others.

Esther, sitting there, an old woman of seventy, looked back even beyond the hut in the clearing, and saw an English country house and an Esther of seventeen walking in the garden.

THE man by her side was not John Darvall. It was a leaner, darker young man, a man with more sensibility and less self-confidence than the blustering blond John. Doctor Philip Callcott was acknowledged to be a clever fellow. He was even more generally acknowledged to be a sinful fellow, overfond of liquor and cards. He was not the sort of man to win the hearty approval of Esther's father—and this fact gave their walk in the twilit garden an added charm of mystery and danger.

"Esther," Philip told his companion as they passed under an arch of roses through which shone the moon; "Esther, I love you."

"Oh, Philip," she answered, looking up at him with a sudden urgent frankness, "you know I love you too."

"Yes, I believe you do . . . though I can't for the life of me see why."

"Well, I shall tell you. First, and most, because you are the person you are, charming and whimsical and so very sincere under your irony. But also because you are a rebel."

"Aha . . . then, are you a rebel, too, Esther?"

"No—and more shame to me. I obey Father and Mother in everything . . ."

"That your days may be long——"

"Yes, long and, oh, so dreary. And I obey convention, the accepted ideas of things, like everyone does nowadays. I wish we lived in the England of centuries ago, when people who were brave enough might do what they chose, and be admired for it even if they died for it."

"Esther. You want adventure, don't you? You want romance—the real romance that there is in the world, not the romance of stilted novelettes. Don't you?"

"But of course, Philip. What else is there to live for?"

"Then marry me, and we'll live like that — doing what we choose, taking what comes, loving life and loving each other . . . I can't promise you prosperity, but I can promise you freedom."

"Freedom!"

As she spoke the word, Esther's eyes shone, her head was thrown back as though in defiance.

"I will, Philip."

"My love! And if your parents won't allow it, will you run away with me?"

"But of course!"

That gallant, gay little phrase captivated him. Here was the one woman in the world who not only understood his way of life, but longed to share it. For drink and cards were not Philip Callcott's life; they were merely his cynical concession to his environment. He loathed that environment, and wanted to get away to some exotic corner of the world—with Esther.

He took Esther's soft arms and pressed her to him, kissing her exquisite face with a sense of divine intoxication.

"My love!" he said.

In that moment Esther knew what joy meant.

They strolled back up the garden path. From the house came the sound of music and laughter. They had almost forgotten there was a party in progress.

"We had better go in, Philip," Esther said, already feeling once more the dominant influence of her parents, already losing the exaltation of freedom which for a moment had come to her in a dream.

But suddenly her way was barred, and it was not Philip who barred it. A woman's figure stood out in silhouette against the lights of the house, a strange figure with a shawl draped over the head and wide short skirts swishing and a jangle of brassy jewellery.

"Wait, my young lady," said a voice out of the darkness, a harsh and yet musical voice. "Wait and know your fortune before you enter that door. Let the gipsy say what she can see in your eyes."

Esther was frightened . . . not so much of the gipsy, but of knowing the truth about her future—for somehow this night she felt the truth might be known. It was a night of sorcery.

Had John Darvall been with her he would have swept the gipsy aside with an angry exclamation, and dismissed her fears with a brisk pat on the back. Philip merely laughed. "Hear her, Esther," he said, "I may learn something from her to help me in my profession. Medicine is half mumbo-jumbo, in any event."

The gipsy drew them aside, so that all was in shadow except their faces. Her black eyes burned into Esther's face as though the old crone sought to drink of the girl's youth and beauty and so renew her own.

"No ordinary fortune," she began. "No sitting round in country houses embroidering and listening to music. No, girl, ye'll be called far off. I see strange stars in your eyes."

Esther and Philip exchanged a glance; it was so like the future they had planned in that mad moment under the rose arbor—far places and strange destinies.

"Aye," went on the gipsy, "ye'll be gone far away, and far ye'll be from him ye love, the dark man of dreams. I see another man, and great wealth, and great sorrow, and at the last ye'll meet your lover again, and he shall do you great service, and have one kiss for reward—one kiss and then the dark."

Esther stood stunned, cold as ice. Philip's hand on her arm felt like a wraith . . . he seemed to be drifting away from her already. She saw him press silver into the gipsy's withered palm, and prayed that it might exorcise the evil spirit of her prophecy. But the black eyes gave her, before the woman vanished into the dark, one last fierce pitiless glance that gave no hope.

"Why, Esther," Philip said, "you must not fret so. The woman's nonsense is no more real than a paper mask worn by a schoolboy."

"It's true, Philip," Esther told him. "I feel it—I know it's true."

"Then I'll prove it isn't. I'll see your father at once, and if he refuses you to me, I shall return at midnight and take you away. Ignore that ignorant creature's mouthings; the only true magic is the magic of our love.

"Kiss me once more . . ."

But to Esther his lips felt like the lips of a ghost.

Esther's father did more than refuse her hand to Philip Callcott. He ordered him to leave the house and never return, for having taken her into the garden for the space of three dances, and for daring to propose marriage when he had neither position nor reputation to justify the offer.

Philip left. Esther, too overwrought to want to weep, faced the reproaches of her mother. She was finally ordered to dance with Mr. Darvall and be nice to him, if she did not wish to incur even worse displeasure than was in store for her.

SHE danced with John Darvall, grateful to him for not looking disapproving. In fact, he set himself to cheer her and at the same time, by not over-subtle references to his own affairs, to persuade her that he was an infinitely more desirable husband than Philip Callcott.

Somehow, to her horror, she felt herself yielding to his influence. He dominated her. Her parents dominated her. She longed to be a bold rebel, but it was not in her. The world of parents, respectable suitors, wealth, convention, orderly life, was far too strong for her . . . and she saw the world of dreams receding farther and farther into the distance.

That world came and tapped at her window at midnight, tapped with the lean hand of Philip Callcott, called with his voice, yearned with his yearning eyes, but Esther could not answer, could not hear or see. She was locked away in her old nursery in the top of the house, lying awake and unweeping, seeing in the darkness the burning eyes of the gipsy . . . the relentless eyes of fate.

Next day Esther was sent away to an aunt in Yorkshire. Three months later she was married to John Darvall. It was a magnificent wedding. Esther, as she promised to love, honor, and obey John, made a silent resolve to try to love and honor him. To obey him would be easy—he was that sort of man and she was that sort of woman.

Loving him proved harder. All through their luxurious honeymoon tour of Europe she kept seeing places she would have loved with Philip, places that were spoiled for her by John's materialistic, possessive airs. It was clear that all this interesting world had only been created for him and his fellow men of business.

To honor him should have been easy—everyone else seemed to. He had brains, knowledge, tremendous energy and a flair for bringing off spectacular coups that astonished the plodding business men about him. He knew how to dress, how to entertain, how to spend money as well as make it. But somehow under all this Esther sought in vain some basic strength and integrity that she could really honor.

When they had been married only two months, John Darvall announced the greatest of all his schemes. He was floating a company

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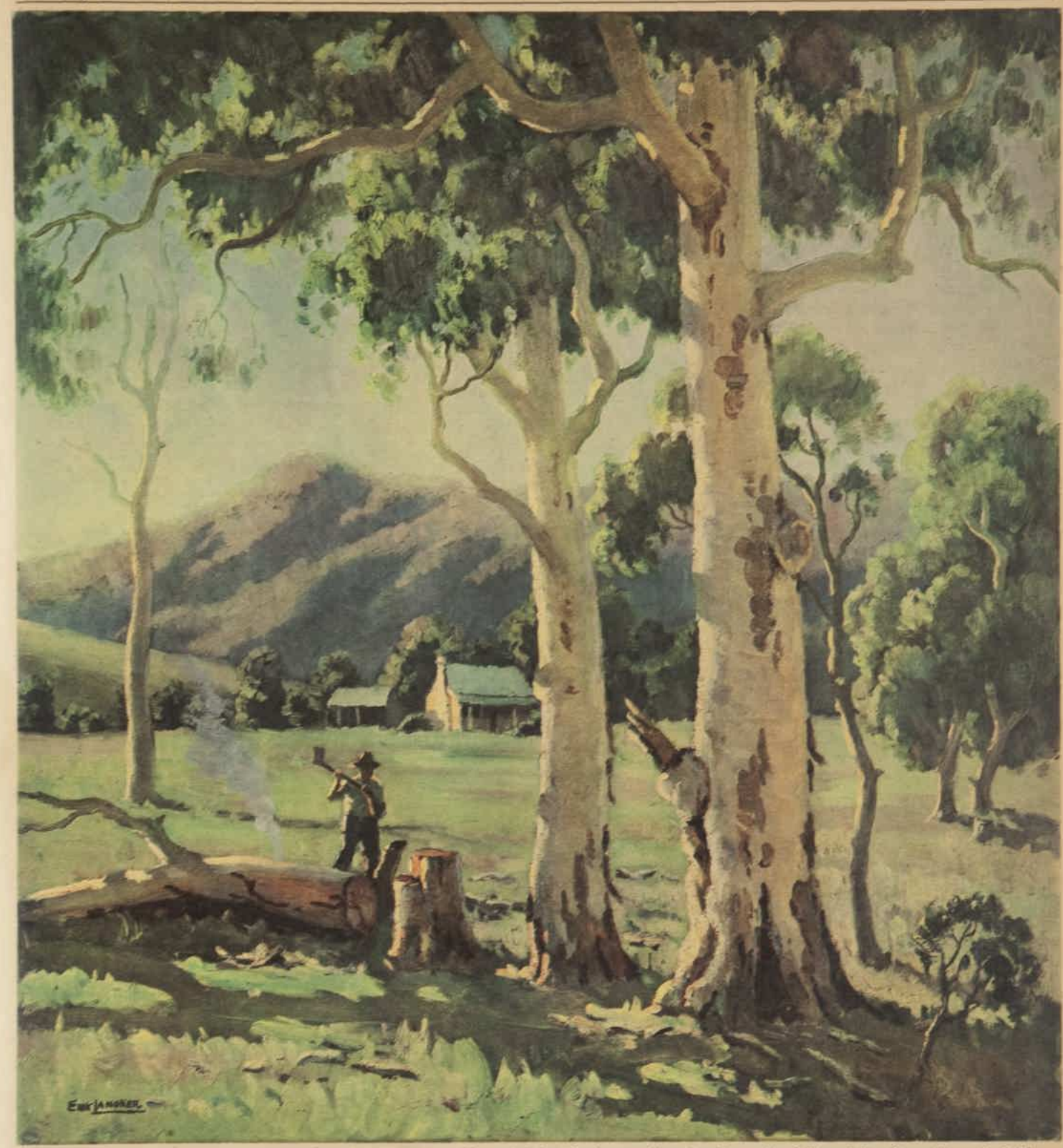

"Dwarfed by the immensity of nature about him, John Darvall worked like a slave—the land must pay and pay richly." In this lovely picture of the Australian countryside, artist Erik Langker has caught the very spirit of the days of the pioneers.

to transport thousands of men to the colonies in Australia, and establish a great farming and grazing area with a guaranteed market for its products through the London branches of the business.

Spellbound by his former successes, investors fought to get into the scheme. The capital of millions was subscribed in a few weeks, and pledged away for material, transport, and administrative costs almost as rapidly. And then, when all that could be done in England had been done, John Darvall and his bride sailed for remote Australia.

As the ship drew out from her moorings, Esther seemed to hear again the words of the gipsy—far places and strange stars.

Their arrival in the colony was an event. Their residence in the capital was a succession of entertainments outrivalling anything that end of the earth had ever seen. John spent thousands in a few weeks, entertaining every official, every business man, every grazier, who could possibly be of use.

And then he bought the land—vast areas of it—grazing land, farm land, downs, plains and river flats. Most of it was very good land, too, but the price was the highest ever paid in the colony. The company was now committed for every penny of capital both called up and deferred, and also carried a staggering overdraft. But nobody was worrying—the scheme was sound, and John Darvall, the wizard, was behind it.

But strange stars rule our fates. It happened that away in Central Africa a religious fanatic named the Mahdi was arousing the tribes from one end of the Sudan to the other, and just as John Darvall was celebrating the land purchase with the biggest of all his banquets came the news that Khartoum had fallen, Gordon was dead, and Egypt's dominion in the Sudan was at an end.

Also at an end, as a result, were all the plans and hopes of the Upper Nile Development Scheme, one of John Darvall's biggest companies. In London, it came out at once that much of the capital subscribed for the Australian scheme had been surreptitiously borrowed by the wizard John for work on the African enterprise. Both companies were ruined, John's personal fortune was swallowed up as the Sudan itself had swallowed up the Egyptian garrisons. Furthermore, he was in danger of prosecution and his reputation was completely smashed.

In the colony, the great spender became at once the great debtor. He had not a penny, and owed thousands. While the land remained unpaid for, he could not even leave the colony. But John Darvall did not want to leave the colony. He had nothing to go to. He wanted one thing alone—to fight this land and beat it, and win another fortune from it. Through one of his official friends who had not turned against him he secured a lease of a virgin forest area in the Gidyea Valley, and there he went with a bullock waggon carrying his wife, his axe and spade and rifle and tent, enough food for a few months—and very little else.

As Esther rode on the waggon on that long and weary journey into nothingness, she learned for the first time to honor her husband. At the same time she said good-bye forever to the hope of loving him.

For John Darvall had become not a man, but an obsession. Dwarfed by the immensity of nature about him, he worked like a slave. Nothing in the world counted with him now but to make that land pay, and pay richly. His wife mattered only in so far as she could help in that task. He spared her no more than he spared himself. From long before daylight to long after dusk they toiled, he with demoniac energy, she with resolute patience.

To sell farm produce from that remote spot was impossible. The farm was merely to supply their own needs and those of their livestock. His house built, the main work then was to clear the land, and though most of it was forest, John Darvall had a big grazing area—and a rich one—ready within a year.

He still had a few friends and admirers in the colony, and one of these agreed to supply him with cattle on credit. He drove the stock overland three hundred miles alone. In the years that followed he drove his cattle for sale back by the same route. But John was still John, the great and cunning planner. He had a few hundred now, and that made him a man again. Within five years he had launched a subdivision scheme for the bottom end of his valley, arranged for a road to serve the settlers and for a river boat to bring stores and carry down wheat and wool.

Please turn to Next Page

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Books

Conducted By . . . . . .
LESLIE HAYLEN

INTIMATE GOSSIP *of More* "CHARMING PEOPLE"

Arlen Revisits Mayfair

The same easy style and the same swift sense of satire that made Michael Arlen famous with "The Green Hat" and "These Charming People" are in evidence in his latest novel, "The Crooked Coronet."

The book is really a collection of long short stories, some of them good, others not so good.

AS a writer of social comedy with a dash of bitter-sweet satire, Arlen is a master, but as a mystery-story writer—as he essays to be in certain of the stories—he is not so successful.

Arlen is still the man you remember for the phrase rather than the book. This is his picture of a hard-drinking blonde:

"The Diamond person was one of those false pearls among women which America annually exports to Europe during the International Drinking Season, which starts in London in June, goes on to Paris, Deauville, and Salzburg, and ends with a grand fireworks display for the surviving competitors at Cannes in August."

Arlen's women are all suave, sophisticated, a little brittle and artificial, but saved by a sense of humor.

This is how one woman handles a husband in the throes of remorse over an indiscreet affair:

"Woman, where is my son?"

"Darling, he is in bed, where you are going to be in a few minutes!"

"Oh, am I!" said Hugo bitterly. "I have made other arrangements, woman."

"I know, darling, but I'm afraid you must call it off. I've just been up and down the Embankment, and all the seats are taken."

The English nobleman devoted to hunting and fishing is easy prey for Arlen's pen.

Lord Tukoy, of Mingis (pronounced Lord Tucker, of Menzies), is described as excessively seasoned in appearance, radiating in equal parts the manly and possibly admirable odors of tobacco, horses, soap, brandy, leather, lavender water, and wet socks.

"These virile odors have been recently captured and bottled tastefully by a great French perfumer under the exotic label of Malaise de Melton Mowbray."

In one story, "The Legend of the Old School Tie," Arlen is as witty and outrageous as the latest and raciest stage farce. Dialogue in this story is superb and the climax is amusingly sardonic.

Priceless Publicity

THE best tale in the book is "The Gorilla of Mayfair." It tells of a titled gossip-writer for the newspapers, who is the very bane of existence of his friends. They all complain bitterly of the merciless publicity that comes from "Sally's" pen.

A young man decides to do something about it. He assaults the gossip-writer and prevails on him to give up his job.

The gossip-writer calls together all the friends he has maligned and tells them he is resigning.

"I'm going to give up my job!" said the gorilla.

There was an outraged silence. Even the Australian heiress stirred uneasily in her sleep.

"What's that?" said Scrap Parbold.

"You giving up writing your daily column?"

"Definitely!" said the gorilla. "You can go about quietly now, happy in the knowledge that your names won't be in the newspapers in the vulgar way you all deplore."

"Oh, I say!" said Ruggles Boffin, "you must not do anything rash and impulsive. I'm sure I speak for everyone here when I say—dash it all, we are fond of you!"

Lady Winnie Littlefaugh was livid.

"Do you mean to say," she asked dangerously, "that you are not going to write about us any more? Because if so you are a dirty little sneak!"

With that she burst into tears and fell into the arms of Ava Thistledown, who was already crying.

"Look here!" said one of the millionaire boxers. "You can't make these poor girls cry, and all that!"

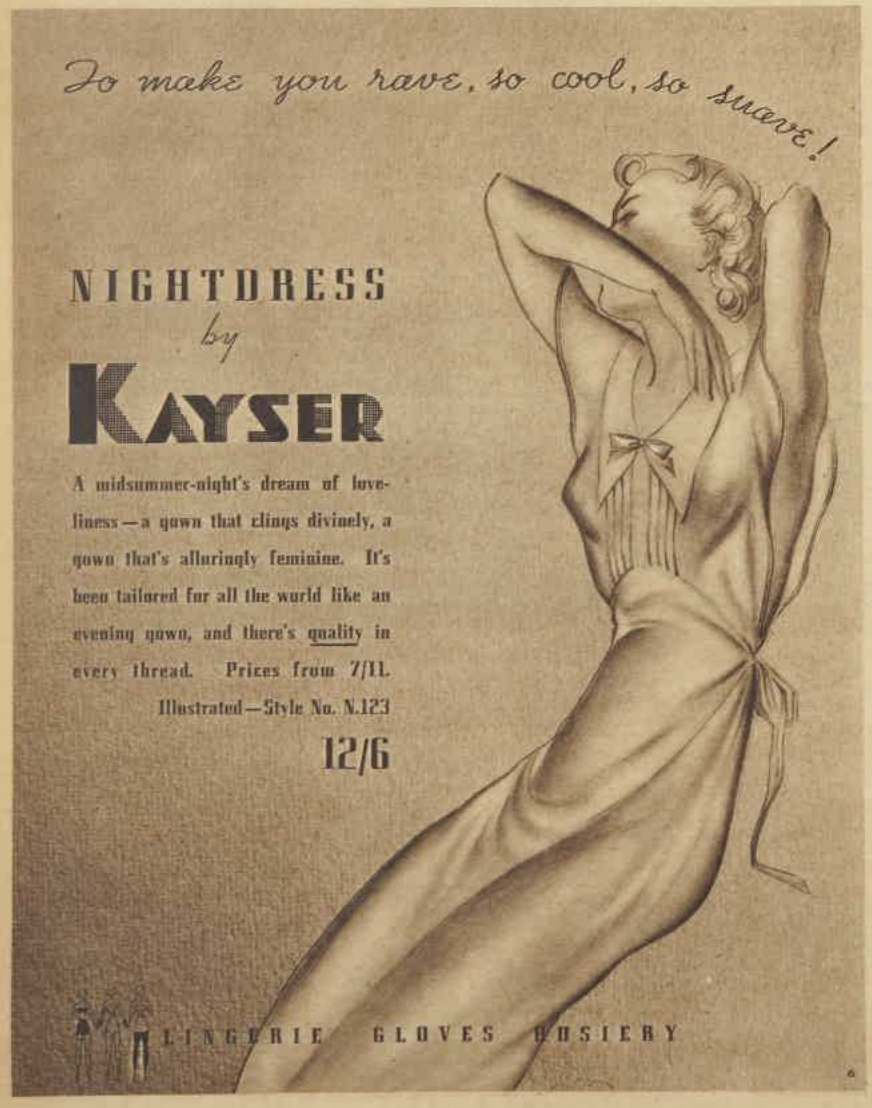
"Forget it, Sally!" said Scrap Parbold. "We don't want to do you out of your living, old chap. Don't take any notice of what we say, but go ahead and write what you like."

"As long," sobbed Ava Thistledown, "as he writes about us."

Really the book is full of this sort of intimate gossip about these "charming people" told as only Arlen could tell it.

"The Crooked Coronet." Michael Arlen. (Heinemann.)

MICHAEL ARLEN is as witty as ever in his latest book, "The Crooked Coronet."



Golden JUBILEE

Continued from Previous Page

THEY still lived in the slab hut in the clearing, and it was while John was planning the new house he would build that Esther told him her child was soon to be born.

"You must have a doctor," he said. She hated him then. She knew that the house was not for her comfort but for his dignity. She knew the doctor was not for her safety, but for the safety of John Darvall's heir.

John had to ride fifty miles for a doctor. He was worried, because only the day before he had had news that a gang of bushrangers, led by the elusive and cunning Lanky Jack, was in the district, and John feared for his cattle and horses. Esther, he reckoned, could look after herself all right. But he decided to bring the police back as well as the doctor—and that meant a further forty miles' ride. He reckoned to be back in three days.

It was on the night of the second day that Esther's hour came. She knew there was no hope for the doctor to come in time. She knew nothing of childbirth, nothing of caring for herself at all. She had never had time to learn. She could not hope to reach the nearest neighbor, twenty miles away. She could do nothing but wait and suffer and pray.

The bushrangers rode into the clearing at midnight. While four men scattered to round up the horses, Lanky Jack rode up to the hut and banged on the door. There was no answer, only a low moan from inside. He opened the door and went in. He saw a white-faced woman on the rough bed. She saw a black-bearded desperado with glaring eyes. And then the eyes changed. They filled with pain and pity.

"You're sick, ma'am. May I help you?"

She shook her head.

"No. I am going to have a child."

"Then you must let me help." The mouth under the beard twisted in an ironic grin. "I was a doctor once—a good doctor."

"Is that true?" Esther demanded.

"I swear it is."

"Then for God's sake do help me."

He shook his head. "I'll help you," he said, "for the sake of a woman I loved once, and for the sake of the man I was once."

Esther looked in his eyes, and gave a little cry.

He looked at her and went white under his tan.

He brought the lamp close to her and stared.

"Esther!"

"Philip—it—it can't be you."

"It is I, Esther—Philip Callcott, alias Lanky Jack. I was sent to gaol in England for—for something that doesn't matter. I escaped, and came here, but there was no chance for me in this country—except the chance that ends on the gallows. I'm a bushranger—a bandit. But Fate has been good. I have been given one chance to do something—"

He stopped as her eyes closed and a moan broke from her clenched mouth.

Esther's son was born at dawn. As the sun rose one of the bushrangers came hammering at the door to say that horsmen were coming up the valley.

"You must go, Philip," said Esther. "I'm all right now."

HE bent over her. Her hand clutched his tattered shirt.

"She said we would meet again," she whispered. "And you would do me a service, and I should reward you with a kiss."

He kissed her, and the tears on her cheek were not all her own.

Again came the hammering on the door. He turned and was gone. There was a clatter of hoofs and the bushrangers were gone.

Late that afternoon the neighbors who had come to her opened the door to let in John Darvall. He went straight over and picked up his son, and his face was full of a fierce pride.

Then he came and spoke to Esther.

"We ran into Lanky Jack's gang on the road," he told her. "We chased them into the hills, and fought them."

Her eyes widened in terror.

"Were—were any of them caught?"

"No. Two got away. Four were shot. I shot the leader—Lanky Jack."

For some hours Esther could not speak. And when she did all they could hear her say was—"A kiss—and then the dark."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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Her lips said "Darling" but her breath said

"Stale Tobacco"

MANY a promising romance has dwindled to nothing because of unpleasant breath. Romance cannot thrive if your breath keeps on saying "Stale Tobacco."

And yet, it isn't necessary to give up smoking May Breath antiseptic tablets will clear your breath in a minute—non-scented, good for you. A tin of May Breath tablets occupies no more space in your bag than a coin or two

MAY BREATH

CLEARS YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists

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ADVICE FROM BABY HEALTH CENTRE

Babies' skin is ultra-sensitive and needs this gentle, soothing soap—Rexona. The specially medicated lather gives wonderful protection against rashes, chafing and prickly heat. Rexona babies are happy, healthy, beautiful babies, with skin like petals and hair like fine silk.

REXONA TREATMENT FOR CRADLE CAP

Wash with Rexona Soap and apply Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer. Mrs. C. A. Martin, of Norton Road Extension, Franklin, N.Z. writes:—

"*My baby had Cradle Cap very badly so I used Rexona and cured it completely in a very short time.*"

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.

8.185.32 (*City and Suburbs*)

Real Life Stories

"Logs" Were Crocodiles

MY husband and I decided to take a week's holiday at Yorkie's Knob, near Cairns, North Queensland.

Our camp was on the top of the hill, halfway up the Knob, approached by an avenue of mango trees which had been planted years before.

We had sent the aboriginal servants on ahead. They were on foot, and, as all the baggage, camping gear, stores, etc., had been sent up by launch, we decided to ride our bicycles.

It was a beautiful morning, and all went well till we came to the crossing at Freshwater Creek. There was a log thrown over the stream for the convenience of foot passengers.

I was ahead and proceeded to cross over on the log carrying my bike on my shoulder. I had almost got across, and was about to step on to another "log" when it dropped into the water with a great splash.

The noise caused my husband to hurry up, as he thought I had fallen into the water.

The wife of a farmer who lived nearby also came rushing down.

"Oh!" she said. "It must have been the crocodile we have been trying to catch. It has been taking the calves. It is unusual for crocodiles to come so far up as this, as the water is absolutely fresh."

We heard on the return trip that the crocodile had been caught. As you can guess, I was a little shaken by the experience, but we continued our ride, and caught up with the aborigines at another creek, over which was another log to cross.

One of the aboriginal girls had dropped her bundle of personal effects, which she had been carrying, into the creek. I told her I would get it for her.

As I was about to grab it, a pair of jaws reached up and the bundle disappeared! Another crocodile!

Can you wonder that my sleep that night was disturbed with dreams of crocodiles? Two such adventures in the one day were just a little too much.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ellen K. Campbell, Raven St., West End, South Brisbane.

In Glamis Castle

MY three friends and myself gazed triumphantly at the gatekeeper of Glamis Castle as we showed our permit to enter. A few minutes previously the said gatekeeper had assured us that we had no hope of getting in that day—but the agent had been kind. He had a happy memory of the time when he stayed in Australia—and here we were!

The gates were opened, and locked after us—and we drove slowly up the long drive to the castle, trying to look, in spite of our travel-worn clothes and car, as if visiting castles was an everyday occurrence to Australians.

Our baby car, hired for a month to enable us to see England after the Coronation, was brought to a standstill, and we alighted.

I resisted a wild impulse to run and hide while the strong-minded member of our party marched boldly up and knocked smartly at the front door. The door opened to the hand of a pleasant-faced housekeeper—and my feeling that maybe we should have gone to the back door vanished!

All was well—the housekeeper was most courteous and kind, and during the next hour we were busy tucking firmly into our minds, along with other Coronation memories, pictures of the stone stairs and passages of Glamis—of the Countess of Strathmore's private sitting-room with a beautiful painting of Queen Elizabeth as a young girl occupying a prominent place.

Of the tiny private chapel where the family worship, the great lounge with its secret exit leading to a trapdoor in an upper bedroom (here, said the housekeeper, the Princesses love to play hide and seek when they are at Glamis) of Queen Elizabeth's bedroom with the names of her brothers and sisters embroidered around the canopy of the bed.

Of the room where Princess Margaret Rose was born and from the window of which we saw the hill where the villagers lit the bonfires on that occasion.

It was a pleasant experience to pass through the hallowed rooms of the castle which had seen so much history.

5/- to Miss M. Armstrong, 30 Robinson's Road, Hawthorn E2., Vic.

Adventure at Four

IN 1889, at the age of four, I was the heroine of my first adventure.

It happened this way. My mother, with her three children, was driven to catch the Hamilton (Vic.) train at a small siding called Mountejup.

While the groom carried the luggage to the platform, my mother held the restive horses, and the nurse's attention was given to the two smaller children.

Unnoticed, and unconsious of danger, I wandered on to the railway line absorbed in picking wildflowers which grew in great profusion.

The train was not due, but suddenly, to the horror of the onlookers, an unattached engine came into view, bearing rapidly towards me as I walked to meet it.

Still unperturbed I continued on my way until, just as the terrified spectators turned away their heads in terror, I stepped off the track unscathed.

Not so the onlookers. The woman whose duty it was to flag the train saw my danger and ran to save me. She tripped and fell, screaming, "She'll be killed, she'll be killed."

My little brother, startled by the commotion, fell down an embankment crying, "Am I dead, mother? Am I dead?"

This anticlimax relieved the tension, and a somewhat shaky peal of laughter rose from the little group that had watched my escape from a terrible death.

5/- to Mrs. L. Griffiths, 32 Ralston St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

Ape Dropped In

THIS incident, terrifying as it was, is quite true.

It happened while I was on holiday in Malaya, visiting my sister and brother-in-law at their rubber plantation some miles from Batu Pahat, in the native-ruled State of Johore.

The house, a spacious rambling bungalow, was built in a clearing, but on three sides dense jungle closed in upon the garden.

On the day prior to my departure, my relatives were obliged to make a business trip to town, and I was left to my own devices.

After an early tiffin, instead of indulging in the long siesta which is customary in the East, as the afternoon was oppressively hot, I decided to adjourn to the verandah to write a few farewell notes.

While thus engaged, I felt, rather than heard, a sudden consternation among the incessantly chattering monkeys.

Looking up I was horrified to find a huge ape swinging from a branch at the extreme edge of the clearing.

For some seconds I was paralysed, but when he lightly lowered his huge bulk to the ground fear lent me wings, and I literally flew to the one room which I remembered had a door which one could lock, namely, the bathroom!

Once there, the momentary respite gave me back my voice; and I shrieked through the grating, hoping the houseboys had not retired to their own quarters.

Fortunately one of them was ironing in a room adjoining the kitchen, and he promptly collected the others who, armed with various weapons, soon routed the ape, sending him speeding into the depths of the jungle.

5/- to Miss D. Barton, 20 Cooper St., Double Bay, N.S.W.

Imprisoned in Refrigerator

A MOST unenviable experience befell me four years ago while employed as store manager in the Solomon Islands.

After the s.s. Matarum had unloaded the perishable provisions, I instructed several of the native laborers to carry them up to the refrigerator.

When that had been done, all the "boys," with the exception of one store boy, were sent back to the wharf to assist with the unloading of the general cargo.

The procedure was to place the foodstuffs in the outside compartment of the freezer and then the outside door would be closed before opening the door into the freezer itself.

I went inside with the "boy" to see that everything was stored properly, and when the work had been completed I endeavored to open the door to the outside compartment. **To my dismay it would not budge.**

A cold shiver passed down my spine, as I knew that everybody would be on the wharf and it would be impossible to attract attention. A considerable time might elapse before we were missed.

To make matters worse, the battery of my torch failed, and in the darkness the native became panic-stricken. He pounded the walls and then threw his body against the door in a vain attempt to burst the lock.

After fifteen minutes I was chilled to the bone, and the thought flashed through my mind that the fresh air might not last much longer.

To this day I am grateful to my dog. The muffled knocking and my continued absence must have aroused his canine intelligence to the fact that something was amiss.

He commenced to bark furiously, and after several minutes attracted the attention of the resident engineer who was passing. With the aid of a few tools the engineer soon had the door open.

5/- to E. O. Patterson, 60 Nancy St., North Bondi, N.S.W.

Make Money This Easy Way

EVERY week we pay prizes for the best Real Life stories told by readers.

Stories may concern your childhood, schooldays, or present day activities, and may relate to dramatic, romantic, humorous or other types of memorable incidents in your life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded, and 5/- for all other stories published.

Endeavor to keep your story within 300 words. Post it to "Real Life Stories," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full postal address at top of page 3.

Can a Woman tell?

Modern variation of the old question: "Should a woman tell?" Of course she can! Trust an Australian housewife to know good food and her family to enjoy it. That's why Peck's Anchovette makes the favourite Sandwich, the best-liked snack in the land. Say Peck's for purity and fascinating flavour.

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

DRINK HABIT

RUINS THOUSANDS OF HOMES. If troubled, we can help you with the only genuine, safe, secret remedy with 30 years' successful service to humanity. Our amazing Book sent FREE. Write or call for it. Home Welfare Fly., 333K George Street, Sydney.

It's no good forcing children to drink milk—better make them want milk, and they will if you serve it as delicious, coloured, flavoured Junket!

Vanilla, Coffee, Chocolate, Raspberry are all flavours which you have at hand. Simply stir a dissolved Hansen's Junket Tablet into lukewarm sweetened milk, add the flavouring. Serve in individual dishes, decorate with whipped cream and fruit, jelly or nuts.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

It's easy to make—and the kiddies will be delighted when you serve rich, creamy Ice Cream that you've made yourself! So pure and wholesome, too, because you know what goes into it—just mix Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream, and freeze in your refrigerator or hand-churn. Flavours—Vanilla, Strawberry or Chocolate.

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.***

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An Editorial

OCTOBER 30, 1937

HEALTH IN THE OUTDOORS!

IT'S taken for granted nowadays—it wasn't a generation ago—that outdoor life is an excellent thing for a woman's physical health.

But what about the mind?

Ill-health of the mind is far more common nowadays than ill-health of the body. And the commonest form is what we carelessly call "nerves."

Outdoor life is an excellent remedy for this, too. Not only does exercise in the fresh air "blow the cobwebs away," but it builds up energy and stamina that spread from the body to the mind inevitably.

It takes something pretty serious to depress or worry a person who is physically at top. When we're healthy we tackle problems vigorously and courageously, and few problems can stand against that sort of attack.

Worries thrive on the weakness and vacillation of people who are below par.

Finally—and this is perhaps the most important effect of all—outdoor life gives us a changed outlook.

It gives us a wider perspective and a common-sense judgment of relative values.

When you've been out for an hour, or, better still, a day, and watched the vast world of nature living its rich, lusty life as it has done for countless ages, the petty troubles of your everyday affairs fall, naturally, into their proper perspective.

Many critics have accused Australians of overdoing the outdoor life to the detriment of culture. In some cases this is true. You meet people who can talk of nothing but golf or tennis or riding, and others unable to converse intelligently at all.

But these are rare. Most of us have enough sense to balance the two lives. The Romans had a phrase for it—"Mens sana in corpore sano."

It's a pretty good slogan still.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Cold Comfort

AN American professor has just left Australia after protesting that a trip in an unheated Australian train in winter was the worst memory of his life.

Railway authorities have replied that heating of trains is not considered necessary, as "extreme climatic conditions are not experienced here."

On this argument the dining-car ought to supply only a crust of stale bread and some water; that's enough to avert actual starvation. And why travel at even thirty miles an hour when you get there eventually by travelling at five?

It is true that no one ever froze to death in an Australian train, but it is also true that you can't make a long rail journey in winter without suffering misery. And this is not true of train travel in England, Western Europe or America.

It's a pity our public utility officials can't learn to give the maximum service, not the minimum.

A Modern Knight

SOMEWHERE in Australia's outposts, among those tragic unfortunates the lepers, a young Australian chemist hopes to find his life's work.

He has appealed to the Mission to Lepers to find him a post where his knowledge may be of service to the sufferers.

For this work he is prepared to sacrifice his career and even to part from the girl he was to have married, if she will not accompany him.

It's a pretty grim decision, but the spirit of sacrifice which prompted it is inspiring.

Food Versus Drink

GOOD food, a doctor told the W.C.T.U., is the best cure for over-indulgence in alcohol.

"A man will not drop in at the corner hotel if he knows there is good food waiting for him in his own house," he declared.

There's a lot in that, no doubt. But if it's true, as defenders of drinking claim, that companionship is the main appeal, every wife who wants her husband to come straight home had better start preparing meals for all his cobbers as well!

Danger Signals

THE British Mint has issued a warning against putting threepenny bits in the Christmas pudding. They may poison it.

And to cap that an English doctor has declared that the old custom of licking stamps is perilous. They carry germs.

It's getting so that all our favorite habits are being declared black. We see ahead the grim vision of a completely hygienic world, where nobody eats, drinks, smokes or touches anything, but sits in a glass case being injected with synthetic nutriment.

It's all very healthy, no doubt, but is it worth it?

Has anybody got a stamp?

A CHARMING STUDY, specially taken for The Australian Women's Weekly, showing Mrs. Don Bradman, wife of the famous cricketer, in her garden at Kensington Park, Adelaide. See story, column 4.

—Dickinson-Monteath.

LYRIC OF LIFE

ENDING

WHAT dreams beyond my knowledge fill your eyes,
And secret thoughts so utterly your own?
You have escaped my vain and human ties,
You have escaped to find your soul alone.

I cannot follow where your thoughts have gone,
But humbly watch the husk that's left behind,
Waiting until your dreamings shall be done,
And I can share some portion of your mind.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Life in the Raw

TOD MORGAN, the well-known lightweight boxer, lives mostly on raw carrots, orange juice and milk.

And he succeeds in making mincemeat out of many a muscular meat-eater.

There's something about carrots, you know. According to a dear old legend, a donkey will go miles and miles on a bunch of the reddish roots—and without even eating them! You just hang them in front of his nose on a fishing-rod.

Something of the same sort might be tried on boxers. Or, better still, make the meat-eater wear a wreath of carrots round the brow, and the vegetarian boxer will be after him like a shot.

But if you're barracking for the salad fighter, don't call out, "Eat him alive!" whatever you do! It's an insult.

It's Bradman Time Again for Australia

Summer-time is Bradman-time for Australia. Everyone then talks and thinks about the famous cricketer, Don Bradman, and his wife.

WHAT is it like to be married to such a King of Sportsmen, whose brilliant activities keep his home-life constantly in the world spotlight?

For Mrs. Don Bradman, wife of Australia's famous cricketer, it is a whirlwind of activity that ebbs and flows like the seasons.

Already she and her brilliant cricketer-husband are making plans for the summer, and when Don leaves Adelaide on December 29, Mrs. Bradman will go with the team as far as Melbourne, but then go straight on to Sydney to spend six weeks with her family.

She will remain in Sydney until after the Sheffield Shield match is played in Queensland. She will, of course, be in Adelaide to throw open her house as she always does to the teams that visit Adelaide, for at such times the Bradman household usually has a few of the visiting teams calling there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradman have been in their new home at Kensington Park for about 18 months now, and the garden is repaying them for the care and enthusiasm they have spent on it. It is a picture of loveliness. Mrs. Bradman loves gardening and spends quite a lot of time tending her plants.

Keen Sportswoman

THE Bradman pair are very fond of dogs, and one or two of their special Adelaide friends are the proud owners of Australian terriers that they have given them. They themselves have two, Mack and Mickey, the latter being only a pup yet.

During the summer, Mrs. Bradman says that she spends most of her time watching cricket, and during the Test matches last season she went to the various capitals to watch her husband break records.

However, she has decided to take things more quietly this summer, and is looking forward to some good tennis.

She is a good sportswoman, and, like her husband, is fond of golf. As members of the Mt. Osmond Country Club, both did well on the course during the past season.

Don Eats Everything

HOUSEKEEPING for a famous cricketer, when he is of the cool, calm, and collected type, is not at all trying, according to Mrs. Bradman, for she says Don never diets during the cricketing season.

He has no favorite recipes or dishes, but likes everything that is put in front of him. He is a very easy person to keep house for—and a useful one, too, for some of his larger cricket trophies make excellent flower vases.

When a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly called on Mrs. Bradman, an enormous bowl of antirrhinums was standing on a table in the hall.

The silver bowl was a cricketing trophy, "but there are so many of them," said Mrs. "that I make my husband keep them all—except a few that are useful for flowers—in his billiard-room or den."

Mrs. Bradman is fond of cricket, and has been a wonderful help to Don in his career—in fact, much more so than most people realise.

For example, when Mr. Bradman was doing a lot of broadcasting, she sat and watched every ball, taking notes for his broadcasting.

Of women's cricket, Mrs. Bradman professes to know little. "I spend so much time watching Don that I simply have not had time to follow women's part in the game," she explained, "although it is obviously getting more and more popular each year. I have never played myself."

The prospect of even a very important match, she says, does not upset either of them. Not even at this time do they have special meals, or suffer any loss of appetite.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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YO HO *for the* GREAT *Open* SPACES

A few Bull Ants, Leeches, and Explanations

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

I have often heard of the great outdoors, but having sampled it once I'd just as soon spend the week-end in a telephone booth.

"It's about time you got some fresh air instead of moping about the house smoking your head off."

And that was that. She'd arranged everything.

"WE'RE going in young Bill Smith's car," she declared. "Jack's bringing his girl friend with him and we'll take little Freddie. The outing will do him good."

"Not that little hound!"

"He's your nephew!"

"Oh, all right! All right!"

"We'll make an early start in the morning. Now I'm going to cut the sandwiches."

"Do you want any help?"

"No, I don't. You keep out of the kitchen. I don't want you falling over everything!"

That bluff worked all right.

Up at dawn the next morning, and then about four hours dashing around packing things. We get away at about ten o'clock.

"Now are you sure we've got everything?"

"You've asked me that nine times already. For the love of Mike, get in the car and shut up!"

"That's right, spoil everything right from the start. I only get a bit of pleasure once in a blue moon . . ."

"Ah, shut up! The car won't go."

"Did you look to see if there was any petrol in it? No, of course you didn't!"

We get the car filled up with petrol and, "We're off at last!" you shout triumphantly.

"Ah, it's great to get out into the wide, open spaces where a man can get a bit of fresh air after being cooped up in the city all the week."

"There is a proper place for everything," says L. W. Lower. "And the place for the great open spaces is in the great open spaces."

BANG!

"What's that, dear?"

"A puncture!"

Change the tyre, barking the knuckles in the process.

We eventually reach the camping site and the things are unpacked and it is found that the forks have been forgotten. The table-cloth is spread out daintily on the grass about two yards from a concealed ant-heap full of bull ants.

I build a fire, walk miles for some swamp water full of mosquitoes, place the billy carefully on top of the fire, and it tips over and puts the fire out.

"Tut! Tut! Now look what you've done! Just when everything is nearly ready, too! TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT OF THE SPONGE CAKE, YOU IDIOT!"

"Well, what a silly place to put it! Here's Jack."

"Will you make a fire, Jack? This fool can't do anything."

At last we get squatted uncomfortably around the table-cloth.

Life in the Raw

"I THINK this is lovely. Can't you smell the gum-leaves! I think I could stay here forever."

"WHOO!"

Little Freddie has been filling in his spare time pok!-g the ant-heap with a stick.

"We'll have to shift from here. What a nuisance!"

"We can eat standing up. Was that a spot of rain?"

"Yes. My goodness, it's going to pour. Get everything back in the car as quick as you can."

"Aren't we going to have anything to eat?"

"We can have something when we get home. I'm not going to stay here and get drenched."

Re-packing commences. "Now are you all ready? Sure we've got everything? Where's Freddie?"

Freddie has fallen in the creek and droops back to the scene covered with mud and leeches.

"He can't go in the car like that. We'll have to strap him on the running-board."

"Don't be absurd! He can sit on one of the hampers. Now, hurry up, everybody."

"A man'd be better off at home reading a book."

"Well, it was your idea."

"What! Well, I'll be . . ."

"That's enough!"

Eventually, everybody and everything is dragged into the car.

"Why," says the wife. "I believe it's going to fine up after all! Just a passing shower! Let's go back."

"Like the devil, we will. Shift your feet away from the gears. How do you think I can drive with your big feet plastered all over the place!"

And so we start back to the city, leaving a raging bushfire behind and taking in exchange a cargo of bull ants.

The wife has a splitting headache and you've got to take young Freddie back home to his mother and explain him, and then you've got to explain to the owner of the car how you came to dent the mudguard.

These great, open spaces are all right in their place. Which is in the great, open spaces.

How does she keep her Youth and Beauty

SHE'S got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim, and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.

"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss I. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

* *

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than 21 and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance." — Miss L. Lockie.

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TAKE off that sweltering hat of yours! You won't know *real* comfort this summer until you wear a genuine HAWLEY TROPPER. Feather light, air-cooled, insulated against the sun and proofed against the rain. The Hawley Tropper combines fashion, fit and comfort as does no other hat under the sun. Protects the neck. Shades the eyes. Looks smart and *stays* smart. 12 degrees cooler than any other hat. The fashionable and sensible headgear for the street, for work and for sports. Prices from 2/6 to 15/- at all leading stores.

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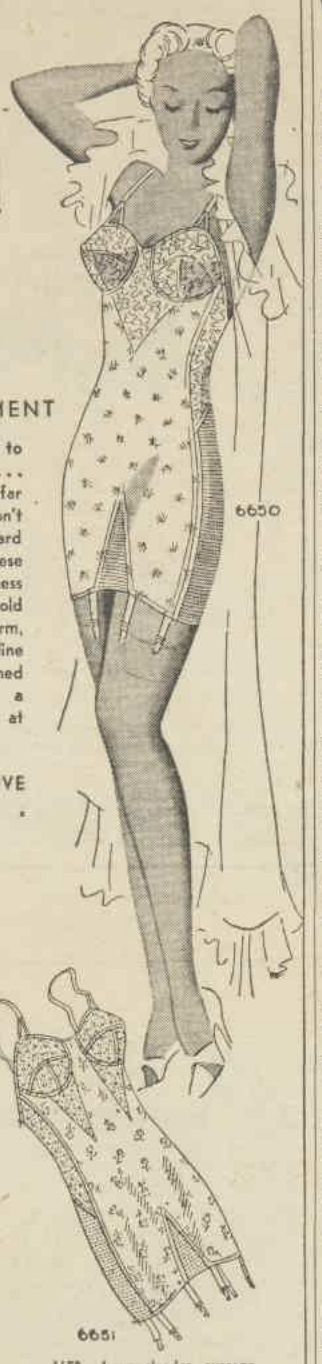
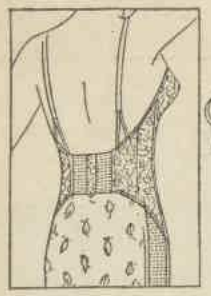
Supple! Smooth!

FOR THE NEW YOUTH MOVEMENT

YOU want your figure to look smooth, of course . . . uncontrolled curves are far from smart. But you don't want to look stiff as a board . . . so you wear one of these light, supple little Princess Youths by Berlei. They hold your bosom high and firm, your waist trim, your hipline sleek and smooth. Boned across the abdomen for a slimmer line, but no bones at all at the back.

AND NOT EXPENSIVE EITHER . . . . .





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Princess Youth by BERLEI

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Brewed from a 200 Years Old Recipe

CHAMPION'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

SALLY WARNER

Continued from Page 7

"I THINK we'll give you a whiff of chloroform," Dr. Franklin told her, and his brown old fingers brushed her pale cheek. "I'll call my partner. He's outside talking to my wife."

"Yes," the girl answered solemnly. "That's all right."

They left her on the couch in Dr. Franklin's surgery when they had finished, and went into the waiting-room. Five pairs of eyes focused upon the doctor's face.

"Will she be all right, sir?" asked the boy who had been driving.

The two other boys stood together, their faces white and frightened; the two girls sat on a sofa holding each other's hands.

The old doctor looked them over genially, nodding his head.

"You're a lucky lot, from what Charles tells me of the accident," he said, "the little lady in the other room is the only one who won't report for work for a while. Here, my boy, let me put a bit of plaster on that chin."

"What shall we do? You mean she can't go back to the theatre to-morrow?" one of the girls asked.

"That pig of a manager will never keep her job for her," the other girl said.

The doctor moved about, dabbing iodine here and there, applying adhesive plaster.

"Is there anyone we could notify?"

"I don't think Sally has got a relation in the world—only a landlady in London, who'll probably freeze on to her trunk," Nina answered. She turned sharply. "You boys had better fork out some money for her," she told them. "I've got twenty-two and sixpence."

"Sally!" thought Charles. The soft name suited her.

"How long will she have to stay in the hospital?" Nina was asking. "I'll send her things down to-morrow."

The doctor snorted.

"Hospital! There won't be a bed to spare you may be quite sure."

"But where will she go?"

Charles spoke quickly. "I'll take her home. My mother'll look after her."

"She can stay here, just as easily," said the doctor. "She won't take up much room."

Charles shook his head.

"You'd better let me take her. Mrs. Franklin has her hands full with you, and mother'd like someone to fuss over."

Dr. Franklin looked at Charles quizzically, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Be nice for Edith, too," he said drily. "But please yourself, my boy."

CHARLES did please himself. When he reached his own house, his mother was waiting in the lighted doorway.

"Doctor Franklin telephoned—I've got the spare-room bed made up for her."

She followed him into the room and looked down at Sally Warner, as he deposited her gently upon the bed.

"My word, she's only a little girl! Edith's been telephoning you all the evening. You'd better go and ring her up." She looked intently at her son. "Go on—skedaddle. I'm going to put this child in one of Margy's nightgowns. Off with you!"

He went out, but he did not telephone Edith. The boy who had driven him over was waiting in the sitting-room.

"It's awfully decent of you to take Sally in like this," he said. "She's awfully nice—you know, not like the usual run of chorus-girls. She didn't want to come with us to-night, but Bill is mad about her and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. Much good it did him, too." He laughed. "Can you imagine a chorus-girl refusing to let a fellow kiss her?"

The telephone rang sharply, and Charles answered it.

"Where have you been, Charles? If I'd known you weren't coming I could have gone out myself."

There had been an accident he told her. He'd taken the people over to Dr. Franklin's—no, no one they knew. Some young people. One of the girls was hurt and he had brought her home.

"I'm awfully busy, Edith," he said. "Do you mind if I tell you the details to-morrow? These people have to arrange about their car, and the other girls have to get home somehow."

It was two o'clock before he got to bed; young Curtis, the owner of the wrecked car, remained overnight, but the other four departed by train.

And Sally Warner lay, sound asleep, beneath his mother's patchwork quilt.

He woke early; he heard his mother's voice in the spare-room, and he went to the door.

"May I come in?"

Sally was propped up against a mound of pillows. He had not realised until now, when the sunlight lay upon it, that her hair was so golden.

She smiled at him, and Charles Blake thought that he had never seen a prettier mouth. It was rather large, or it appeared so in contrast to the smallness of her face. Her violet eyes regarded Charles seriously.

"He's only a little fellow, isn't he?" she said.

Charles' mother laughed as she looked at her tall son.

Charles stared at her. Often his mother smiled, and sometimes she chuckled, but open laughter was rare enough to startle him.

"You talk to Charles while I get your breakfast," she ordered, and departed, still laughing.

He continued to stand and look down at Sally without speaking. She was so sweet. She was so little.

"Won't you — sit down?" she drawled.

He laughed, a sudden spontaneous burst of laughter like his mother's. What a comic little thing she was.

"How's the shoulder?" he inquired.

"We-ell, the doctor said it might be worse. I heard him."

"It must be hurting like sin."

She blinked.

"I shouldn't know anything about that, should I?"

HIS breakfast, his mother said, was on the dining-room table.

As he descended the stairs he heard Sally's voice proclaiming:

"I haven't had any porridge for breakfast for years. It makes me look like the sultan's favorite wife!" and his mother, with laughter still quivering in her voice, answered: "Eat what's put before you, and be thankful."

Never had Charles faced a morning with any burning desire to reach his office, but this morning he was overwhelmed by an acute distaste for the place. He walked out into the sunlight; blue grape hyacinths were blossoming among the narcissi; a few early irises quivered in the breeze. He picked a random bouquet and took them up to Sally Warner.

"Oh, they're nice!" she said. "And I don't know the name of one of them!"

"My goodness, child, where were you brought up?" Mrs. Blake asked.

Dr. Franklin's voice thundered up the stairs.

"Can I come up?" He dropped his bulging bag on a chair and surveyed his patient. "Well, a dislocated shoulder seems to agree with you, young lady!"

Sally smiled.

"What have you got in the bag? Any babies to-day?"

"Matter of fact, I'm taking one over to the vicarage."

"Charles! Are you there, Charles?"

The doctor and Maria Blake exchanged a short glance at the sound of Edith's voice from the hall below; Charles ran down the stairs.

"Hello, Edith—I'm so sorry about last night."

"Oh, it didn't matter," she answered. She looked cool and fresh in a crisp green dress, with a small green hat on her dark hair. "I drove father to the office and called at your office, and as you weren't there I came on here." She smiled. "Give me a kiss."

He kissed her cool lips, and she put her hand on his shoulder and pushed him away.

"Tell me about the accident."

He told her briefly, and without elaboration, what had happened.

"How does your mother like having a chorus-girl in her home?"

"You had better ask her," he suggested. "Would you like to come up and meet her?"

"Good morning, Mrs. Blake," she said as she entered the bedroom. Her eyes went to the girl in the bed.

"Hello, Edith. This is Miss Warner—Miss Dawnport."

Edith sat down abruptly; her gaze fell before Sally's frank stare.

Please turn to Page 16

Lips Appeal

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A wide range of rich tints.

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Firm Flesh Turns to Fat

WHEN FOOD TRACT IS CONSTIPATED

A cause of unhealthy fat is often due to a congested food tract. Absorbing the fermenting wastes into your system will create the fat of ill-health. These digestive poisons account for the sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence, skin blotches and bad breath, to which overweight women and men are subject.

For constipation you should take Pinkettes. These little laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clean and brisk, and exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liverishness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant, distressing symptoms and ungainly fat. Get Pinkettes to-day. 1/3 bottle at chemists and stores.***

Friday night is AMAMI night!

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining AMAMI Shampoos please write to Messrs. Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"Dave, dear, we've been going together for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"
"Yes, you're right, Sarah — but who'll have us?"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

MOTHER: Joan's been walking since she was ten months old.
MOPSY: Goodness! Isn't she tired?

HUSBAND: If you aren't tired, why are you resting?
WIFE: Just in case I get tired.

TENANT (to Landlord): And another thing! Don't come knocking at the door as if you owned the place.

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THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER . . . So finely textured, this soft, clinging powder has been blended in the season's smartest shades to give you that lovely new skin tone which all smart women desire. There are shades for daytime and evening and you will love the delicate fragrance of these powders which may be carried out in your entire makeup ensemble.

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RICHARD HUDNUT AIDS TO LOVELINESS

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"YES," said the first Digger, "on Christmas Eve, 1917, we were in Palestine."

"And I bet the shepherds had to watch their flocks that night!" remarked his mate.

FILM STAR'S FATHER (to prospective suitor): And if you marry my daughter, can you keep me in the style to which she has accustomed me?

"BEFORE we were married," complained the young wife, "you told me our married life would be one long, sweet song."

"Yes," grumbled the husband, "but since then it has been a grand refrain."

"How do you mean, 'a refrain'?"

"Well, you have asked me to refrain from cards, betting, drinking, and smoking. In fact, everything I like."

"HOW'S that new mare of yours turning out?"

"Oh, I wish now I'd bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in puddles."

TWO sailors had just been released from a hot spell of duty aboard. Ashore they made hurriedly for the nearest hotel and ordered two quarts of beer.

They emptied their tankards in one draught, while the barmaid and several others in the bar looked on in admiration.

"'Tain't so bad, Bill," said one of them; "let's have some."

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SALLY WARNER

Continued from Page 14

"SHE'S your fiancee, isn't she?" Sally asked Charles. "What a lovely engagement ring. When are you going to be married?"

"Is your shoulder very painful?" Edith inquired politely.

"Yes," said Sally. "It hurts!"

"Will you have to stay in bed long?"

Sally turned to Mrs. Blake. "Shall I?"

"Oh, she can get up, but she's got to mind her p's and q's," Maria Blake answered, serenely.

Edith rose.

"Are you going to the office, Charles? I'll run you down there if you like." She was silent until they were out of the house. "What an extraordinary girl!" she said then. "I never saw anything like the way she seems to have just settled down on you! Is she intending to stay until she's well?"

"Ask mother," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "As Dr. Franklin said, she doesn't take up much room."

Edith frowned.

"It's really most extraordinary," she repeated. Her eyes became reproachful. "Charles! About yesterday——" She studied his set face. "How could you have been so silly? Do you know what father said when he heard that you'd been offered all that money for the hotel and had refused it? He said that certainly was the time when two fools met!"

Charles looked at her intently.

"Edith, would you take all the money a woman had in the world for property you considered worthless?"

"But if she wanted it, Charles—you're not in business for your health's sake. And how do you know that she wouldn't have made a success of it?"

"Do you care so much about money, Edith?" he asked her.

"Money? No! But I hate to have everyone think you're a fool."

"Everyone?" he echoed.

"Yes!" she said, defiantly. "Oh, Charles, it's all over the place already that you turned down a chance to sell the hotel. Even if it is your property, you can't do a thing like that and make people respect you. You'll lose all your business!"

"It's my business, anyway," he said.

She looked at him incredulously.

"ISN'T it my business, too? I'm just trying to make you see it——"

"Your way. And your father's way," he interrupted her.

"Well, father isn't a fool, Charles. Can't you see that people won't give you their property to handle if——"

"I don't want to handle everyone's property," he exploded. "But I'd like to handle my own affairs!"

She gasped.

"Charles! You're so strange today! You——"

"I'm no different from any other day," he retorted.

"Yes, you are!"

And he was.

In his office, opening letters, filing them, he realised abruptly that he was quite different. He resented this desk, the maps and blue-prints upon the walls, the filing cabinets, with a bitterness he had not felt since those first dreadful days, four years ago, when he had reluctantly realised that his medical career was over.

Above his desk hung the architect's drawing of his father's dream. Elm Acres, with the great white elephant of an hotel completed, magnificent cars crowded in the parking space and guests thronging the loggias and terraces. Beyond the still non-existent cottages, each with its garage and garden gate and pergola.

Charles snorted. There was no framed picture of the actuality, but in his mind's eye he saw it as it was, rolling land staked out into avenues and lanes, the unfinished hotel, standing stark and barrack-like, some of the windows broken and boarded over.

He got up and began pacing his office. How could he be expected to make a success of this business when he hated all such developments.

He paused, hands behind his back, and stood looking at Elm Acres. He wished he could drop the whole thing; give it away, sell it. What was stopping him, anyway? He caught his breath. Why should he go on? He had served his four years; he had done his duty.

Anne and Margy were married; through his own efforts, here in this office, they had each floated down a church aisle in white satin and yards of veiling. Why shouldn't he walk out of this office now, this minute, and drive to London and begin again his medical training, there? Edith could wait or they could be married now. They'd manage somehow; he had saved a little money.

The telephone rang sharply. He lifted the receiver.

"Charles? Surrey Dawnport speaking. Could you run up and see me some time this morning?"

"Yes," said Charles. "I'll come now."

"Say in half an hour. I have a few matters to clear up."

When Charles entered Surrey Dawnport's office, the latter rose from behind a massive desk and held out his hand.

"Charles, I've just taken the liberty of writing a letter to Mrs. Stevenson—the woman who wants to buy the Elm Acres Hotel." He held up one hand. "Wait, I have a proposition to put to you. I've been thinking about it for some time, but conditions have not been such—until now, Charles—to merit my mentioning it."

Pompous ass, thought Charles.

"Go ahead," he said, laconically.

He was aware of the patronage of the older man's choice of words, as he unfolded his scheme, and it amused him. He was wondering how much Edith had to do with all this when he was suddenly electrified by the realisation of precisely what Surrey Dawnport was saying.

"WAIT a minute," he interrupted quietly. "You're telling me that you hold the mortgage on all the Elm Acres property, and that either I accept this Mrs. Stevenson's money, or you'll foreclose!"

Dawnport reddened.

"Charles, if I thought you knew what you were implying, I believe I'd knock you down," he said. "Elm Acres lying idle is doing no one any good; it is neither a good investment for any of us nor for the town. If you organise a new company——"

"And if I don't agree, then, when the mortgage is due, you can merely foreclose and take over the property!" said Charles hotly. "You know that I can't meet it."

"Please," said Surrey Dawnport, "Calm yourself, Charles. Edith has told me how you feel about Mrs. Stevenson, and while you are, shall I say, more philanthropic than is strictly necessary, still, your feeling does you credit. However, if Elm Acres is reincorporated with my name and yours and one or two others behind it, Mrs. Stevenson's money will be as safe as if it were in gilt-edged securities."

Charles was silent. If Surrey Dawnport were actually willing to go into this thing with his own money he intended to make it pay. Probably it would pay, he thought dismally; probably it would be a success, in all its tawdriness and cheapness.

"I see," he said.

"I thought," continued Surrey Dawnport, "that we could, as it were, start the ball rolling by building a little cottage for you and Edith—a wedding present from me."

"My word," cried Charles. Four years of merely sitting and looking at the plans for Elm Acres had sickened him, and now he was asked to live in the place!

He began to laugh uncontrollably, while Dawnport stared at him. With difficulty Charles got his voice under control.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I'm—that is most generous of you. It's just——" He sought wildly for an explanation and found none. "Potential success for Elm Acres must have gone to my head."

"You might look over this letter to Mrs. Stevenson," Surrey Dawnport suggested coldly. "I've asked her to return here on Friday—that's the day after to-morrow—to talk things over. In the meantime——"

In the meantime Charles decided that he would have it out once and for all with Edith. Nothing would induce him to live in Elm Acres. Let Dawnport foreclose and take the place.

Please turn to Page 18

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(Left) Shirtmaker frock. Cotton, light as a feather, fast to sun and washing. Sage, green and rose. 39, 42, 45 ins. At **12/6**

"Junior Miss Salon", second floor

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ELISSA LANDI chooses this attractive white felt hat, modelled along polo helmet lines, for sports wear. A wide brown grosgrain ribbon band ties in a tailored bow in front.

SALLY WARNER

Continued from Page 16

HE strode rapidly to his own home; the office of Charles Blake was closed for ever so far as he was concerned. He was going to be a doctor. His mother was in Sally's room and he ran up the stairs, his eyes snapping with excitement and determination.

"Did you ever see a worm turn?" he demanded crazily. "Well I'm it!"

He was a worm turned into a lion; his mother and Sally stared at him as he poured forth the story.

"I think you're wonderful!" said Sally when he paused for breath. "You'll make a wonderful doctor —"

"Of course you're quite mad Charles," Maria Blake interrupted flatly. "Even if Edith agreed, which she won't, you can't just throw the property away like that."

"Oh!" Sally gave a little cry. "Oh, Mrs. Blake, don't!"

"You don't know anything about it Sally," Mrs. Blake told her sharply. "Why, Charles, you'd be the laughing-stock of the town if you let Surrey Dawnport get that property away from you! Do you think you could come back here and be a doctor in a place where everyone thought you were a fool?"

"He could go somewhere else," said Sally. "He——"

Charles' eyes moved from his mother's stern face to Sally's. Tears were rolling down her cheeks; her mouth quivered. Maria Blake turned abruptly and left the room.

"Don't cry," Charles said dully. "Don't, Sally! Mother's right, I suppose."

He moved across the room and patted her soft hair awkwardly, and suddenly, without any warning, his lips were crushing the softness of her lips and, instead of pushing him away, her unhurt arm was wound tightly round his neck.

Charles hadn't known that kissing anyone could be like that. He wanted to pick her up and hold her close and never let her go again. She was so little and helpless and feminine.

"Don't let them make you do anything you don't want," she pleaded.

He looked down at her upturned face and kissed her again. Within an hour his entire world had gone crazy. Edith and Surrey Dawnport and Elm Acres—and now Sally.

"I'm mad!" he told her.

"About me?" she demanded, laughing up at him.

"WELL, well, well!" said Dr. Franklin's voice. "Not intruding, I hope?"

Sally turned her flushed face to him.

"You might have rung a bell or something!" she complained.

Her laughter was gay and completely devoid of embarrassment.

"I came to take you out for a drive with me," said the doctor. "We will prop you up on cushions so that you won't hurt your shoulder—rosebuds have to have sun and air—isn't that so, Charles?"

"Yes," said Charles dazedly, and added: "You're probably going to have the job of certifying me as being insane."

"Really!" said Dr. Franklin drily. "You appeared to be rather more rational than usual, when I came in. How about a coat to wrap this girl in?"

"I'll get one of mother's."

He must have things out with Edith at once. He drove to the Dawnports' house, and his hands on the wheel were shaking. He couldn't even think about Sally Warner. He was engaged to Edith.

"Charles, you must have gone off your head!" Edith told him. "You, of all people, ought to know that, when you have responsibilities, you can't walk out and leave them."

"And my present responsibility is to Elm Acres?" he asked acidly. "Mother's got enough to live on."

"Well, there's me, isn't there? Or isn't there?" she retorted.

He drew a long breath.

"Edith, you've got to listen to me. You've got to understand. I know you've always thought that I was a fool. As far as any interest in or talent for business—especially the Elm Acres estate—goes, I suppose I am one. But I know that I could be a good doctor. Marry me now—at once—and we'll manage somehow until I get through my training. You won't be sorry, I promise you."

"I don't even care to discuss it, Charles," she said. "Mrs. Stevenson will be coming on Friday—why, you ought to be grateful to father for —"

"Edith, I am not going into any scheme involving Elm Acres," he said, his voice strained and tense.

"You may think you're not," said Edith, "but I say you are!"

For the second time that day Charles Blake laughed in the face of a Dawnport. His laughter was harsh, hysterical, and suddenly Edith turned and ran into the house. For a moment or two he sat alone, still laughing; then he got up and started his car.

His mother was sitting in the drawing-room, knitting; she looked at him sharply. "Sit down, Charles," she ordered. "You look quite tired out. Have you seen Edith?"

He nodded grimly.

"I didn't expect understanding from her."

"BUT you did from me?" Her face looked old, worried, miserable. "You've been a good son to me, Charles, and a good brother to the girls. I don't care a hang about Elm Acres—never did. But I do care about your making a fool of yourself. If Surrey Dawnport gets that property away from you and makes a success of it—as he will—you'll never be able to hold your head up here again, not even if you turn out to be the best doctor that ever lived. Can't you see that for yourself?"

"There are other places," said Charles. "I'll go somewhere else."

"Not for you there aren't. You love this place. It's your home."

It was true. He loved the to— and loved this house; he didn't want to go anywhere else.

"Sally back?" he asked finally.

"No," said his mother. And, as was so often the case between them he knew what she was thinking. Better let sleeping dogs lie. This Sally—one couldn't help liking her. But she didn't fit in here with the Dawnports—and Elm Acres. "Well, I'd better see about supper," she said, and sighed.

Dr. Franklin and Sally were seething with excitement when they returned. Mrs. Blake asked the doctor to stay for supper, and he accepted.

"We want to talk to Charles. Sally and I have a little proposition to put up to him." He winked. "Wait till after supper, though; too much excitement before meals is bad for the digestion."

Charles sat at the table and said nothing. Opposite him the figure of Sally Warner was blurred, like something in a dream. Why couldn't he have met her a year ago, before he was engaged to Edith?

The doctor was folding up his dinner napkin.

"Now, as our business friends say, can I put a proposition to you, Mr. Blake?"

Sally giggled, her eyes dancing from the older man's face to Charles'.

"Now," said the doctor severely, "silence in the court, or you'll be put out! Tell me if I have this right, Charles. Surrey Dawnport holds the mortgage on Elm Acres and is practically blackmailing you into forming a company with him for its development. And you want to become a doctor instead. Isn't that right?"

Maria Blake leaned upon the table, watching the doctor.

Please turn to Page 22

ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects
When will my luck improve
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Marriage? Travel? Finance
All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., birth-date, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3417K, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Excess stomach acid is always responsible for complaints such as indigestion, heartburn, wind, and dyspepsia. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. For quick, safe, and lasting relief take a small teaspoonful of pure TWIN SODA in water or milk. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA for 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.***

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Get rid of that old ice-waster of yours. Bebarfalds will accept it as part payment on a new Blue-Bird.

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FASHION MARCHES ON

Dunlop

SPORT AND SANDSHOES

FEET FIRST

says the

STYLE NEWS

This Summer, Fashion plays no tricks as far as sports footwear is concerned. The issue is clear-cut and definite—smartness begins from the ground up. In this "feet first" movement, the new season's styles in Dunlop Sport and Sandshoes are very important. Chic in line, snug in fit and a la mode in colour, these shoes put any sports ensemble on a better footing. One of the big reasons for the way they keep their firm fit and smart line is the "tailored back" exclusive to Dunlop footwear. The back of the shoe is contoured and tailored to the shape of the heel—providing far more comfort and more strength in the construction of the shoe.

67 styles for men, women

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NOT SO *Many Years* AGO

...They Did Not Know What a Holiday Was

By C. A. LYON

Have you ever thought of the wonderful story of holidays?

Millions of the ordinary people to-day have the right and the means to take a holiday as a matter of course every year.

It was not always so.

THE ANCIENTS look askance—

WHAT then is the history of holidays? How did we come to get them? Why do we dip ourselves in the sea during summer?

It is a page of social history that is well worth your study.

There were holidays in the Middle Ages, called pilgrimages. But only the wealthy few went on them, two or three times in their lives.

A "holiday" of this kind in Palestine cost the Western traveller £150 to £200.

Monasteries had "Pilgrim Associations," which were really travel agencies, to arrange the details.

A pilgrim's guide-book to the sights of Rome was issued as early at 625.

Made To Drink Sea

BUT modern seaside holidays began about 1750 with a Dr. Richard Russell, of Lewes, Sussex.

He began treating people for various diseases by dipping them in the sea water, yes, and making them drink it as well.

His method was quite revolutionary. The only people who had ever bathed in the sea up to that time were those suffering from hydrophobia. Many of the first sea bathers were offered sympathy by onlookers, who thought they had been bitten by mad dogs.

He dipped his patients at a Sussex fishing village called Brighthelmstone or Brighton. He became famous, and hundreds of his patients went to be dipped in the sea at Brighton.

Thus the great Seaside Idea was conceived and born.

Dr. Russell alone could never have brought the seaside habit to the pitch it reached eventually.

Special circumstances favored him.

Just about his time Western Europe had a remarkable back-to-nature movement. Something like the modern open-air movement.

In France the Court ladies dressed up like shepherdesses (only with rich silk dresses and gilt crooks). They also milked cows—very inefficiently.

In England the movement took the form of this sea bathing.

Bathing Machines

THE gentry crowded into small dark seaside lodgings. They stumbled over fishing nets on the shore. They waited for hours and hours for the use of one of the few bathing machines. (Brighton at first had only twelve all told.)

The first sea bathers did not swim. An old fishwife took them in her sturdy arms and ducked them.

Nevertheless, they were courageous. The bathing was at first said to be most beneficial in winter, and many a high-born damsel of George III's reign was ducked in the icy November seas.

Other famous seaside places were founded on the Brighton model in the period 1780-1820.

Torquay grew from a few fishermen's huts. Weymouth's fame dated from when the town band played "God Save the King" as shivering George III was ducked beneath the waves.

Eastbourne was developed by the Devonshire family.

Blackpool had an ultra-respectable youth. A bell was rung by the town crier at the women's bathing hour and all men in the place were supposed to go indoors and pull down the blinds.

As a matter of fact, some lingered on the shore with telescopes.

Their Merry Day

LODGING-HOUSES were built at these places. They were built with their backs to the sea, since no one at that time thought the sea was beautiful—only healthful.

The coming of the railways helped the seaside resorts, but not inordinately. Annual holidays were still rare even among the rich by 1860.

The poor were very unlucky. They had no holidays at all. Once they had had all the Saints' days on which to make merry. These, however, had been abolished at the Reformation. The only two public holidays left were Christmas Day and Good Friday.

Sir John Lubbock, a banker, took the first step forward in the holidays-for-the-people movement. He succeeded in getting Parliament to pass a bill establishing the bank holidays we now have. That was in 1871.

It is interesting to remember that he proposed one more bank holiday (on June 20, Queen Victoria's Accession day), but this never came to pass.

Were these bank holidays a success? At first, decidedly not. They were, indeed, a curse.

In the great cities, with beer at 4d. a quart, the first bank holidays were little more than orgies. Everyone made as much noise as possible.

The bank holidays were not paid for. Many employers also took the opportunity to close down for most of the week. Bank holidays meant hardship and poverty.

—AT THE MODERNS.

A Good Time

MANY a poor family had not paid off the debts incurred as a result of one bank holiday week by the time the next one came round.

A magazine of 1895 still spoke of August as the time when "the official, professional and literary classes" took holidays.

But after this, and only after this, the middle classes and even some of the working classes ventured to take holidays of a week or so at the rapidly expanding seaside resorts.

Office employees began to get paid holidays at this period, and this helped.

Such people were the pioneers of a fuller and more varied life.

Sports Clothes

INFORMAL, healthful dress was not thought of at first. It was even more important to have a top hat at the seaside than in town if you wanted to look Somebody. Nothing more easy-going than a lounge suit was ever thought of.

You saw women bathing but never swimming. The day when thousands of brown young bodies should cleave the waves skilfully and not encumbered by nightgowns was still far off.

A few—a very few—pioneers were beginning to explore the countryside.

Music-hall comedians sang of the newly-discovered wilds:

There are no music halls,
No sign of three brass balls
In our village on the Slow-and-Dirty-Line.

Life is Better

THOSE were the beginnings. But it was not until the post-war days, the days we all remember, that holidays were taken on the scale and in the way they are now. As recently as that, remember!

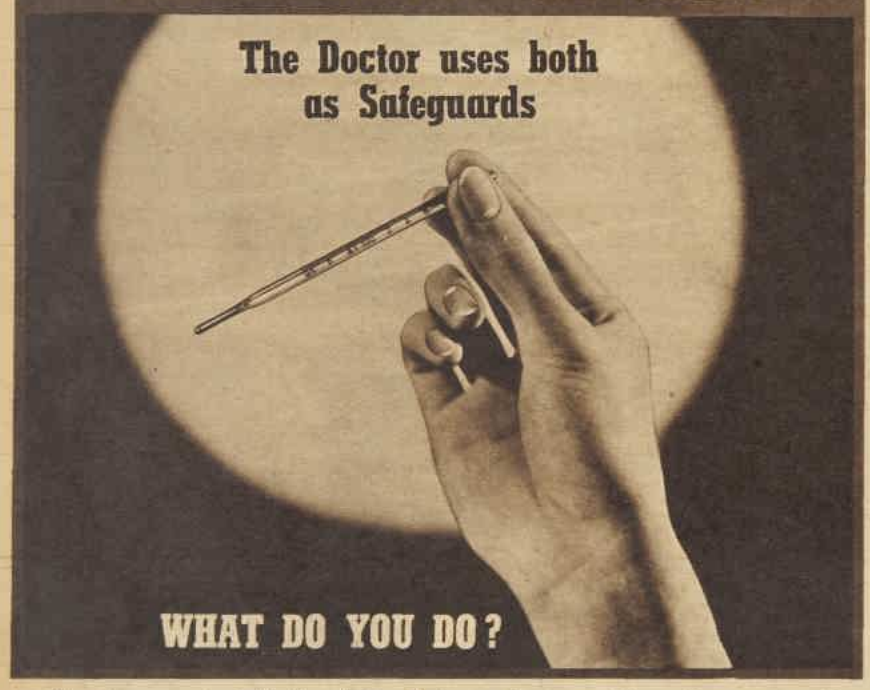
Then from an ancestry of sordid lodging-houses and drunken bedlams there gradually came into being our fine modern seasides, our cruises for the many, our hiking for all, our cheap foreign travel, our clothes-free sunbathing—change, health, and variety for all—and all in a few years.

Few people remember how much better off we are than our fathers and grandfathers, nor how it all began.

Surely life is getting a little better, a little fuller, after all?

THERMOMETER...and SOAP!

The Doctor uses both as Safeguards



WHAT DO YOU DO?

The thermometer tells the doctor if danger is approaching. Soap—an antiseptic soap—gives him protection against infection. So he washes his hands dozens of times daily as a safeguard.

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but non-irritant to even a baby's delicate skin. Protex leaves no offensive odour and has the advantage of genuine economy, since it is hard-milled and long-lasting.

A COLGATE QUALITY SOAP

Recommended by the Medical Profession

(vide "The Medical Journal of Australia," 4/7/'36)

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

WOMEN ARCHITECTS

ON looking over many modern cottages I wonder why there are not more women architects. Generally, the exteriors of these homes are very attractive, but the interiors have many important essentials lacking, and we only have men designers to blame.

Here are a few of the faults I have noticed, and they cause great inconvenience to the woman who spends all her time in the home: Doors open the wrong way, light points are placed awkwardly, stoves are in draughty and awkward corners, and cupboards are poky and dark. Also, I have seen many modern homes where the bathroom is in direct view of the front door. A woman designer would pay more attention to these essentials than any man.

There is certainly a future for women architects, and some day we will not have to depend on men and their short-sighted ideas on home planning.

£1 for this letter to Miss C. Carlisle, c/o P.O., Port Kembla, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

SUNNY AUSTRALIA

GOVERNMENTS are realising the value of physical education in producing healthier populations. This provides Australia with a golden opportunity for focusing attention on its own unique appeal as a body-building country. With its comparative lack of dissipation, its outdoor life, its youth and spaciousness, it should now be "boomed" as the "playground of the world," for it has every natural advantage for sport.

I suggest, also, the transference of musical and other entertainments to open-air arenas.

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmain St., Richmond El, Melbourne.

✣ ✣ ✣

KIND TO ANIMALS

HOW can that excellent body, the R.S.P.C.A., do its best without the help of the public?

So many people watch wanton cruelty to animals without making any move to prevent it, saying, "Oh, it's none of my business." But everyone with a spark of human feeling should make an effort to prevent suffering in helpless animals. Don't you agree?

Miss M. Jones, 26 Park St., East Maitland, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

DIVORCED PARENTS

MEN and women are certainly at liberty to order their own affairs; and if divorce affected only the parties concerned, few would object to it.

But the children of divorced parents are pitiful sufferers. They are either not wanted, or the parents fight over who shall have them.

There is a great number of such children who are not being given a fair chance of domestic happiness. They are hampered in their growth by the unrest about them.

Surely the State could do something about this social problem!

Miss Constance Child, 7 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

HERE'S A CYNIC!

ISN'T there "much ado about nothing" with regard to marriage happiness?

Marriage needs no more qualifications than are necessary to enable one to get along with his fellow-creatures. Any man and woman thrown together on a desert island could be quite happy together, regardless of "social standing," lack of "necessities," or that much over-rated quality, "love."

Mrs. Hope Turner, Chichester, via Dungog, N.S.W.

Why Not Take It Easy On Sundays?

IT is quite true, as stated by J. G. Paynton (9/10/'37) that with most women Sunday is a day of extra work instead of being a very necessary day of rest.

Besides the extra cooking usually done, most women find extra housework to do, due to the house becoming more untidy with the whole family at home.

My own solution to the problem for many months has been to do all the necessary cooking on Saturday, pack a hamper early on Sunday, and leave with the family for somewhere quiet and restful. A few hours' rest on a grassy river-bank, while the children play nearby, is just the tonic needed to restore one's lost energy. The dual benefits of fresh air and relaxation send me back at sunset feeling ready for the next week's duties and responsibilities.

M. Hines, 169 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

Must Be Busy

YES, J. G. Paynton, we women do seem to do a lot on Sundays. I am one of them, and I don't think I could do otherwise, as Sunday is the only day in the week on which the whole family sit down together to all the meals.

After all, to see the appreciation of one's family is worth the work entailed. We have six other days in which to have a day off with lighter meals, and if we are wise and tactful we will get quite a lot of ready help on Sunday which we cannot get on any other day of the week.

Mrs. D. Robertson, 26 South St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

Picnics for Sunday

MOST women will agree with J. G. Paynton in his plea for a lighter Sunday. In the majority of homes it is the heaviest day of the week, when the mother is virtually a slave in the kitchen. There is no necessity for these hot dinners, especially in the warm weather.

There are families who leave by an early train to spend Sunday in the hills or at the beach. This, too, is a pleasant diversion. When they return from their contact with Nature they are more fit to face the coming week than would otherwise have been the case.

A. Daly, Divett Place, Adelaide.

Happy Working Idea

YES, I suppose of all days, Sunday is the busiest for the housewife. Having the husband and children home all day necessarily increases the work, and makes it more difficult to get through. Whether a picnic, visitors, or just a quiet time at home is the order of the day, the burden of preparation falls on the housewife's shoulders.

In one family I know the children bring their mother breakfast in bed,

The Ideal Sunday?

and take complete charge for the day. It works very well for all—and, I think, is a very happy idea.

Jean Smythe, Beach Road, Brighton, S.A.

Her Hardest Day!

I CANNOT see why, in particular, Sunday should be a day of rest for the housewife. Rather should it be a day of activity, for it is the one day the whole family may be together, and the mother should endeavor to make it as happy as possible.

Let her rest one other day of the week, certainly, for medical men agree that repose is a very necessary part of anybody's life.

Helen Grainger, Adelaide Street, Hobart.

Love Not Always Essential For Married Bliss

MISS BROWN considers that it is better to marry a man you can respect than to wait for elusive Cupid.

Of course, she is right. In former times parents used to select their children's partners, and, although of course there were many unhappy marriages, there were many happy ones also.

In many parts of Europe to-day this selection by parents is still carried out.

So long as you are fond of your partner, and respect each other, you can both be happy. Your husband (or wife) becomes a beloved companion, sharer of all your interests, and the relationship built up seems to me the truest form of love.

Mrs. Kilpatrick, Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

What of the Future?

HAS Miss Brown thought of the unhappiness she may cause herself, or the man, if she marries without love?

I do not think many young people would get married under such conditions. People who have lived a lonely life marry for companionship, but not until they are too old to be caught in the whirl of falling in love with anyone else.

When they are young, there must be something more than friendship to make two people want to marry. Think how dreadful you would feel if you really fell in love with anyone else after marrying someone for whom you had only friendship.

Mrs. Henry, c/o Elsternwick P.O., Melbourne.

Can Doctors Refuse Services?

I HAVE been very interested in several cases reported recently of doctors who refused their services to people in urgent need of attention.

I can hardly believe a trained doctor would do such a thing. Doctors should at all times give their services, whatever the cost to them personally, when human suffering is concerned. While admitting there may be certain extenuating circumstances in a doctor's refusal to help, I cannot see that such an attitude fits in with the medical tradition of "saving life, whatever the cost."

What do other readers think?

Fran Campbell, Brisbane St., Perth.

Meaning of "Love"

MARRIAGE, based on love, is, of course, the most likely to turn out happiest, but I see no reason why companionship and respect should not bring happiness, provided both parties knew under what circumstances the marriage was being performed. They would, of course, have to take the risk of one or both meeting someone later whom they did love.

After all, comradeship, respect and strong affection are not very far from love, are they? In fact, they are three great essentials in the great compound called "love."

D. Vaudin, 3 Fifth Avenue, Coorparoo SE2, Qld.

Respect and Affection

IT is far better to marry a person for whom one has strong affection and respect than to wait for love. One finds as lovers it is very easy to get along together, but marriage is a more difficult proposition. To stand the hardships of married life one must have someone who can be depended on. Sometimes one marries for love and lives to regret not marrying a kind and steady man, who was refused in quest of love.

Mrs. Ruby Schubert, Tallangabba, Vic.

Does Country Wife Make Best Helpmate?

YOU'RE quite right, Mrs. Hill (9/10/'37). The country wife shares both work and play with her husband; she is a real partner in every sense of the word. The city husband quite rightly does not bring his business worries into the home and lives that part of his life quite to himself, while his wife also develops individual interests.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 453 St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne SC2.

Husband Away

IF it were true that the country woman has more of her husband's company than the city wife, as you say, Mrs. Hill, I would certainly agree

Sharing work as well as play.

with your conclusions; but I assure you that the city woman enjoys more of her husband's company than does her country sister. The latter's husband works from daylight till dark, has no half-days, and often spends Sundays in the paddocks.

Mrs. H. R. Griffin, Robin Vale, Terramungamine, via Dubbo, N.S.W.

Town Wife Scores

I CONSIDER that a town wife has more chance of holding her husband's interest than the country woman.

I am supposing that the latter's husband is a farmer. He, unfortunately, learns to take her for granted.

On the other hand, the town husband folds his tent like the proverbial Arab, and, with a light step, makes for home. His wife is waiting to greet him.

Mrs. A. J. Hammill, Cobain's Estate, via Sale, Vic.

PRAISE FOR COOKS

THE editorial, "Salute the Good Cook" (9/10/'37), paid a much-needed tribute to those mute, inglorious artists of the kitchen. It is a strange fact that, although the cook may be the mother of the household, doing a score of urgent things outside the kitchen, her handling of life's greatest reality, a good meal well cooked, is accepted as an automatic phenomenon like the rain or the sun.

In these days of quick lunches, and trick food, when many young brides develop a tin-opener complex, the importance of good cooking is often underrated.

"Feed the brute" is still good matrimonial advice, and the woman who comes to marriage with a tin-opener will find her design for living a pretty tinpot affair.

Salute the good cook!

Mrs. W. Parsons, 22 Tyne Street, Gilberton, Adelaide.

✣ ✣ ✣

"LIKE CHILDREN"

MEN and women are very much like children—give them the freedom in which to do as they like, and they discover for themselves that really, after all, they don't want to do anything outrageous. Still, under rigid discipline they never fail to get a surreptitious thrill out of "the idea" of running wild.

Mrs. E. Cole, Fisher St., Manly L., Qld.

✣ ✣ ✣

GREAT CAREER

STRICT equality between man and woman in the economic field never has been and never will be an accomplished fact. In actual life the equality produced by opening every door to women and "abolishing the barrier of sex" is a complete illusion.

There are more wives dependent upon their husbands than there are women workers in any of the various careers and occupations open to men.

Being a husband is not an occupation by which a man earns his living. But countless women secure their economic existence by being wives.

Moreover, wifehood is a career in which the preparation is easy (often non-existent) and in which the rewards are frequently very high.

Miss E. Smith, c/o Mr. Price, Pulteney St., Adelaide.

The WEST IS CALLING YOU.

A glorious twenty days can be spent on the sea trip to Western Australia and back.

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WRITE US ABOUT HOLIDAYS ANYWHERE, ANY TIME, ANY PRICE.

SALLY WARNER

Continued from Page 18

"NOW, our proposition," Dr. Franklin continued, "is scarcely businesslike, but it saves 'face' as the Chinese say. You don't make a penny, but you get a lot of glory. The difference between a fool and a philapthropist is not a hair's breadth." He made a gesture, and then suddenly became serious. "I drove Sally out to Elm Acres this afternoon, and she looked at that beautiful building known as the Hotel and remarked that it looked like a hospital. Unfortunately, her statement is true; hospitals are seldom inviting. But it gave us an idea. So we drove over and had a talk with Dr. Wheelwright and——"

"Good heavens!" gasped Maria Blake. "Go on, doctor!"

"Getting warm?" he asked her. "Charles, if you want to become a public benefactor and would care to bequeath the Elm Acres property, buildings and all, I'm pretty sure that the county will take over the mortgage and turn the place into the hospital they've been wanting to build. The Blake Memorial Hospital—and who knows but that in ten years or so our own Dr. Blake might not be one of the staff?"

Charles stared at him.

"I don't see how they could decently get out of giving you a job there after you have qualified," Dr. Franklin chuckled.

"Why, doctor, I think that's a nice idea!" exclaimed Maria Blake. "And to make it a memorial to. Will—"

Charles swallowed.

"Are you sure they'd accept it?" he demanded.

"Wheelwright thought so. If you really mean to offer it, we can see the Board to-morrow. We can—Hi!" The doctor scrambled to his feet and gave Charles a shake. "Get some water, Maria; the silly donkey's fainted!"

"I feel very mean," Charles told Dr. Franklin as he drove up to Surrey Dawnport's office on Friday morning.

Dr. Wheelwright, superintendent of the County Hospital; and Harvey Claxton, solicitor and leading personality of the town, were just entering the building.

"Being mean's a satisfaction once in a while," the doctor answered.

Surrey Dawnport's eyebrows rose as he shook hands with his visitors. There was a mumbling of introductions; "Mrs. Stevenson — my daughter, Edith."

"In at the death!" thought Charles, looking at her; and suddenly her dark eyes met his and he caught his breath. "She doesn't love me," he thought. "I don't believe she's ever loved me."

"I'm always glad to see you, gentlemen," Surrey Dawnport addressed Charles' three companions, "but just at the moment—"

"I'll explain why I brought them here, Mr. Dawnport," said Charles quickly. "I need not tell you, of course, how I've always hated the business connected with the Elm Acres estate."

"Really, Charles," the older man protested, "don't you think—"

"It's all relevant," Charles assured him. "You see, when you were so generous as to offer to come in with me on the development of Elm Acres, my gratitude was marred by my intense dislike for the whole project. But now everything's all right. I'm not going to accept your offer, Mr. Dawnport. I'm sorry to disappoint Mrs. Stevenson, but I have never believed that the property would be suitable for an hotel."

"Charles!" cried Edith.

He turned and looked straight at her.

"I'm giving the property to the county for a hospital," he said.

SURREY DAWNPORT'S fist descended upon his desk; of them all, only the doctor, Charles, and Claxton were silent.

"This," the doctor observed, "is what I believe they call pandemonium."

"I can write out a cheque for the amount of the mortgage in full, now, if you prefer it, Mr. Dawnport," Harvey Claxton was saying.

"I'm going to get out of this," Charles said to the doctor. "I'll be outside if they need me."

Edith stopped him at the door.

"I suppose you know that this is the end? Father will never forgive you!"

"After all, it's my property, Edith."

He felt a little sick as she held out his ring. It wasn't nice to humiliate people. But that was what they had intended to do to him. Surrey Dawnport could recover his dignity; Charles Blake never could have. And now, when he came back from his training, the hospital completed——

"I mean it, you know!" Edith said. "This is the end, Charles!"

He took the ring. The end, was it? No, after more than four years, it was the beginning.

"You can give it to Sally!" Edith snapped, and turned away.

He shook his head. "No," he murmured. No, he wouldn't give it to Sally Warner, not **this** ring.

(Copyright.)

INLAND

Since I was banished from the sloping beaches
Where long waves march majestic up the strand,
I can forget the lonely starlit reaches
While homely tasks invite my busy hand.

While I have need to keep the kettle bubbling,
To scour the copper bright or stitch a seam,
No longer on my heart there beats the troubling
Call of the tides, the poised gulls' salty scream.

But when at last not even the eye of malice
Could find a fleck of dust on wall or floor;
When—all my cottage shining like a palace—
I can escape an idle hour no more,
The sea across a thousand hills and valleys
Comes flooding to my door!
—M. S. Leitch.

Will We Soon All Live in Glass Houses?

By Air Mail from our London Office

GLITTERING Australian streets of glass-brick houses are visualised by Raymond McGrath, young Australian architect working in England, who, after three years' research here and in other countries, has just finished a book on the use of glass.

The new building-glass has some remarkable qualities. It takes central heating easily, is translucent without being transparent, and is unbreakable.

Actually, the material is used in brick form, and, when the manufacturers are through with them, those bricks are versatile bricks.

Sound-proof, Too

THEY are sound-proof if used in insulated walls. Some of them are like lenses set in a square slab of glass with a dented watermark surface, others have a broken column pattern giving them a beautiful iridescence.

Most startlingly modern of the new glass houses is one designed by Pierre Charreau in Paris. The walls are entirely built of glass lenses with space between the inner and outer walls for central heating.

The house is air-conditioned so that no windows at all are needed.

There are no lamps of any sort. Flood-lighting from a mast in the courtyard filters through the outside walls into the house and suffuses the rooms with soft light.

In America, also, they are building windowless houses entirely of glass bricks or of concrete with glass-brick, windowless fronts which let in the light but shut out views of crowded streets, backs of other houses, or factory chimneys.

RHEUMATISM
Sufferers can now get Permanent Relief

This great "mystery" disease claims more victims every year than almost any other complaint suffered by the human race. This agonising disease not only makes the lives of men and women a torture, but is responsible for more loss of employment than any other complaint.

This is according to recent Government Statistics.

But men, and women, too—by the thousand — are daily learning of a reliable method of getting relief from Rheumatism. Once more they are able to enjoy life. Work and play are no longer handicapped by that constant agony in joints or muscles which makes their days a torture and their nights a misery. No longer do they risk the heart-weakening strain that Rheumatism brings.

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has been secured by the use of a remedy sold by the thousand bottles daily the world over. The Englishman, the Australian and New Zealander, the South African, Argentino or Peruvian, the Hindu and the Chinese are all daily using De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. In Siam, the islands of the Pacific, the tropical jungles of Brazil, or the malaria-laden swamps of Colombia and Panama, men and women depend on De Witt's Pills when their kidneys are out of order, or Rheumatic Pains torture them. Always they find their trust amply repaid in the blessed relief they experience. Our files are laden with letters of grateful thanks from all over the world.

Writing from Milawa P.O., via Wangaratta, Victoria, Mr. Thomas E. Leet says:—"Ten years ago I was down with acute rheumatism. First my arms and then my legs were affected. Every winter I suffered the same pains, although I tried different remedies without much relief. Two years ago I bought a bottle of De Witt's Pills, and after taking half the contents noticed an immediate improvement. Three months treatment released me from pain. Since then I have had only slight twinges in the winter, but a few De Witt's Pills quickly chase these away."

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

Very Amusing I Find—

Mrs. Eric Luscombe Newman's mascot sailor doll. It holds a concertina between its hands, and when pressed plays a pleasant little tune.

Dutch Cavalry Officers

THREE dashing Dutch cavalry officers, Captain Stenger, Dr. Parree, and Lieutenant Lits, are making a happy stay in Sydney. They are here for the purpose of purchasing horses for the Dutch Army in Java, and before they return to the East will tour both Queensland and Victoria in search of cavalry mounts.

The three visitors were entertained last week by Joyce Beazley at a cocktail party given at her parents' home at Vaucluse.

Bright Dinner Party

CHELSEA china, Bohemian gilded glassware, and bowls of mixed flowers made charming the dinner table at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly on Saturday night when Captain and Mrs. J. U. P. Fitzgerald and Miss Fitzgerald were entertained at dinner.

Captain-Surgeon and Mrs. Roberts and Carleton Kelly were also present, and the party attended the Tivoli Theatre later.

Fairbairn-Carnegie Wedding

THIS Wednesday has been chosen for the wedding, in Melbourne, of Patricia Carnegie and Tony Fairbairn, and the event will be one of the most social of the Cup Week gatherings.

Mrs. Clive Fairbairn returned from England last week for a three weeks' visit so that she could meet her future daughter-in-law and be present at the wedding.

Her husband gave a large party at Menzies Hotel to welcome her home, and, incidentally, I hear, has given the young people a car of the super-super variety as a wedding present.

✣ ✣ ✣

Joan McDermott has motored off with Mrs. Franc Falkiner to Toowong, on the Upper Murray, for several days' respite before going to Melbourne for the Cup.

✣ ✣ ✣

A Grand Affair

A VERY grand affair was the Imperial Service Club Ball at the Trocadero on Friday night. Unfortunately, Lady Wakehurst was unable to be present on account of a slight indisposition, but the Governor was there.

Among the "big wigs" present were Admiral Lane-Poole and Mrs. Lane-Poole, Brigadier and Mrs. J. L. Hardie, and Group-Captain Cole and his charming wife. The five debutantes—Muriel Mills, Sylvia Brinsley, Jean Farleigh, Joan Jenkins, and Lalia Vincent—were escorted by officers in uniform.

Prefer Brunettes

I HAVE an idea that the medical profession shows a decided preference for brunettes. I am judging by the scarcity of blondes at the dance at the Blaxland Galleries on Thursday night when the medical staff of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, both past and present, had their annual dance.

Among the few fair-haired dancers present were Mrs. Stanley Lovell, who wore a becoming frock of dove-grey chiffon, and Mrs. Garnet Halloran in a full-skirted frock of ice-blue satin.

Friendly Ferry

THE Lane Cove River boat does nothing if not engender a friendly domestic atmosphere. No one looked in the least bit astonished when Mrs. Horace Buck produced several pounds of green peas and proceeded to shell them on the way to town recently.

There was a spot of difficulty in getting rid of the pods, as it is strictly against the law to throw such things into the harbor. However, a kindly neighbor eventually came to the rescue with a sheet of brown paper.

Keen Surfer

DR. ERIK FISCHER, popular Vice-Consul for Denmark, has returned to his attractive flat in Fairfax Road after a long session at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

I hear that Dr. Fischer is a regular early morning surfer at Bondi, and just laughs at inclement weather.

✣ ✣ ✣

Lady Snowden has had a pleasant flat lent to her at Katoomba, and is spending a short holiday there.

✣ ✣ ✣

Summer Home

MRS J. C. MASLIN has returned to her home at Bombala after a stay in town. It will not be long now before the Maslin family will pack up for their summer holiday.

They have a perfectly delightful summer home at Merimbula, only several hours away by car from their station home.

Spick and Span

WHILE Sue Stogdale is dealing with the trousseau problem, her fiance, Mick Fairfax, is seeing to it that his station home at Merriwa will be all spick and span for the reception of his bride.

I hear that an architect has recently visited Mick's home, and two new rooms, lots of renovations, and all mod. cons. will be the result.

Was She Lucky?

SYDNEY friends and relatives of the charming Roslyn Tozer, of Queensland, will be interested to hear of her recent success in a raffle.

She was staying with friends at Longreach when she found herself the winner of a billiard table. Being over 800 miles from her home in Brisbane, Roslyn wondered if she was so lucky after all.

I'll let you know when I hear what she did with the prize.

✣ ✣ ✣

Captain and Mrs. B. F. Hussey are leaving Rottnest, West Australia, at the end of the year, and will be stationed in Sydney. Friends in the West are regretting their departure, and giving them lots of farewell parties.

MRS. HENRY CHARLES OSBORNE is pictured in her Melbourne Cup ensemble at her flat at Wertington, Potts Point, before leaving for the festivities in the south. —Women's Weekly photo.

Leaving for Toowoomba

I HAD a chat with Alison MacDougall when she returned from a long sojourn at her seaside home at Church Point. She is looking extremely fit after her bout of rural life and told me she has finished her latest novel, the purpose of her long absence from town.

Alison intends leaving shortly for Toowoomba, where she will be the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Newman, at their station home just on the outskirts of the town.

✣ ✣ ✣

While he was abroad young Bill Furber heard the glad tidings that his grandfather, Sir William Vicars, intended giving him a brand new car for his twenty-first birthday present. He arrived home with his parents at the week-end, and is now busily choosing his model.

✣ ✣ ✣

Visitor from South

A CHARMING visitor in our midst is Joan Cowper, of Melbourne. She recently motored from the south with her father, Mr. Bill Cowper, to pay a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Nott, at Strathfield.

Joan's elder brother Ted does a spot of work in this city these days, and makes his home, I'm told, at Mosman.

Romance in the Air

ROMANCE has certainly been in the air this spring, and elopements and engagements have followed each other in quick succession. It seems to me inevitable that the newly-engaged Stewart Jamieson and Kath Garvan will spend most of their holidays ski-ing a deux on the slopes of Kosciusko, as they are both so keen on snow sports.

Then the news of Joan Hannam's wedding to Bruce McWilliam made a dashing finale to the week.

✣ ✣ ✣

Mrs. R. M. Pitt sailed off to the other side in the Oronsay on Saturday. The traveller spends a great deal of her time abroad, as she has a son residing in England, and a married daughter who makes her home in the South of France.

✣ ✣ ✣

Gay and Youthful

VERY gay and youthful were the dancers at Romano's on Thursday night. Paddy Willsallen was one of the country hosts and included among his guests Patience Cay, Jocelyn Josephson, Pam Roberts, Darcy Williams and Jim Molesworth.

Nea Arnott was at a party given by Ben Arnott, and her flowing organza frock of black and white was —I thought—most attractive. Betty Minnett, in a dance frock of floral crepe, and Joan Ritchie were also present.

Attractive Accessory—

The blue feather butterfly worn on the corsage of her evening frock by Mrs. G. A. Scott at the Sea Horse Ball on Thursday night.

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"JUST BETWEEN US,* DARLING"

*JANTZENS

His trim trunks

Jantzen's "Streamliner" model. Roll-proof waistband. Simulated fly. White web belt carries a pocket. Price **16/6.** Other Jantzen trunks from **11/9.** Swim suits from **16/6.**

And when you buy your first trunks, remember —Jantzen has tailored the world's finest for years.

She's in "Cherie"

—it's Jantzen's glamorous half-skirt suit with a tailored-in elastic bra-lift. Concealed elastic holds the deep-cut neckline in place when sunbaking. In Jantzen's slenderising new Wave-stitch. Price **32/6.**

Other styles from 21/-

HE:

"—And just between us two, you're lovelier than ever in your Jantzen."

SHE:

"I know it . . . and my Jantzen has the same springy knit as your Jantzen. I'll whisper what it gives me —'figure control'!"

You'll find that marvellously "springy" knit in every Jantzen. It's knitted right into those stunning, slenderising new Jantzen fabrics that are ready to glorify the sands . . . and Jantzen is tailoring these glamorous fabrics with bra-lines that mould you with enchanting grace. Colors? Tell us your coloring!

"I'm a brunette. What colors has Jantzen for me?"

You'll be ravishing in Rio Red — it's a smoky tone of Strawberry. Sunmist, Starboard Green and Maize all play up to the loveliness of a brunette.

"I'm a blonde. My colors, please?"

You'll be divine in Desert Blue — a deep, vibrant pastel — aqua blue, or platinum.

You'll be more glamorous in a Jantzen. Try on in any smart store.

Jantzen

(Australia) Limited, Lidcombe

THE BIGGEST SCHOOLBOY.—At the age of thirteen, Ronald Miles is probably England's biggest schoolboy. He is 6ft. 3in. tall and weighs 14st. 3lb. He is two inches taller than his father, and 14lb. heavier. He is also taller than any of the masters at the school, and hopes to join the Grenadier Guards when he is 16. Ronald is shown carrying two of his school friends of the same age.

WON £100 *for Recipe; Will Go* CRUISING !

Housewives Thrilled With Prizes In Our £500 Competition

Winning £100 for a recipe is something that would thrill any housewife.

For Mrs. E. Frater, of Melbourne, who won £100 for the best cake recipe in The Australian Women's Weekly £500 Recipe Competition, the money provides the means to fulfil a long-felt wish to go on a cruise.

"WHAT will I do with the prize money?" she said. "Perhaps Mr. Frater and I will try a cruise. We've always wanted to go on one.

"I got such a surprise when I heard that I'd won that I just couldn't believe it for a while," she told The Australian Women's Weekly representative last week.

"My daughter got the news first. She rang me from her office and said 'I've got a surprise for you, Mum.'

"I said, 'Who is coming home to tea this time?' but she laughed and said, 'No, it's better than that'."

"Then she told me. I was dumbfounded."

Her Own Recipe

MRS. FRATER, who lives in Heller St., Brunswick, Melbourne, is a tall, dark, middle-aged, motherly woman with nice blue eyes.

She has been married twenty-five years, has three children—Alma, who is 21, Bob, 19, and Nell, who is still at school.

She has always done all her own cooking and housework, and likes it.

"I chose that particular cake to send in because it is such a success with the family," she said. "I have been making it for Christmas for five years. It was originally a pound cake recipe, but I have added this and that and taken away something else till it has become my own recipe.

"Whenever there is anything special on, the children say, 'Make that good cake, Mum.'

"A little while ago I made it for Alma's twenty-first birthday, and several friends have made it for their wedding cakes."

Another excited prizewinner was Mrs. L. G. Hamilton, of Mile End, S.A., who won £50.

"It is not often one hears of such huge prizes offering for a competition," she said.

"But to think that there were such prizes offering and that I, here in South Australia, won so much money for a recipe is almost unbelievable. Fifty pounds is not a small sum.

"It is no wonder it took us about four days to realise it was true."

Mrs. Hamilton is the quiet, almost reticent, type who does her best to hide an obviously generous disposition. Apparently she has quite decided what to do with her prize-money. Questioned about it she replied:

"Well, I think perhaps there will be a couple of people who will see some of it."

Then she admitted that her 16-year-old daughter, Gwenneth, and her schoolboy son, Arthur, would each receive some.

Mrs. Hamilton is a widow, and she lives with her two children and her sister at Hughes Street, Mile End, S.A. Housekeeping and gardening are her hobbies as well as her duties. She very often uses in her own household the dinner menu which won for her the first prize in the menu section of the £500 contest.

"Sometimes I vary it," she said, "but I think good, plain meals, appetisingly cooked, are quite the best.

"Fancy dishes are nice, too, but only for occasions."

"I wish to thank you very much for your letter with cheque for £50—first prize for best pudding or sweets recipe in your £500 recipe competition," writes Mrs. M. Phillips, of Applethorpe, Qld.

"It came as an extremely pleasant surprise to me.

"I think your journal is wonderful to offer such a splendid competition to its readers and give such handsome prizes."

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

COTTON FROCKS *for* *Summer* NIGHTS

The FASHION PARADE *by* PETROV

- GORED FROCK of diagonal striped pique in red and white.
- ONE OF THE SEASON'S many brilliant floral printed cottons with a long box of flowers cut from the material.
- STIFF WHITE LINEN mess jacket over long slim frock of black linen, black linen buttonhole.
- COARSE RIBBED white pique frock under black organdie, little round pique buttons.

DON'T LET YOUR LITTLE BABY SUFFER!

18. *"Now I use Vaseline Jelly, Baby's thighs don't get red and chafed from his nappies the way they did. I always use it after his bath."* 5/- to Mrs. Roe of Probate St.

19. *"I've found Vaseline Jelly the only thing that really heals heat rash. I just smear it on at the first sign and Baby's soon right again".* 5/- to Mrs. Jackson of Hercules Street.

20. *"A little Vaseline Jelly applied inside baby's nostril makes breathing easier if the nasal passage is dry".* 5/- to Mrs. Duggan of Old South Head Rd.

21. *"I keep my baby's scalp in good condition by rubbing it with Vaseline Jelly on a soft cloth after her bath".* 5/- to Mrs. Howe of Daisy St. for a helpful hint.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for Vaseline Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. AS, Box 221 D, G.P.O., Sydney.

There is only **ONE** Vaseline Jelly—the original and genuine Petroleum Jelly refined and purified for medical and toilet uses.
Do not accept cheap, inferior petroleum jellies

Look for this name on the jar

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

● YELLOW WOOL LACE fashions a costume which has a brassiere lined top. Shorts are fitted under the flared-top trousers.

● AT LEFT: A telescopic swim suit done in barber-blue linen. This new fabric is two-way stretch. Off, it looks small enough to fit a tot of two years, but when on its surface has a shirred appearance.

● THE GIRL on the springboard about to don her cap is wearing a glamorous swim suit. It is of satin elastic, two-way stretch, which is skin-fitting and shiny.

● A DRESSMAKER SUIT in red-and-white printed pique (these suits are lined with smooth fitting wool under costume) is worn by the girl with her foot posed on the springboard. She carries a matching sun hat.

● SLACKS of fine uncrushable wool in the new beach shade, sand-beige. The top of yellow, beige, and brown jersey.

● THE WHITE PIQUE JACKET and shorts are strictly tailored and worn over a gay striped suntop.

● AN ATTRACTIVE BEACH COAT in terry, gaily patterned and ankle length. It has a fitted belt-less waistline and wide flared skirt.

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JUST LOAFING...

A cheery sunsuit of linen patterned in white daisies is favored by Maureen O'Sullivan, M.-G.-M. star, for sunbasking on the sand in front of her beach home. The suit is backless, affording plenty of space for an even suntan.

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PLAY-CLOTHES

SOMETHING happened to the whole of the clothes world around 1933. People had up to then planned life and clothes as if they were always to live within walls and occasionally go out.

Around that date they planned, at any rate, summer clothes as though they were to lead an outdoor life and occasionally go in to eat and sleep. That is why "play-clothes" came to be a new word in the dress dictionary.

Once there were definite sports clothes, a correct kit for making excursions in order to play golf, to play tennis, to ride, clothes into which you changed quite seriously.

The introduction of the swimming-pool attached to house and roadhouse was the beginning of the breakdown of that idea.

When you reckoned (you were rich then to be able to reckon this) that you would sit around a pool, occasionally swim in it, sunbathe round it, entertain around it, and in your garden beside it have your meals brought out near it, then you did not want constant changes, nor to be dressed-up, nor to wear any of the clothes which you would wear in a city.

By Alison Settle

London Fashion Expert—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

And so from the hostess who built a pool at enormous expense—and what excitements the first private pools were in 1933!—the small pool habit spread to lesser country houses and seaside houses, where you could not be sure of an all-day sea swim (thanks to the tide) and then on to the roadhouses and restaurants all around a city.

Instead of rather naked-looking swim-suits which enabled you to tan (or redden, according to your pigmentation) you now wanted something more to cover the bathing or sun suit, something in which you could, looking quite seemly, wander in and out of your house, greet your guests, or go into the village to do some shopping.

> THE history of the twentieth century is the history of extended health and beauty. Dress has to play its part as a natural side of life, not as something cramping or retarding.

You wanted, without rushing up to a bedroom to change, to get into a car and drive to the station to pick up an incoming guest or one of the family. Play-suits, as they came to be called, developed topcoats of linen, cotton, or light wool which slipped over a short, front-buttoning skirt and blouse, which again revealed, when the skirt unbuttoned, shorts.

Under that, or to change, there were bathing trunks and a brassiere for swimming and sunbathing. Parts of all of these things could be worn without changing and together they made up the "play-suit" of the day.

And at the same time it no longer needed a woollen look to be smart on a golf-course. Linen and cotton looked equally good on the links and gave greater freedom of arm play.

Just as the casual shopping-plus-lunching-plus-golfing tweed of the colder months replaced the only-for-golf tweeds as tweeds got lighter and gayer in color (deserting the earthy shades for bright tones or pastels) so the play-suit in other firmer versions was equally suitable for a game of golf, which you played without waiting for a change of outfit.

Lighter Woollens

THE change in weight from heaviness to lightness of the tweeds, the change in their surface, from the wiry-hairy to the angora-soft, the change in their colorings, altered our winter play-clothes. And the change in our summer play-suits, was due also to actual changes in the making of fabrics.

Linens and cottons ceased to be creased and crushed after wear; non-crease processes put them into competition with any wool or silk. And the non-shrinking processes made it possible for them to be tubbed without any risk, tubbed any and every day.

Colors, too, were by now set. The fabrics themselves began to be so blended, the one with the other, that it was difficult to know if you were handling a pure silk, a cotton, a linen, or a woollen. The different yarns were blended and interwoven and all sorts of extraneous matter was woven in.

And when the summer sun was over and the pools emptied, women returned to their warmed rooms and town life with a different angle on clothes in their minds.

They wanted to keep the freedom of body of the summer play-clothes, the color-sense which had been built up in their minds, the freedom from rules of dress.

Simplicity Essential

THE whole thing sums itself up in appropriateness, simplicity, and freedom of action.

"Action-pleats" in the backs, yokes, sleeve-tops of dresses and suits have become an essential for golfing clothes. Convenience is now our standard, not blindly accepting what is offered by the tailors, who are often behind the ideas of their clients, slower in seeing what is happening because they are not leading the lives, and their wives are not leading the lives, for which the clothes are actually wanted.

One of the mistakes of even very recent tennis outfits is that they have been adapted from those of the great champions at Wimbledon. To lose was fatal to such, and they, therefore, devised costumes which were as workmanlike as possible, reduced to barest lines.

These were totally unsuited for the ordinary woman taking games of tennis in her stride in the course of pleasant summer days, but as the different stores and shops hired tennis champions to design their clothes, their products were so highly specialised as to be quite unsuitable to real life.

Tennis shorts and shirts were so brief and so striking that it would at that time have been impossible to walk down the village street in them without giving the impression that you had come out in your underwear. That was just the reverse of the whole tendency of dressing, which was to be able to use the same clothes for any of the occasions of a day.

Slenderising CONTRAST HEELS

IN THE NEW DULL SHEER

6-twenty

Prestige 6-Twenty is the most interesting stocking in years. The cleverly designed contour of its attractively shaped heel is most slenderising and flattering . . . its contrasting colour, a miracle of good taste, allowing the contour to be evident, yet only a deeper tone of the stocking colour.

Ask to see Prestige 6-Twenty when next shopping. You'll be delighted with its ultra dull sheerness.

by Prestige

7/11

MAKERS ALSO OF PERSONALISED LINGERIE

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Just the Place for a Holiday

NEW ZEALAND describes itself as the playground of the Pacific. Mountains, lakes, volcanoes, glaciers, rivers, forests, waterfalls have been assembled by Nature in a marvellous array of beauty, some of which is depicted in these photographs. It is an ideal holiday spot.

MITRE PEAK, Milford Sound, one of the imposing beauty spots in the South Island of New Zealand. The Peak towers up 5560 feet.

INSET top left: The kiwi, New Zealand's national bird symbol.

RIGHT: Trout fishing in the Tongariro River, North Island.

MAN'S QUIET CITY contrasts with Nature's erupting mountains. A beautiful glimpse of Dunedin (left), while at right is Mt. Ngauruhoe, North Island, putting on a fireworks show for a tourist.

MAORI GIRLS IN A POI-DANCE. A race of warriors, farmers, foresters, hunters, seamen, artists, poets, legend-tellers, Maoris have won high honors in many fields of modern endeavor.

MT. EGMONT, North Island, in its lone majesty rises 8250 feet above rich dairying lands.

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Baby One-third Size of Mother

By Air Mail from New York.

MRS. FRANK DELFINO, a midget, of Minneapolis, who weighs 4st. 11lb., has given birth to a 5lb. baby girl that within a few months will be too heavy for her to nurse. The child now weighs 5lb. 12oz.

"It is a miracle," says the proud midget father who, weighing only 2st. 8lb. himself, proudly points out that their baby at 18in. is one-third as tall as her mother.

The baby, Frances Marie, already screams as loud as her father can shout.

SHY PILOT

Continued from Page 5

HE replied very soberly. "Well, that's what I hired out for."

On a day early in December she arrived by train at Salt Lake City, taxied to the airport and purchased a ticket to Great Falls, via the Amalgamated Line. When she came in on the field at Idaho Falls it was five o'clock, but it was obvious that darkness would close in at six o'clock. No sooner had the Idaho Falls ship moved out after discharging its passengers than an open ship taxied in. An airport employee paged her as she alighted.

"Miss Gillam," he explained, "this afternoon I told the pilot who flies the open ship to Great Falls that he had a woman passenger. He cussed some and went away. When he came back he had an old fleece-lined army flying suit, an aviator's helmet, a pair of galoshes, and a pair of fur-lined mittens. He says you're to get in these things, otherwise you are not to fly with him. He's afraid you might freeze to death en route if you travel as is."

"How thoughtful of him," said Chloe and followed the man into an office, where he helped her into her flying gear and a parachute. Awkwardly she climbed into the cockpit and sat down. The mail was stowed in the rear. "If anything happens and we have to bail out," the pilot ordered, "stick your thumb in this ring, go overside head first, count five and pull the ring. You'll land somewhere. Put this flashlight in your pocket and when you land use it to signal me. I'll be landing somewhere in the neighborhood and will find you and look after you. I wish you wouldn't fly with me to-night. I smell snow."

"My father is dying," she answered simply. "I'm in a hurry."

He flew a straight compass course, flying at seven thousand feet, compensating two points for the high north-west wind that otherwise would have drifted him off his course. Indicator showed ninety-five but he knew he was not making that speed due to wind conditions; he knew he would not get over the mountains to the north before dark. Once over, the mountains dropped away abruptly to country that was flat or rolling — cattle and sheep range. He'd feel safer there.

Approaching the range a few minutes after dark he came down until he could see below him the tail-lights of a train. Well, he was nicely on his course; his compensation for drift was right.

In five minutes he was in Stygian darkness and soft, wet snow began piling up in his lap.

He had just flattened out when his motor popped twice and quit! His heart came up in his throat, as he eased her nose down in the minimum angle for maintaining a glide.

HE had switched on his other tank after commencing his glide, and monkeyed with the spark, hoping, if the other tank gas line was plugged the second would feed and, with the prop turning slowly in the wind, re-establish contact. But it was not to be.

With the rapidity of years of experience he calculated his position by dead reckoning and the distance he would have to coast in order to clear the crest of the range, and the answer to his problem in mental arithmetic lay on the wrong side of the mountains. So he shifted a little off his course to get the wind more on his tail and boost him along at a greatly increased speed, and he wondered if he would fly into a mountain peak or, clearing it, crash in one of the great eroded gullies in the flat country beyond.

He had often noticed those gullies. Well, what was to be was to be, and he was grateful to his passenger for not getting out of hand. Perhaps she didn't realise. He looked at his watch. He must be over the eastern tip of the range. He looked at his altimeter. Eighty-five hundred feet. He closed his eyes and waited, but whatever he waited for did not come. Instead something white flashed by very suddenly, but distinctly.

"Snow-covered timber tops," he thought dully. "Now it's coming!"

But it did not come and when three minutes had passed he knew he was over the range and sliding down its eastern face, that the angle of his drop was flatter than the slope of the mountain. Would he reach the flat country beyond?

SUDDENLY the snow decreased in density. The moon was coming up and its light was striving to pierce the opaqueness of the weather. He looked down and faintly, very faintly, below him and quite close, he saw something. A fraction of a second later he saw it again—something dark and tall thrusting up at him.

"Telegraph line," he exulted. "I'm over and out in the flat country. I'm coasting to the south of the line because the north side of those telegraph poles is covered with snow but the south fringe is bare and shows black in this faint light and I'm about fifteen hundred feet up."

He gripped the stick with his knees. He had a flare ready and dropped it; then swung the ship slowly in a half circle and turned back into the wind; as he came about he saw the flare burning brightly and within the compass of its radiance he saw that the snow field was level. He reached an arm over and drew Chloe Gillam close to him.

"Good-bye, girl," he shouted. "I'm sorry I was weak enough to take you, but it was hard to refuse you under the circumstances."

Her hand came out of the mitten; it reached up and stroked his frozen face. That was all. He gulped and set his ship down as carefully as if coming into a regular landing field.

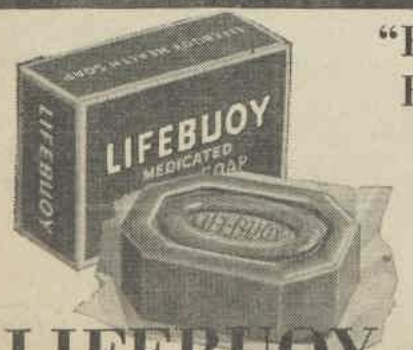
His wheels touched, he bounded ever so little, and then his tail-skid came down to a perfect three-point landing and the plane was scuttling along over the frozen crust. He jammed down his brakes, just as a violent gust of wind swung the plane at a right angle. It bumped into something solid and stopped.

Above the howl of the wind his voice came to Chloe: "Well, it seems we do not die to-night, lady. I'm going to make a reconnaissance."

He got his flashlight, shed his parachute and climbed down. The right wheel, he discovered, was jammed hard and fast between two pickets; about a foot of stout picket fence peeped above the snow. So he got ropes out of his tumble box and lashed the ship to this fence, so the wind would not blow the plane away or roll it over. He walked down the line of fence about forty feet and found an arched gate, the sort pedestrians might use. He turned north and a hundred steps away his flashlight fell on the front half of an unpainted board shack.

The shack had not been lived in for a long time. He judged it was a sheep-herder's shack; men ran sheep in this open country between the lava beds but got them out before the winter snows. There was a mud and stone open fireplace, a small square rough board table and two benches.

Please turn to Page 32



"B.O." stops many a Romance starting!

Many people cannot understand why they constantly meet with social failure. If only they realized that they offended with "B.O." (body odour)! Don't risk offending this way. Bathe and wash regularly in Lifebuoy. Its rich lather—which contains the famous health element—deodorises—ends "B.O." **Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse!**

LIFEBUOY *prevents* "B.O." *(Body Odour)*

2.380.15

LUNG TROUBLE

A young woman had suffered for years from Lung Trouble in a very bad form. She went from bad to worse, despite all treatment and advice. She feared that all was in vain and she was going to die . . until someone suggested she should take MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION TREATMENT.

To quote her very words five weeks after commencing Membrosus, . . . "I have never felt so well for years . . . it is really a miracle . . . I can hardly believe it after the way I have suffered for years." She goes on to say, "My cough is almost gone as is the sputum . . . My appetite is wonderful, sometimes I feel ashamed at eating so much . . . I have not lost a night's sleep from the first week of treatment . . . My breathing is almost normal . . . I never get those terrible fits of depression . . . I never felt so happy for months . . . I feel now I am going to enjoy my life for many more years."

MEMBROSUS is JUST AS EFFECTIVE IN CASES OF

CATARRH
HAY FEVER
BRONCHITIS
ANTRUM trouble *without operation*
ASTHMA

MEMBROSUS *(regd.)*
DRY INHALATION.

Now you have read this, you should realise that you and other sufferers can obtain similar benefits. If you are unable to make a personal call and see this letter, and hundreds of other equally astounding letters, send a 2d. stamped addressed envelope, giving particulars of your complaint to "Membrosus," C/o Irvines Pharmacy, No. 1 St. James Buildings, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

EYE CULTURE

Restores NORMAL EYESIGHT without glasses

For twenty-five years Miss I. S., of Stanmore, had been wearing glasses and had always to put them on before rising from bed and take them off last thing at night. She was told that her eyes would never improve. She found she needed stronger glasses every year or two. Reading for any period or sewing were absolutely out of the question. She feared blindness . . . until she tried EYE CULTURE.

In a few short weeks she found a wonderful improvement in her eyes . . . discarded two pairs of glasses . . . and is now able to walk round the house and travel in the city WITHOUT ANY GLASSES. "I feel sure," she writes, "that what EYE CULTURE is doing for me, it can do for thousands of others no matter how bad their case . . . I am certain if people knew what wonderful relief they can obtain from EYE CULTURE they would not hesitate to give it a trial."

Call and learn what Eye Culture has done, and can do for YOU, or if you are unable to call, write for full information and booklet, mentioning your eye trouble and enclosing a 2d. stamped addressed envelope for reply to

You Can DISCARD THOSE GLASSES

"EYE CULTURE"
No. 1 St. James Buildings, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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When Jean Batten Landed For A Cup Of Tea

On earth for a few hours — then off again, for records had to be won. That's how Jean Batten, our flying girl, lived last week. Here is an informal glimpse of her on a previous record-breaking flight — one of the most charming photographs ever taken.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4618111

SHY PILOT

Continued from Page 30

"WHY, this is a first-class hotel for folks in our fix," he exulted, and promptly made a fire in the front-room fireplace; then he went out to the ship, helped his passenger to alight. His hands held her protectively for a moment and then he led her into the shack. "You sit here in front of the fire," he ordered. "I have things to do."

He carried the little table out; then he returned and carried out the bucket and the two kerosene tins. In about twenty minutes he returned with these receptacles and they were full of oil. "Drained my crankcase," he explained, "and put the nightgown on my motor. If I let the oil remain in the oil base overnight it would freeze solid and I'd never get started again until spring."

He made another journey out into the howling storm and returned with some chocolate bars, a loaf of bread, two cans of sardines and a quart thermos bottle full of hot coffee. "I always carry a little jag of emergency rations," he explained. "Old army custom. I've made two forced landings far from home and I knew hunger before they found me. I also have a quart of very good brandy. Don't drink much myself—booze and flying don't mix, but when a fellow needs a drink he needs it badly."

She did not answer him. Her experience had shaken her. He bent the flashlight on her and saw that she was crying. "You'll do," he assured her admiringly. "While it was happening you were cool and quiet. Now that it's over it's your privilege to cry. Want a sip of coffee? Yes? Good girl. Help yourself while I go outside and tear down a few yards of that picket fence for fuel."

He came in with an armful of pickets and he was very cold. He warmed himself at the fire, then went into the other room and returned with half a dozen evil-smelling sheep pelts, which he spread on the floor in front of the fireplace.

Chloe Gillam said:

"I've had the queerest feeling we have met before. Your voice sounds familiar, but I see now you're quite another person. That's disappointing. I thought the world could only harbor one such cool, collected, competent and courteous man as yourself."

"It hasn't been anything to get excited over. These things happen and a long time ago I learned that things only happen to an aviator one at a time, which gives him time to think—sometimes." He chuckled very softly. "My name is Michael Nash."

It was fully twenty seconds before Chloe answered. "And I," she said, "am Chloe Gillam. I'm not travelling with a dog this time."

He picked up the flashlight and bent it full in her face and the hand that held the flashlight trembled like a drunkard's. "Chloe Gillam," he said softly. "I've thought of you, whenever I had any spare time, every day since the day I saw you last, but last night I thought of you continuously after the motor conked. I nearly cried your name when I saw those timber tops."

"I expected to die or else be seriously hurt and then freeze to death, Michael, but I didn't have time to think about that. I was thinking: 'Well, I'll never see Mike Nash again, and he was nice and I did want to know him better and——'"

Mike Nash set the flashlight on the bench. "Come here," he ordered, and Chloe came, straight into his arms, and he held her tight to his heart and patted her back and rubbed his cheek against hers and wondered what Providence was up to, to take a man through hell to such happiness. After a while he put a very dirty, oily finger under her chin and tilted it up and kissed her and said he'd be darned.

"And I really made a hit with you on the train, Chloe?"

"My mother, like yours, died when I was a baby, Mike. Like you I've been man-raised, and one of the things my tough old cow waddy of a father always tried to impress upon me was that beauty is only skin deep; that he didn't care what kind of male person I picked to fall in love with, provided the fellow was a man. You qualify."

AGAIN Mike Nash murmured, in awe-struck tones, that he'd be darned.

"I had hoped," Chloe replied to that outburst, "that when the doctors built you a new nose they might have thrown in a superiority complex for good measure. But you're still inferior. I made up my mind a long time ago that if I ever met you again and you were still a single man and shy, I'd ask you to marry me. Mike, do you love me?"

"Darling, there ought to be a bigger and better word for what I feel towards you."

"In that event you have no out, my dear. My name is Chloe Gillam; on the Montana hills my father feeds his flocks. He has half a million acres and now that he's getting along in years he yearns for an aeroplane to get him over his empire without bumping.

"AS soon as we get home (provided the poor dear hasn't died of pneumonia) I'll say: 'Pop, look what I've brought you.' And he'll growl back: 'What?' And I'll answer: 'A son-in-law who was flying planes when fools paid a dollar to look at him.' And Pa will say: 'Well, daughter. Tell him to buy me the best in aeroplanes and I'll put him on the pay roll and try to teach him the cattle business. Where did you pick him up, Chloe?' and I'll answer: 'He was hard to get, so I shot him down to a forced landing.'"

Mike Nash sat down and stared at her in the flickering firelight. "Trapped," he murmured. "Trapped like a doggone old rat—and glad of it. Honey, how do you like my new nose?"

To prove how much Honey liked it she promptly kissed it and was filled to overflowing with pride in the knowledge that he had had it built for her.

In the morning the weather had cleared, but the temperature was still far below zero. Mike Nash, using a parachute for the purpose, made a tent around his motor—a tent that reached up from the ground and was nicely tucked in.

Then he got two fire pots out of his trouble box and lighted them in the tent. While the captive hot air was rising to warm the motor he got a fire going in the rusty stove and heated his motor oil almost to the boiling point, and while that was going on he overhauled his carburettors, checked both magnetos and blew out the gas line. Two hours later he dropped in at the Great Falls airport and cut the gun in front of the passenger entrance. A little knot of airport employees and reporters rushed out to greet them.

"What happened, Mike?" the general manager asked excitedly.

"Nothing, mister. The weather got thick just after I got over the hump and my motor conked on me. So I made a forced landing and spent the night at a farmhouse, miles from anywhere and no telephone, so I couldn't report in."

The manager turned to Chloe Gillam.

"Your father's been mighty low with pneumonia, Miss Gilliam, but when I telephoned last night to brace him for the shock his nurse told me he had passed the crisis and was on the up-grade. So I told her not to mention the matter to him."

Mike picked up Chloe's bag and escorted her to a taxi. Her eyes crinkled as he handed her in. "Gentleman to the finish" she murmured, "and always able to think fast in an emergency. The air mail must go through but hereafter it will go through without your help. You're going into the cattle business, darling, so hand in your resignation and come up to the house to-night for dinner and our very best guest chamber. Don't pout about it. Button up your lip or I'll throw you higher than Kilderoy's kite."

"This," said Mike Nash, "is a forced landing. Well, you're the doctor and I'm grounded. See you at six, oh light of my life and crutch of my declining years."

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WHAT CAN ONE DO?

WHAT can one do
Beyond one's very best?
Be it so far from perfect
It remains
A great achievement
Crowned by pride unguessed.
Not measured
By the poor height
It attains.

—*Yvonne Webb.*

You can't DRUG your way back to health!

WHY DRUGS ARE WRONG!

Harsh medicines purge you so severely your delicate intestinal muscles are soon left weak and limp. If you continue taking harsh medicines constantly it will be only a matter of time before your bowels will be unable to function without artificial aid. A great many of the most serious illnesses which come with middle age are the result of the constant and unrestricted use of medicines.

The natural way to cure common constipation is to correct the condition which causes it — usually insufficient "bulk" in meals.

WHY "BULK" IS RIGHT

"Bulk" is the fibrous element you get in certain rough grains, vegetables and fruits. Nature intended that your bowels should get this "bulk" to exercise and keep them regular. However, most of the foods we eat, such as white bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk, butter, and cheese contain little or no "bulk."

Scientists have proved that the most successful type of "bulk" is supplied by bran because it does not break-up within the system. Kellogg's All-Bran gives you this "bulk" in its most concentrated form. All-Bran is a natural food — not a medicine. It forms a soft mass which gently sponges the walls of the intestines, absorbs waste matter, and gives the intestinal muscles the natural exercise they need.

This Commercial Traveller tried to do it!

"I don't often get a chance to eat regular meals as I spend a lot of time travelling round the country towns for my firm. Up until six months ago I was constantly worried by constipation, and I was always taking some sort of medicine. Another "commercial" told me about Kellogg's All-Bran. I'm convinced that eating All-Bran is the natural way to keep well. Now I ask for it in every hotel at breakfast time. Take it from me you can't drug your way back to health. I've proved that All-Bran keeps me regular the healthy way. No more harsh medicines for me."

This Sales Girl tried to do it!

"I work in a big store, and I don't get much exercise. I thought I'd avoid any risk of constipation by taking medicine each morning. Once I started to take medicines I couldn't do without them. Our section head sent me up to the sister in charge of our Staff Welfare — and it was sister who told me that you can't drug your way back to health. She made me promise to eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran each morning, explaining how the "bulk" in All-Bran keeps you well. I felt better in less than a week and I haven't had a sick day since."

This Housewife tried to do it!

"Headaches made my life a misery. I knew the trouble, so I started taking medicines to keep myself regular. Well, I had to keep on with them, and in the end I was almost a slave of that medicine bottle. It seemed hopeless to try and keep well without drugging myself with something. Then I heard a friend praising All-Bran, so I bought a packet for myself. That All-Bran freed me of constipation within a week. So now I give the whole family All-Bran for breakfast. After my experience I'm certain that you can't drug your way back to health."

HOW TO ENJOY ALL-BRAN

Kellogg's All-Bran is an appetising, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Sprinkle it over your favourite cereal or stewed fruit; or enjoy it on its own, just adding milk and sugar. If, from to-morrow, you start eating two tablespoonsful of All-Bran each morning, you will be free of constipation by this time next week. After that it is sufficient if you eat it three times weekly. If All-Bran doesn't keep you regular see your doctor immediately.

Your Grocer Sells All-Bran.

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BETTY GEE SURVEYS *the* CUP CARNIVAL

Who's Who and What's What for the Melbourne Racing

By BETTY GEE, Our Special Racing Writer

I have a feeling that it's going to be a grand Melbourne Cup meeting. I've worked it out by law of average.

You see, Randwick carnival was spoiled on two days by rain and wind, and the Caulfield Cup was postponed till the Wednesday owing to rain, so Providence, or whatever it is that cherishes the interests of punters and their wives' dresses, must surely make atonement with a glorious Cup.

And I don't mean merely a fine weather Cup, but a Cup like Wotan's last year at odds of 200 to 1. Cups have simply got to return to that former popularity which enabled even an innocent to choose a winner with some degree of confidence. Otherwise, we shall have to withdraw our support.

After all, we don't go to Cups to be fooled, not even the most gullible of us, do we?

NOT that one believes, you know, that Melbourne Cups or the other great classic races of a Melbourne Cup meeting are in any way under suspicion of race-rigging. Far from it. The stakes are too rich—the Melbourne Cup is £10,000 and the Derby £5000—and apart from the intrinsic value there is the prestige of success at a Melbourne Cup meeting at Flemington which overcomes all other racing motives.

Even trainers are eager to win at the great Flemington carnival. And when I say that those mercenary little men of business, the jockeys, are always triers and strive their utmost for the honor of a Melbourne Cup win, you will, of course, grasp the significance of the Cup's influence for honest racing and Turf integrity.

Picking the Winners

THERE are some mean characters who declare whenever a bet fails that the horse was pulled or it wasn't trying.

In 99 out of 100 cases they are talking through their pockets. It couldn't possibly be their judgment astray. There must be something wrong when the horse selected by these master-minds of the Turf fail. So they talk in glib-tongued wise-cracks about "dead 'uns," yet they couldn't perceive a "dead un" really if it were served to them for breakfast.

But it is significant that you don't hear this talk about the Melbourne Cup racing.

The great carnival makes the Turf the King of the Spring. And the King can do no wrong—during Melbourne Cup week.

Well, there you are. I've made out a good case to build up my optimism.

The next thing is to choose the winners. So here goes!

Racing starts with a nice little £750 prize set apart for the young lady racehorses on the first day, called the Wakeful Stakes, and even the name is appropriate.

It is called after Wakeful, whom my grandpapa declares was the best mare who ever looked through a racing bridle. Won a Newmarket, a Doncaster and a Sydney Cup. I wonder if there's one as good in the Wakeful at Flemington on Saturday, October 30?

Mr. Alec Hunter, Northwood Park breeder at Seymour, has one he hopes may follow in old Wakeful's footsteps. Her name is Ena. She can go fast, and she can stay, and that's the one I will start my barrage against the bookies with on Derby day.

She follows in her daddy's footsteps, too, if she wins on Derby day, because it was the Derby her daddy won five years ago. His name is Liberal, and his progeny are fast and furious. So look out for Ena!

I have no fear of the "sterner" sex yet, because I'm going to stick to the Sydney filly Gay Romance in the Maribyrnong Plate.

The race isn't for lady racehorses only, though. It is a £1500 sprint for two-year-olds of both sexes, as a matter of fact, but by earwigging the opinions of knowledgeable men in Melbourne I learn the colts are of no account.

To Pick the Melbourne in Three, I Fancy:—

BALKAN PRINCE	1
MALA	2
SIR REGENT	3

If that's the case, Gay Romance will streak away from them. Remember how she won the Gimcrack Stakes at Randwick on October 6? Just said "Ta-ta," and left them behind to win easily in fast time.

When a lady racer is fast, she goes the limit. She'll do me, anyway. I believe Mr. J. C. Bendrodt, her owner and trainer, thinks she's a champion. It would be funny to see a gentleman trainer lead in the greatest two-year-old classic winner of the Melbourne Cup meeting, wouldn't it? But it's right on the cards.

I might save on Limulet on the place Tote in this Maribyrnong Plate race.

But hold, a moment. Here's another gentleman trainer going to lead in a Flemington winner in the next race. Mr. Alan Cooper trains Mala, and if he doesn't win the £1000 Mackinnon Stakes I shall be surprised. So will Mr. Cooper.

As a matter of fact he's my prime bet for the day. I expect to get BIG money out of Mala, so I hope the bank is intact when I reach that race.

Of course the Derby may not be much of a race to bet on. Avenger is already given out as a good thing. The way he won the Sydney Derby he must be, too. The trouble is that the bookies are thoroughly acquainted with this fact, and their odds will shrink accordingly.

Mind you, it won't discourage me even if they bet as little as 6 to 4 against him. Any price is a good price about such a good one as Avenger, Mr. Percy Miller, his owner, tells me.

And don't believe the stories that anything is wrong with him. Nothing is. He told me so.

Woman's Prerogative

At the moment I am a little puzzled over the Cantala Stakes.

It's a race for proved and brilliant milers, and it's not easy to pick. Mr. Miller assures me Young Idea is a sure starter for this £2500 race, and he's one of the best milers in Australia, I'm told.

Then there's Beechwood, who ran second to Pamelus on Caulfield Cup day, which wasn't a bad effort.

Also I've found out that Regular Bachelor is good. And last, but not least, Mrs. C. P. Brown tells me her husband believes in Ramdin's chance, and Mr. Brown trains the horse.

Well, it looks as if I shall have to exercise the woman punter's prerogative, the pin. Or, perhaps, a three-pronged fork might be useful, seeing that it should be a wide betting race with three good long-priced chances of picking placed horses on the tote.

Well, here goes!

Young Idea, Ramdin for the tote.

Frank Dalton has whispered in my ear that Silver Standard's next race will be the Hotham Handicap. Well, I shall have to go for a win if he runs.

But, mark you, I'm afeared of Sarcherie. She's won a Hotham Handicap, and she knows her way round the old Flemington, does this old mare, with her two Melbourne Cup seconds, and the Hotham win just to prove it.

I shall certainly save on her.

Cup Chances

SO this brings me to the Melbourne Cup—Australia's Cup of all Cups.

I can't help liking MALA. Indeed, Dickie believes he will start favorite. But will me win it?

Well, Mr. Cooper assures his friends that he will be in it right up to his back teeth. And, what's more, he's a good galloper, wet or fine. He goes well in soft or hard going, does Mala.

But Jack Holt whispers in my shell-like ear that BALKAN PRINCE has a great Melbourne Cup chance. He says he is better than last year. Well, if that's the case, what can beat him? He ran third in last year's Cup run in the fastest time a Cup's ever been run. They went like tornadoes all the way, but he was catching right up at the end.

Only good Cup horses can do that, and the logical thing to assume is that if Mr. Holt has him back to that sort of form, well, I ask you, what's going to beat him in the Cup?

At the moment he's sprained a muscle in his shoulder, the poor thing, but Jack Holt told Dickie that he'd have him all right for the Cup.

If I want a lightweight it will be SIR REGENT. He won the Metropolitan in Sydney, you know, and then was second in the Caulfield Cup. He's no fool of a racehorse, this one. Neither is his trainer, James Abbs. He knows when he's got a good horse, and he says Sir Regent is one.

Sir Regent was a funny horse. Mrs. Stan Crick told me so, and as her husband owns it she ought to know. She said that as a youngster he couldn't trot without stumbling and falling. That's funny.

Then he came and won the Metropolitan, and all I can say is that a baby horse who has only learned to crawl so lately without falling ought to go on getting better after he's won the £5000 Metrop. in Sydney.

Any horse who can get over a stumbling block like that doesn't want any lessons as a stayer or a galloper.

Anyhow, I'll stick to Balkan Prince, Mala, and Sir Regent.

RETURNING TO SCALE, a winner is always the hero of race-goers, particularly the ladies.

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HAVE HUSBANDS *A* RIGHT *To Beat Their* WIVES?

HAS a wife ANY rights? You'll wonder after reading this article.

What Lawyers Say About Important Aspects Of Domestic Conduct

When can a man beat his wife? There seems to be a certain division of opinion about it . . . not merely as between husband and wife, but as between the ladies and the lawyers—and even among the lawyers themselves.

A HUSBAND may break every tooth in his wife's head with a blow and still not be legally cruel.

This inference has been drawn from a statement made in the Divorce Court by Mr. Justice Roper.

Mr. Justice Roper said:

"As the law stands, a man may insult his wife repeatedly, get drunk, use foul language and beat her occasionally, but so long as his treatment does not impair her health he is not legally cruel to her.

"Quarrelling is the spice of life to many women. A lot of them cannot do without tiffs with their husbands and seem to love to quarrel occasionally."

Which provoked the United Women's Associations to set on record that:

At present wife-beating is an offence of which the police will take notice.

Any wife can lodge a complaint at a police court and prosecute her husband for beating her.

Should the wife leave her husband on this account it would probably be regarded as constructive desertion and constitute grounds for divorce or separation.

The Association believes that the law should be amended so that a wife shall enjoy the same legal remedy as any other person in respect of violent assault committed against her by her husband.

The president of the organisation, Mrs. Jessie Street, declared that the Judge's statement had caused apprehension.

HAVE HUSBANDS a right to beat their wives like this? According to law, yes—but what is your opinion?

Lawyer's Opinion

MR. A. S. HENRY, solicitor-politician, now explains to wives just where they stand as to divorce or separation when they have been assaulted by their husbands.

Mr. Henry says:

An isolated act of cruelty, no matter how brutal, is insufficient under the present law to give a wife either a judicial separation or a divorce, unless she can satisfy the Court that it had seriously undermined her health, or that she feared for her life.

The test is always whether her health has been affected or whether the husband's act was calculated to injure her health or was such as to cause her reasonable apprehension for her health or safety.

In deciding this the Judge has a wide latitude.

In addition to the wife's own statements and medical evidence, neighbors can be called to show that the woman's health was noticeably deteriorating, or that she was developing a "hunted" look.

It does not depend, therefore, on the nature of the husband's acts, but on the effect they have on his wife.

For instance, mere rudeness or threats of violence may constitute cruelty if it can be shown that they resulted in impairing the wife's health.

On the other hand, heavy blows may not have sufficient effect on an exceptionally robust woman to impair her health, or even to cause her reasonable apprehension that her health or life was endangered.

If the wife was formerly a lady wrestler, she might be able to stand all the knocks her husband could give her.

She might even return better than she got.

While there are apparent anomalies in the law as it stands, the ultimate effect of the husband's action on the wife's health, I think, is probably the best test by which to deal with the problem.

ONE weakness in the law is that which allows a husband to retain all his property when he runs off to another country.

Under South African law, a wife can prevent her runaway husband from operating on his bank account or selling his property and collecting the proceeds.

Under New South Wales law, however, the husband, while skulking in New Zealand, can draw his bank balance, mortgage his property, and generally capitalise his whole estate, leaving his lawful wife without a penny.

There is no remedy under the law to stop this being done under her very eyes.

She can get an order for alimony, but she may not be able to enforce it against him.

An amendment on the lines of the South African law might well be considered here.

I have always maintained that a wife's help, her thrift in the home, and her co-operation generally are often the root cause of a man's prosperity.

Yet, as the law stands, all the property they acquire by their combined efforts belongs to the husband, unless he has put some of it in his wife's name.

At any moment he can realise on all his assets and clear out, thus robbing her of the fruits of years of helpful economy which may have added thousands of pounds to his capital.

Separation Orders

A MAN can no longer leave his property as he likes when he dies.

Under the Testators' Family Maintenance Act he cannot cut his wife or family off by making a will to their detriment.

If he does, his wife can lodge a claim to the Court the moment he dies.

But, he can make a disposition of his assets during his lifetime and leave her with nothing.

The whole system of judicial separations is faulty.

Unfortunately, petitions for judicial separation are generally based on spite.

I have never heard of a man proceeding for judicial separation.

The system is mostly used by a wife to prevent the legalisation of an illicit union between her husband and another woman.

It prevents her husband from marrying the other woman, as the original union is merely suspended and not severed.

I am in favor of giving the husband the right to translate the separation into a divorce.

It is in the interests of the other woman, and of the community in general, that an illicit union should be legalised.

So much for Mr. Henry's views.

Another Opinion

A LEADING divorce barrister also emphasised the fact that cruelty could be established without an actual blow having been struck. He said:

"Merely moral force, if persisted in until the wife's health breaks down or is endangered, amounts to legal cruelty.

"Constantly irritating conduct is sufficient if it is calculated to lacerate the feelings of a wife so as to endanger her health.

"The cruelty need not be directed to the wife personally.

"For instance, ill-treatment of the children, in the mother's presence, for the purpose of giving her pain, is accounted cruelty to her if it is carried to such an extent as to affect her health.

"However, to constitute cruelty, the causes must be grave and weighty, and such as to show the absolute impossibility of the duties of married life being discharged.

Continued on Page 39

WE MUST FIGHT DENTAL DECAY MENACE!

"Disease of the Teeth is not a mere chance disability of the day, but the most urgent and greatest disease of our time—a more serious national scourge than Cancer or Consumption." Statement made at recent Australian Dental Congress. (Extract from the "Sun," August 16.)

MORE CALCIUM-BEARING FOODS NEEDED IN OUR DIET, SAY DENTISTS

One of the most important facts stressed in the recent Australian Dental Congress was the lack of calcium-bearing foods in the Australian diet. Doctors and dentists have proved that calcium is absolutely essential to the strength and health of our teeth. Here are 7 rules which have been scientifically planned to help you get more calcium-bearing foods in your diet.

7 Vital Rules for the Care of your Teeth

1. Prenatal diet should include wholemeal bread, milk (particularly rich in calcium), butter, eggs, salads, green vegetables, fresh fruits. (Teeth begin to form seven months before a child is born.)

2. Teeth-strengthening foods for children: Milk, butter, eggs, salads, vegetables and fruits.

3. Teeth-strengthening foods for adults: Milk, fish, eggs, salads, fruits, cheese, greens and vegetables. All are rich in calcium and phosphorus.

4. Exercise for teeth and jaws is essential. Choose foods which provide much chewing.

5. Obtain Vitamin D from Cod Liver Oil, Halivol, milk, egg-yolk, and greens; also by sun-bathing. (Vitamin D enables the body to deliver lime and phosphorus to your bones).

6. Visit your dentist every six months for dental inspection. This is essential.

7. Clean your teeth at least twice a day with Euthymol—the Germicidal Tooth Paste.

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The countless tiny crevices between your teeth and gums, and the moisture and warmth of your mouth, provide an ideal breeding place for bacteria. In following the 7 rules for the care of your teeth remember to brush them frequently. Use Euthymol and you will make that brushing doubly effective. Euthymol foams through into the most inaccessible crevices between the teeth. It causes a germicidal action to take place that destroys germs within less than thirty seconds' contact.

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250,000 copies of the new authoritative booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth," have been released to all chemists. Go to your chemist and ask him for a tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, price 1/3 at all chemists. Ask your chemist to give you a **free** copy of this new booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published in the interests of the general public and should be read by everyone in your family.***

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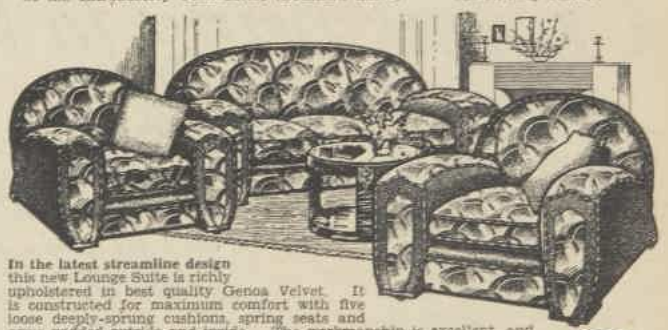

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36in.	19/6	Now 16/6

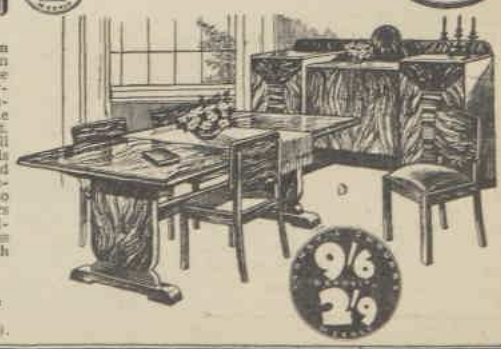
EST. 50 YEARS

Here is a specially attractive Breakfast Room Cabinet at a reduced price. It has bowed leadlight doors on crockery cupboard, large ventilated provision cupboard, bread cupboard, drawers, and solid shelves. This Week you can obtain at the **Special Cash Price** .... (Or on Easy Terms)

82/6

5/- 2/-

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT



This new Dining Room Suite is a revelation in value which will make every purchaser a permanent customer. Beautified with handsome Walnut Veneers the 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has well top and three cupboards fitted sliding trays and shelves; 4ft. 6in. Refectory Table is finished to match; Four Chairs have lift-out, upholstered seats. Do not miss at **This Week's Cash Price.**

£10/10/-
(Or on Easy Terms).

9/6 2/9

249 CLARENCE ST SYDNEY. ONE DOOR FROM MARKET ST. PHONE M 2345 6 LINES

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1 *Here you see an actual microphotograph of skin which is lacking in "skin-vitamin". The skin is harsh, dry, scaly, old-looking. The oil glands are dried up, the tissues are shrunken.*

2 *Another actual microphotograph of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. See how smooth the skin is. How lustrous and healthy. This shows how vital the "skin-vitamin" is.*

3 *Under the microscope the oil glands are seen to be healthy. Dried-up flattened skin cells are rounded out. The shrunken tissues normal and functioning properly once again.*

Now—*Pond's Creams bring to Women the active* "Skin-Vitamin"

FOUR years ago scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet.

This was the "skin-vitamin".

This vitamin actually helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. It aids in keeping the skin beautiful.

Of Great Importance to Women —

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of the "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams. For over 3 years they worked. You can see the results in the microphotograph shown above.

Pond's gave their "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used these creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them came back asking for more.

And these are the things they said:—"My skin is so much smoother". "My pores are finer". "My skin has a livelier look now". "Lines are disappearing." . . . The Australian climate is constantly drying this necessary "skin vitamin" out of the skin. Now Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams help to bring it back. If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin", try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams — today.

"Pond's Creams will work wonders for you",
***says* LADY MILLICENT TIARKS**

Lady Millicent Tiarks—glorious auburn-haired Irish beauty, says: "I trust my complexion to Pond's Creams. They're so effective and easy to use. I cleanse my skin at night with Pond's Cold Cream. It takes away all the day's grime and leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soothed and refreshed. I never worry about lines and blackheads, thanks to Pond's Cold Cream. Before I powder I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds powder on so evenly and it's a marvellous protection against winds and summer sun.'

Listen to "Serenade to Beauty"—2CH; 4BK-AK; 6IX-WB—every Monday, 9 p.m. 3DB-LK every Monday, 8 p.m. 5AD-MU-PI — every Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.

In the Same Jars—at the Same Price

The new Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known, with the active "Skin-Vitamin" added. They are in the same jars—at the same price. You use them the same way as you did the old.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places—that's why it's such a grand powder base and overnight softener. But now with the active "skin-vitamin" it's even better for the skin. It makes the skin smoother, softer, and best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look.

POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "skin-vitamin", cleanses, clears, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blackheads and blemishes. It smoothes out lines, and makes pores less noticeable.

Now — with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams for yourself — on sale everywhere.

FREE! Send for Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams

Mail this coupon today with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Suntan) ( ). POND'S Dept. X4, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name_____

Address_____

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What Women Are Doing

Founded Day Nurseries

LADY GRAY, of Wellington, N.Z., will find much to interest her in the day nurseries in Australia, for she founded similar organisations in her own country.

She proposes to pay a lengthy visit to Australia, and arrived in Sydney last week.

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To Appear in Familiar Role

ONE of the most important musical events in the Presbyterian Centenary Celebrations in Melbourne is the presentation of "The Creation," Haydn's celebrated oratorio, in the Town Hall on October 30.

Miss Bindley

Paulyne Bindley, the Australian soprano, will be Eve, a familiar role, for she appeared in it while in London, under the baton of the famous conductor, Sir Henry Wood. On her return from abroad eight years ago she made her first public appearance in the same part.

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Women's Auxiliary Confers on Mission Work

THE women's auxiliary of the Australian Board of Missions (Sydney) takes advantage of the big attendance of visitors to the city at Synod time to organise its annual conference, and one such gathering was arranged last week.

Mrs. H. W. K. Mowll (Sydney), Mrs. F. W. Head (Melbourne), Mrs. F. de Witt Batty (Newcastle), Mrs. H. R. Holmes (Bathurst), Mrs. J. W. Ashton (Grafton), Mrs. John Mills (Melbourne), Mrs. Donald Baker (Bendigo), Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Miss Milner-Stephen, Misses M. B. Herring, Foster, Olive Stevens, and Wilkinson (Sydney) were among the speakers.

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Invented New Ways of Using Tapestry

MRS. E. WATT, who is at present holding an exhibition of her work at her home in Hawksburn, Melbourne, has been devoting most of her time to tapestry work for four years, and during that period has invented many new uses for this fascinating stitchery.

Among the hundred or so different types of things in her collection are such unusual adaptations of the work as buckram lamp shades with strips of tapestry top and bottom, bubble bowls through which can be seen an inset glass covered with petit point; a low mahogany cocktail table with tapestry let into the top, floating bowls with tiny scraps of the fine embroidery let in under the lip, wall mirrors with panels of tapestry on wings at the sides, and numerous other ingenious and useful articles.

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Working for Blinded Soldiers' Association

CHARITABLE work has always played an important part in the life of Lady Gengoult Smith (Melbourne.) No cause is too great or too small to enlist her help.

Lady Gengoult Smith
—Ronald Eaker.

Among her numerous activities the Children's Hospital and the Junior British Empire Society play a special part; in fact, she was one of the prime movers in founding this society, and is their popular president.

Cup Week should see her very busy for not only is she one of the hostesses for St. Vincent's Ball on Cup Eve, but has a really big job as hon. organiser of the Cabaret Ball, to be held at the Town Hall on November 4 to help the Blinded Soldiers' Association.

Lord Gowrie, Lord and Lady Huntingfield, Lord Wakehurst, and Sir Leslie Wilson will be present with their staffs.

Still an Enthusiast

THERE seems to be no end to the social services in which Miss Kate Cocks interests herself. After she retired some time ago as principal of the Adelaide women police, she immediately began social work in a more or less private capacity.

Now she is Superintendent of the Women's Welfare Department in connection with the Methodist Church in South Australia, and as such has the new Babies' Home at Brighton under her watchful eye. This Babies' Home is really a "baby sister" (as Miss Cocks puts it) of the larger one in Victoria.

Dr. Sandford Morgan's work in South Australia is a great encouragement to the State generally to build up interest in the care of mothers and children, and some of her training work is being done at the Babies' Home.

Elected To Students' Representative Council

DOROTHY RATCLIFFE, Helen Balfour and Margaret Schofield have been elected by the Melbourne University women students as their general representatives to the 32nd Students' Representative Council for 1938.

Helen, who is doing an Arts course, held office this year on the S.R.C. and the committee of Melbourne University Women.

She is also president of the Ormond Women Students, and vice-president of the Student Christian Movement.

Margaret Schofield is a Conservatorium student, and secretary of the Women's Athletic Club, and Dorothy Ratcliffe is one of the Arts representatives on the C.M.U.W.

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Singer Who Helps Many Charities

MISS MARIE GORDON, a Sydney contralto, who has recently returned from a holiday in Brisbane and Perth, where she did a series of broadcasts, arranged a recital at Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, on October 27.

Miss Gordon
—Peter Pan.

Miss Gordon has appeared in contralto roles in "The Messiah" in Sydney and Brisbane, and has made a number of appearances for charitable purposes. The Far West Health Scheme of New South Wales recently benefited from a recital given in her own home.

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N.Z. Women's Association To Have Own Paper

THE New Zealand Women's Association of Sydney is to have its own paper, the first issue of which will be published on November 1.

It will contain news of the association's many activities as well as personal items concerning New Zealanders visiting Sydney and overseas.

Mrs. Donald Ferguson will edit the publication, and Mr. E. Dollimore, of the N.Z. Tourist Bureau, has designed the cover.

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Is Surrounded By Records

ASSISTING in the choice and arrangement of all the recorded programmes which are broadcast through the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Adelaide is the interesting work which occupies Miss Jean Finlay, a member of the well known South Australian musical family.

Miss Finlay has been connected with the A.B.C. in South Australia since 1929, when she held the position of studio accompanist, and for the past year has been assisting Mr. Bryan Carter in the record department where there are more than 6500 records.

Although her work with the recorded programmes does not bring her before the listening public, Miss Finlay is known to them through her Sunday evening broadcasts when she reviews the programmes for the following week.

Visiting English Soprano To Sing in New Zealand

NEW ZEALAND, as well as Australia, will have an opportunity to hear Miss Barbara Lane, the English soprano, before she returns to London, as she is including a six weeks' tour under contract to the New Zealand Broadcasting Service in her visit.

Miss Lane

Miss Lane and her husband, Mr. Cuthbert Matthews, are at present touring Australia under contract with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and will give broadcasts in Melbourne and Sydney before crossing to New Zealand. They have already spent seven weeks in Perth, where they gave a concert as well as five broadcast performances, and will conclude their Adelaide season on October 30.

Both Miss Lane and her husband, who is a noted baritone, have sung with the Covent Garden Opera in London and given Empire broadcasts with the B.B.C.

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Helping To Prepare New Children's Museum

ONE of the youngest workers engaged in the preparation of Adelaide's new children's museum, which will probably be opened next year, is Miss Barbara Warhurst, of Glen Osmond, South Australia. Her work is to supervise the rock and mineral collections which belong to the period from the beginning of the earth up to the Pleistocene age.

These will form part of the evolutionary scheme, showing the gradu development of the world, which is to be used in the new museum, and which was adopted as the most suitable and interesting for children.

Miss Warhurst, who is doing an honors science course in geology at the University of Adelaide, has been helping with the preparatory work all this year, and is intensely interested in the development of the museum.

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Electioneering Kept Her Busier Than Usual

THE Federal elections kept Miss Gertrude Jude, B.Sc., even more busy than usual. She is prominent in many South Australian activities, as well as confidential secretary to the secretary of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia, and has been actively connected with this movement since it began.

Miss Jude
Dickmann-Monteath.

She was at first a member of the Australian National Association, which developed into the South Australian Liberal Association. She became the first secretary of the first women's branch of the Liberal Union, and held that position for many years. Miss Jude, among other things, was a foundation member of the National Council of Women, in Adelaide, and she is keenly interested in Girl Guides and V.A.D. work.

Energetic Social Worker on Holiday Abroad

MISS GISELA SIEBERT'S many years of willing work with women's organisations in South Australia will stand her in good stead when she reaches the Continent in a few weeks, as she will be meeting many of the women of other nations with whom, as treasurer of the National Council of Women in South Australia, she has corresponded from time to time. Miss Siebert, who is one of Australia's few women chartered accountants, has been treasurer of the National Council of Women for five years, and last year filled the same office for the South Australian Women's Centenary Council.

Miss Siebert

Her social service work also includes the Adelaide Hospital Auxiliary, whose secretary she has been for the past four years. The Adelaide Women's Club is another organisation which will miss Miss Siebert during her trip abroad, as she is a member of the executive committee and has held the office of treasurer for six years.

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Girls' College Students Form Orchestra

FOLLOWING a suggestion from their headmistress, Miss Jean Harris, students of the Methodist Ladies' College, Adelaide, have formed an orchestra and have chosen Mrs. John Horner as their leader.

Mrs. Horner, whose husband is a member of the Elder Conservatorium staff, has been teaching musical appreciation at M.L.C. for the past seven years, and hopes that the orchestra will soon be able to accompany the singing at the school assemblies and, perhaps, give performances on its own.

At present the orchestra, which began its weekly rehearsals early in September, consists of eight violins and the same number of flies. As there are nine girls equally qualified to act as accompanist they take it in turn to practise with the orchestra. Another student is learning to play the cello, so that she can join, and Mrs. Horner is hoping to introduce woodwind instruments later.

Member of Peterborough's City Council

LIFE in the Cathedral City of Peterborough, England, which is about eighty miles north of London, is very active for Mrs. C. V. Bryant, who is spending a holiday with her daughter in Queensland. Mrs. Bryant has lived in Peterborough for 30 years, and for the last seven she has been an elected member of the Peterborough City Council, being the first woman to become a councillor there.

Her work is interesting, most of it being done in committee and afterwards submitted to the full council, which consists of seven aldermen and twenty-one councillors. These are all voluntary workers in England, and councillors are elected or re-elected by the ratepayers every three years. Each year a third of the number face the electorate in November.

For seventeen years Mrs. Bryant acted as Commissioner of the Girl Guides, but has given that work over now to some one less busy. Her activities include Infant Welfare work, Park and Recreation grounds committee, Old Age Pensions, Public Health, and the Public Library committee, as well as various subcommittees.

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Miss Elizabeth Skottowe Going Abroad

WHEN Miss Elizabeth Skottowe (who, by the way, held an exhibition of her pictures in Sydney a few months ago) leaves for England by the Orcades on December 9, her luggage will include the manuscript of a novel, which she hopes to have published after her arrival there.

Miss Skottowe.
—Rembrandt.

Miss Skottowe, whose home is in Adelaide, is being taken to London by an aunt, and she hopes to live there indefinitely, at Park Walk, Chelsea. She is very versatile, her writings for children being well known in Australia. It is little more than two years since she returned from England, where she was studying art. Her writings and paintings are not confined by any means to those that will interest children, and she has a distinct and arresting flair for the modern.

This can happen to you!

Those Awful Pains After Meals

A warning that your stomach needs attention

Flushing, Palpitation, Feeling of Over-fulness are the first slight symptoms of stomach trouble. A few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder will soon rectify them, and tone up the digestive system so that you get no more discomfort.

NEGLECT OF EARLY TROUBLES LEADS TO GASTRITIS AND DYSPEPSIA

Even though you are so unfortunate as to suffer from the severer forms of stomach trouble, you can still hope. De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid immediately it enters the stomach, thus stopping the pain almost at once. The inflamed stomach is protected from further attack. A portion of your food is digested by this remarkable powder. Finally, your stomach is toned up and nursed back to health, so that you can eat what you like without any unpleasant after-effects.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

can be taken with confidence when you feel those pains of gastritis or dyspepsia. Take it regularly according to instructions and you will be delighted with your relief from pain and return to healthy digestion.

PRICE 2/6

So can this happen to you!

Here is one of many hundreds of letters of grateful thanks we have received from one-time sufferers.

Writing from Mosman, Sydney, N.S.W., Mr. ..... says:—"If any person has suffered more intensely than I from inflamed, painful distended stomach, acid eructation (gas) and from all those discomforting and heart-breaking signs of a thoroughly disturbed digestion, then I feel profoundly sorry for that person. I bought your Powder because, for one reason, I had already bought everything else and, for another reason because the ingredients named on the canister appeared to offer something different—something with possibilities of affording relief. They did very promptly, too, and that relief has been sustained. To-day I am well—really well; full of the joy of life and, for the first time in years, hungry for my meals."

Name withheld by request.

The original letter can be inspected at our office.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4618117

PRINCESS *Prepares* LAYETTE *for* ROYAL BABY

Juliana Furnishes Nurseries and Studies Truby King Mothercraft

By Airmail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in Europe.

In a sunny room lined with tapestries as old as the Soestdyke Palace itself, Princess Juliana, of Holland, spends portion of every day sewing busily.

Her baby is expected in January. In the meantime, the Princess is leading her normal life, reviewing troops with her young husband, watching films and sporting events, and making short cruises in her yacht along the canals.

A CURIOUS postcard which sold in thousands in Holland twenty-odd years ago and reflects a vanished taste. The birth of a young prince was hoped for, and Princess Juliana (then only a child) is asking the stork if it will "Really bring me a little brother?"

THE only concession Princess Juliana makes to her health is an hour's complete rest every afternoon.

In a huge oak chest which has housed the infant clothes of many kings there is a growing pile of little garments all fashioned by the clever fingers of the Princess.

Cream and pastel-tinted crepe-de-chine is being used for frocks, which are all hand-smocked and embroidered in delicate designs.

There are soft little woolly jackets and panties, all hand knitted, and simple little Viyella petticoats and nightdresses with pale pink and blue silk ribbons.

Princess Juliana has embroidered a pram cover in a rosebud design, while some of her subjects are working on a more elaborate cover that will be embroidered with the Dutch coat of arms, and used for formal occasions.

Everything the Princess has made for her baby is simple and practical, as well as pretty. For the baby's more elaborate ensembles she has discovered countless lovely robes and petticoats—family heirlooms which are now being prepared for the great event.

For the christening ceremony the baby will wear the robe worn by Princess Juliana's grandmother, Queen Emma.

THE Dutch Princess has always admired the way English mothers dress their babies and the part of the layette which has to be bought is being sent from London.

Among these purchases are satin bootees with rosebuds on the toes, tiny quilted matinee jackets, Shetland wool shawls and hand-embroidered bibs, bonnets, and blankets.

At the Palace of Soestdyke, two rooms are being prepared as day and night nurseries with sunshine-colored walls to lighten the lovely old oak baby furniture belonging to the Dutch Royal Family—furniture that has lain in storage since Princess Juliana was five years old.

Rumor has it that the baby will be born at the Royal Palace at The Hague, in the suite that the Princess has occupied since childhood. The suite is, at the moment, in the hands of decorators and painters.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has always been one of Princess Juliana's dearest friends, and soon she is going to spend a week or two at Soestdyke. At Juliana's request she is taking with her a mass of literature on the Truby King and other British systems of mother and baby-craft.

PRINCESS JULIANA in happy mood at her husband's home. The Prince, at left, is showing his wife a collection of bows and arrows, which is included in his hunting relics and weapons.

War Office Worried Over Canteen Romances

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Britain's War Office is worried because girl canteen workers are ready victims to romance and marriage.

AS marriage markets, the army and air force canteens have such a quick turnover that more than fifty per cent. of the staffs leave every year to be married to soldiers and airmen.

All these marriages mean a heavy loss to the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, as the girls are paid wages during their training as cooks, counter hands, general assistants and kitchen maids.

The Institute has just launched another recruiting campaign for girls, inviting them to make the canteen "a home from home" for the men of the service.

But Tommy Atkins likes his food, and the girl who is a good cook generally is not working for long at the canteen before she is making a home of her own.

The Institute offers all sorts of inducements to persuade the girls to stay single. Board and lodging are provided and rates of pay vary from 20/- to 22/6 for assistant cooks to 30/- to 70/- for managereses, with additional pay in the summer months.

TREATS CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

A new discovery by a Sydney chemist speedily clears up all stomach complaints. It is called TWIN SODA and its double action first neutralises excess stomach acid, and then eliminates poison from the digestive tract by a gentle laxative action. Permanent relief is assured. Pure TWIN SODA is sold by all chemists at 1/6 a packet.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4618118

FAMOUS *Landmark Now* FOR SALE

Collits' Inn, Romantic Link in Australia's Early History

By T. STUART GURR

Collits' Inn, one of Australia's famous old landmarks, brought back to fame and historical importance by the musical play of that name, is for sale.

It lies in a pretty valley not far from the deserted township of Little Hartley, where the scent of the brier rose and the more pungent smell of gum trees come to the nostrils like a sweet incense.

COLLITS' INN, in its peaceful setting of trees and bush. Do ghosts from its romantic past still call there?

IN the shade of the old pines which flank the front fence, mothers and children in this popular guest house have spread their rugs on the thick carpet of pine needles and drowsed away the afternoon, cool even on the warmest day.

If it should change hands, will the old inn be modernised and so altered that little of the original structure will remain?

So few of this State's historical old buildings survive. Perhaps Australia is still too young to appreciate or value a traditional background.

It seems a pity that the chief attractions we present to the overseas tourist in Sydney consist of an assortment of aborigines at La Perouse and our native bears at Koala Park.

How can we enthuse about old landmarks to visitors if we are indifferent to their history and existence?

Place of Romance

SINCE the musical play, "Collits' Inn," scored so great a success, and it is computed that about 200,000 people saw and enjoyed it, the old inn at the foot of Mt. York has been one of the tourist attractions of visitors to the Blue Mountains.

Busloads of people regularly visit it, particularly on holidays and week-ends, to ramble through the old inn, enjoy afternoon tea, and look over the little cemetery close by, where old Pierce Collits lies, side by side with his wife.

Among them have been many interstate sightseers, and a goodly number of English and American tourists have also signed their names in the visitors' book.

All are interested in the old inn's history. They want to know where the old convict road descended from the spur of Mt. York, and about Surveyor General Mitchell and the Victoria Pass deviation to Bathurst that left the old inn stranded.

MR. T. STUART GURR, the author of this article, wrote the play, "Collit's Inn," which was staged in Australia a few years ago with Gladys Moncrieff in the leading role.

Here he gives a romantic pen-picture of the hostel around which his play was written.

But since the play, of greater moment is the location of the cave where the outlaw, Keane, and his gang lived, and the exact window at which pretty Mary Collits, in peril of her father's wrath, clandestinely permitted herself to be wooed by the gallant ensign.

And is that, they ask, the bend where Mary warned Robert Keane of his danger when the ensign made his hasty plan to trap Keane in his own ambush?

It is over a hundred years ago since Mary looked up the road which led to Mt. York, watching for her lover who promised to come back, and did come back, to lift the tragic curtain from her mind so that past and present were linked in a moment of ineffable bliss.

TWICE a week the coach arrived from Sydney to Hartley and proceeded from Hartley to Bathurst, stabling at Collits' Inn.

In that quiet valley, one can almost hear the winding of the horn as the coach hove in sight. And then what a hurrying and scurrying.

Passengers alighting and seeking refreshment — merchants, farmers, Government officials and redcoats—and of ostlers attending to the tired horses.

The old inn, first called the Golden Fleece, was built in 1823. It boasts that a number of Governors have warmed themselves by the old fireplace, which still exists, although the mantelpiece looks of more modern date.

Sir Philip and Lady Game walked down to it from Mt. York, and spent several hours in the vicinity of the old inn.

The Victoria Pass road is certainly of easier grade than the old road. Even Pierce Collits must have inwardly admitted Mitchell's choice was a good one for the colony.

But to him it meant that the glory of his inn had departed and his prosperity with it. Pierce Collits had many friends, and it is said that even the Governor was as sympathetic to him as Mitchell was obdurate. So the interests of the new settlers in the west became paramount.

Phantom Horseman

COLLITS' Inn was more than a hostel. It was the gateway to the fertile lands which lay beyond the barrier of the Blue Mountains, terra incognita, till Wentworth, Blaxland, and Lawson triumphantly crossed it, and Cox followed with a hundred and one mile road from the Nepean to Bathurst.

He must surely have created a world's record for quick construction with the few workers he employed.

I heard a story some time ago of a phantom horseman who gallops past the old inn in the calm and quiet of the night, and calls as he goes by. I know people who have heard him.

They say it is jealous Keane riding hard to come up with Ensign Lake, to kill him, but I always smile.

You see, Keane only rode in a romantic story of long ago, and the rider is more likely to be a young orchardist or dairyman hurrying to keep a tryst with his lady love whom he thinks is far sweeter than lovely Mary Collits of the play.

Husband's Right to Beat His Wife...

Continued from Page 34

"CONDUCT which merely causes misery or mental distress, such as neglect, abuse, rudeness, insults or foul language, only amounts to legal cruelty when it injures, or is calculated to injure, the wife's health.

"Threats of violence, provided they rise to reasonable apprehension of bodily harm, are sufficient. The Court does not wait for the threats to be carried into execution.

"The decision in one case indicates that if the wife can ensure her own safety by altering her conduct and reforming her own manners, by being dutiful and submissive to her husband, she won't be entitled to a decree.

"But it is not necessary for her conduct to be entirely blameless.

"PROVOCATION on her part is no answer if the husband's retaliation is out of proportion to the provocation received.

"It is possible for a henpecked husband to get a divorce or judicial separation on the ground of his wife's cruelty.

"But, strangely, it is still the wife's safety, not the husband's, which the Court considers.

"The law says that in a suit by a husband on the ground of his wife's cruelty, the Court will consider whether her conduct may not endanger her own safety by provoking her husband to retaliate.

"Apparently, she would be divorced for her own good.

STOVES GET 'SCRATCHITIS,' TOO!

Why ruin your stove by harsh cleaning methods which scratch the surface till it's covered with horrible "Scratchitis"—unhygienic, ugly, hard-to-clean—in fact *ruined!*

CLEAN YOUR STOVE SMOOTHLY ..HYGIENICALLY..WITH MONKEY BRAND

The fine, even particles of Monkey Brand remove every speck of dirt and grease *without scratching.* Treat your stove both inside and outside to Monkey Brand's smooth cleaning—keep it bright, fresh, spotlessly clean . . . hygienic.

CLEANING CAN BE A PLEASURE

Monkey Brand cleans quickly . . . easily, and being a *concentrated* cleanser is so economical to use.

A LEVER PRODUCT

MONKEY BRAND

Cleans smoothly . . . preserves the surface

3.145.22

thanks to sparkling

SALDA Seltzer

When you wake in the morning feeling "any-old-how", with a splitting head; sour in taste and temper; don't kick the cat—drink a glass of sparkling Salda Seltzer! Fizzing, refreshing, its unique *alkalising* ingredients INSTANTLY neutralise the acids in your system caused by too much drinking, too much smoking, or other indulgences—settle your stomach—give you a new feeling of fitness and set you right for the day.

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MISCHIEVOUS WOMEN—*Steer Clear* OF THEM!

Famous Author Criticises the Evils of Gossip

By KATHLEEN NORRIS, Famous Novelist. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

If there is one person more than another who fills me with terror and dislike, it is a mischievous woman.

Mischief in youth or childhood is sometimes amusing; the mischief of a group of boys is apt to be harmless and diverting, practical jokes remain only jokes if they are perpetrated good-naturedly and not carried too far.

"I DON'T THINK I should have let your father speak to me as you've just spoken to Elisa, William," the husband's mother would say.

MEN and boys seem to do these things quite instinctively when they are quite young, but long before the hour of manhood arrives mischief usually stops; it is hard to think of any instance of a mischievous man.

But now and then one meets a mischievous woman, and to me she seems more dangerous than an army with banners!

My most earnest advice to any other woman, and to all girls, is to avoid such a woman as if she were a leper. Indeed, she is a leper: she does more harm than all the flirts and scolds, the wasters and the idlers of her sex.

The mischievous woman makes everyone uncomfortable, and is innocently surprised to find she has done so. She merrily, affectionately says hurtful and humiliating things, and flits away so sweetly and quickly that the victim of her innocent observations has no time to rally, much less retaliate.

She makes trouble lightly, carelessly, on all sides.

Elderly women sometimes are mischief-makers. They, who ought to be smoothing the way for the rising generation, saving it from the results of its own folly, are often the very ones who foment the trouble, and throw fuel on the flames.

For instance, a handsome, stately old lady I once knew was so perniciously mischievous that after a while her sons' wives would not see her at all.

The very babies used to come home weeping from grandmother's, and as they grew into older children they came to detest the smooth-tongued old tyrant whom the world thought so sweet and so clever.

Annoying Comments

OBLIGED by parental command to pay their respects now and then, they conspired to sit perfectly silent in the dreadful old dowager's presence, responding mildly "Yes, Grandma," and "No, Grandma," very dutifully, and exchanging meanwhile those wicked looks of excitement and joy that are known only to children who are being disgracefully good.

What did she do and say? Everything she could that could nettle and annoy, and nothing to which any reasonable person could take exception.

When her younger son's wife was a bride she had a fashion of commenting upon her manner to her young husband and his to her. Not criticism; just comment.

"I don't think I should have let your father speak to me as you've just spoken to Elisa, William," she would say. "But then," she would add, for the benefit of the uncomfortable and flushing Elisa, "I was a Montmorency of Riverdale, my dear, and—for good or evil—we Montmorencys are proud folk! I demanded respect of my husband, and I got it!"

"Tell me, who was the nice-looking old servant who spoke to you coming out of church this morning?" she demanded pleasantly of her other daughter-in-law, who had come from a somewhat humble family.

"That was my grandmother," the bride said simply. But she never forgot the moment or its hurt.

To Squash Them

"MARGIE, darling, you're getting so nice and fat!" the old mischief-maker would say to some woman who was heroically dieting. "You're much more generous than I ever was, dear," she said to a confident, unsuspecting wife who had chanced to meet her husband with another woman in an art gallery.

To the mother of a young baby she spoke with a great air of amazement: "My dear, he isn't five months old? Why, my babies looked older and bigger than that when they were born! But don't worry, they change and they grow, he'll be all right!"

GIRLS in school can very quickly detect the born mischief-maker, and that is the time to drop her, once and for all.

When a girl repeats injurious and belittling things of the other girls; when she quite innocently takes one girl's beau away from her and mentions quite "innocently" that Mary's mother used to be a waitress in a restaurant and that everyone knows the Harris boy's grandfather was in the garbage business, she has entirely identified herself as dangerous, and the only safe procedure is to drop her.

It takes a little courage at first, but since it is sure to come sooner or later the earlier the better.

Try This Plan

IF she can't, for some family or business reason, be dropped, there is only one way to treat the trouble-maker. Agree with her and ignore her.

This policy drives mischievous women almost into madness. They can't bear that their tidbits of scandal, their unkind little digs and personalities shall be overlooked.

"Don't you WANT to know what your friends said about you?" they persist. "I always thought she was such a fan of yours! That's what made it so surprising to have her, of all people in the world, say a thing like this."

If instead of answering you can school yourself to say absently, "Marian, if you're going down-town, take me along, because I've all those books to get back," she will be completely miserable. "No, but I want to tell you what Elsie Miller said," she will say. "I honestly think you ought to know."

"Oh, everyone knows Elsie says a lot more than her prayers, and nobody minds. I'm devoted to Elsie!" must be your cheerful answer. "Come on, let's get started. Whatever it was, I'm sure she didn't mean me to hear it and I'd much rather not!"

This will annoy the mischief-maker unspeakably, and she will probably blurt out whatever disagreeable thing she has to repeat, and spoil its effect.

In that one conversation you will probably scotch the venomous little reptile once and for all.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the South Pole to rescue

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Airwoman. They discover a prehistoric world off the South Pole, peopled by primitive animals and neanderthal men. They find Molly, and meet

LANCE: A member of the super race of cro-magnons, believed to have vanished from the earth. He tells them his people have been enslaved by a strange white people. Mandrake and Lothar investigate, and are met by a hostile ruffian. He takes them to his chief,

CLEM STONE: Who tells Mandrake that he discovered this tropical land while lost on an expedition three years before, but has told nobody in the outside world about it. NOW READ ON

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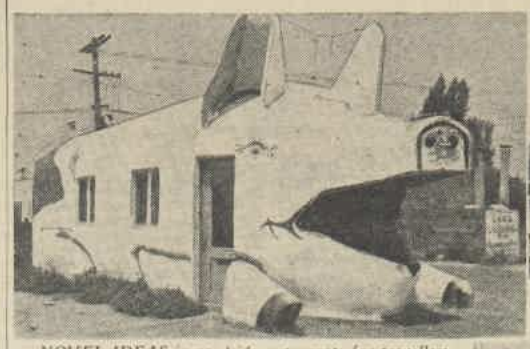

NOVEL IDEAS in roadside restaurants for travellers and motor tourists are a feature of American life. This is the Laughing Pig.

THE BROWN DERBY is the name of this quaint-looking roadside inn, another of America's fresh eating places.

A FAIRY TALE idea adapted to modern utility. The Mother Goose roadside pantry, where you can just drive up and have your meal brought to you at the kerbside.

THE OWL ice-cream and soda fountain, a popular football stand between Pasadena and Monrovia.

"HOT DOGS and hamburgers right here!" A catchy idea in roadside restaurants, although the dog has a rather woebegone look.

RIGHT *Coins For* PUDDINGS

The British Mint has issued a warning against using England's new octagon-shaped threepences in Christmas puddings, as injurious substances caused by the metal content of the coin can be introduced into the pudding.

HOUSEWIVES in this part of the world need no such warning about our Australian threepences.

"Australian coins are issued as a currency and not as a condiment, but none of our silver coins would actually harm the pudding," said the Deputy-Master of Melbourne Mint, Mr. E. T. Clucas. "I do not think coins by any means an hygienic ingredient for puddings, unless they are thoroughly cleansed before cooking. Even a threepence, bitten unwarily, might result in a broken tooth.

"However, if you must put them in the pudding, Australian silver, from the threepence to the crown pieces, contains 92½ per cent. silver, and there is nothing in it to cause any damage.

"The ideal coin for the pudding is the sovereign. There are still a few about, and after all dentists put gold into the mouth itself with great success.

"However, I do not expect many housewives to adopt that suggestion," Mr. Clucas added humorously. "And as for the crown piece, that might be more suitable for serving the pudding on."

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MELBOURNE, Wednesday.—Talent tests conducted by the Australian Broadcasting Commission have not discovered one outstanding performer among 2000 candidates in Victoria.

Before he left for Sydney tonight, to conduct further tests, the Federal programme controller (Dr. Keith Barry) said the standard of tests had not been high.

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Our Great Medical Series

ANAESTHETICS .... *and* OPERATIONS

Intensive Search for Ideal "Gas" for Patients

By A SPECIALIST

The thought of undergoing an operation sends a cold shiver down the average person's spine.

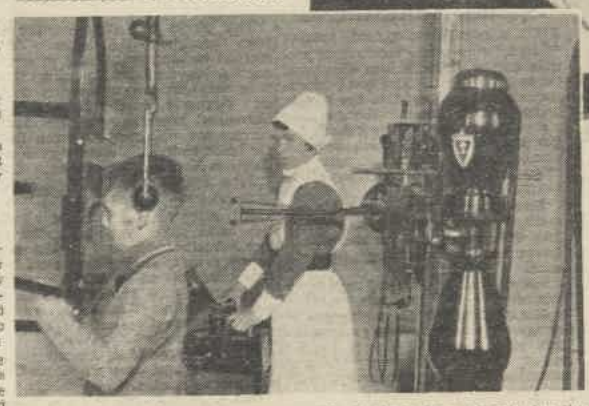
When analysed, a big portion of this dread is found to be centred on the administration and possible effects of the anaesthetic.

Largely because of this, the outlook of the medical profession upon anaesthesia has completely changed during the past five years.

DRUGS that induce unconsciousness comprise one of the most interesting branches of medicine.

The history of anaesthetics, how science has improved and is still improving them, is told in this article, another of the series written by authoritative specialists for The Australian Women's Weekly.

These weekly articles aim to give a comprehensive, easily-understood review of the diseases which are to-day the chief causes of ill-health in the community, together with the progress of medical research, and the latest developments in treatment.



HOW anaesthetics were administered long, long ago. Modern systems have improved, and simplified the technique. (Left): A modern X-ray equipment to facilitate the diagnosis of head complaints before operations.

NEW methods and safer anaesthetics have been discovered, the dread ordeal of "waiting to go under" can be obviated, and deaths directly due to anaesthetics are becoming more and more rare.

The history of anaesthesia is a fascinating subject. It is hard to realise that right up to the mid-Victorian era surgical operations were carried out on fully conscious patients, held down by relays of strong men (professional "surgeon's assistants")

Occasionally the patient was doped with alcohol or opium. Speed, naturally, was the qualification most desired in a surgeon; but in any case his skill was of little use, as 90 per cent. of those operated upon died from septic poisoning afterwards, owing to the necessity for strict cleanliness and the exclusion of germs not being realised.

Ether and chloroform were discovered to be agents for producing unconsciousness and insensitivity to pain in the 1840's, and right up to the period of the European War these two anaesthetics held the field.

Nitrous oxide (laughing gas) was used for minor or short operations during the same period, but, owing to the short period of unconsciousness, it was mainly a dentists' anaesthetic, used for extractions of a single tooth only.

Chloroform was a British discovery, ether an American one. For half a century the British clung to the former, and the Australians followed their lead.

Chloroform had certain advantages; it was not inflammable like ether—a big advantage this, in gaslight days. It was given on an "open" mask—a light frame fitting loosely over nose and mouth, whereas ether had to be given in a closed inhaler, which was terrifying and unpleasant to the patient; and chloroform brought on unconsciousness much more quickly.

For Long Operations

AS against these advantages, chloroform was a dangerous anaesthetic. Patients occasionally died from its effects in spite of the utmost care taken in administering it.

This happens also under ether in exceptional cases, but the death-rate from chloroform is seven times that for ether (which is one in 13,500).

Ether has its own drawbacks. In a long operation, it is liable to irritate the breathing passages; this was especially the case when "open ether"—ether given on an open mask—came into fashion. And the production of unconsciousness is, with many patients, very slow, and quite an ordeal for them to undergo.

A compromise between the two anaesthetics, called "A.C.E.," came into fashion with the beginning of the twentieth century. A.C.E. was a mixture of alcohol, chloroform and ether in proportions 1, 2, 3. It was quicker to act than ether, safer than chloroform, and was a great favorite in general hospitals.

Nitrous oxide ("gas") remained the Cinderella of anaesthetics till just before the European War. Then the Americans rediscovered a fact which had been noted and forgotten many years before—that if nitrous oxide is mixed with oxygen, unconsciousness, instead of lasting only thirty seconds, can be prolonged for several hours.

It is rather amusing to look back and note that many British surgeons condemned gas-plus-oxygen as a dangerous new fashion in 1913, likely to cause asphyxiation and fatal shock.

At present it is looked on as the safest anaesthetic for prolonged operations.

In many successful operations on the brain, patients have been kept under "gas" without ill effect for over five hours.

Search for Ideal

NITROUS oxide has several advantages. One great superiority over ether and chloroform is the rapidity with which the patient loses consciousness. Anyone who has experienced it will remember how one started to "go out" almost from the first breath.

Another advantage (from the patient's point of view) is that it is almost odorless and tasteless. The choking sweetness of chloroform and the nauseous pungency of ether are not pleasant experiences, and the long period of "going off," especially under ether, can be quite an ordeal.

From the surgeon's point of view, however, nitrous oxide has several drawbacks. One in particular is that it does not give muscular relaxation. Both chloroform and ether produce a relaxation which is essential in major abdominal operations. If nitrous - oxide - plus - oxygen only equalled them in this respect, it would be universally employed for big operations to-day.

The period of the European War did little to further research on anaesthesia. At the front chloroform held its own, at least as regards British and Australian surgeons (the Americans would not use it), because of its quicker action and its non-inflammability, valuable qualities in urgent operations at advanced posts.

To-day, in peace-time, chloroform is looked on in Australia as a dangerous anaesthetic, and practically discarded (as it has been in America for years). Yet if a big war started to-morrow chloroform would again be in demand.

Since the war an intensive search has gone on for the "ideal anaesthetic," which may be defined as follows: It must not endanger life; it must act quickly; it must give relaxation; it must be capable of giving prolonged unconsciousness; it must be pleasant to breathe; it must not promote bleeding; it must not depress the breathing or irritate the breathing passages, and it must have no unpleasant after-effects.

Many candidates are in the field just now, but it must be confessed that the ideal has not yet been attained.

So the position remains that in Australia ether is still the most-used anaesthetic, with nitrous-oxide-plus-oxygen a close runner-up. Sometimes a combination of the two is used.

Of the newcomers, ethylene is popular just now. Ethylene is one of the constituents of ordinary gas supplied for cooking and lighting, and its anaesthetic qualities were discovered in a peculiar way.

Effect on Flowers

CARNATION growers complained that flowers in certain Chicago greenhouses "went to sleep." The effect was traced to leakage of illuminating gas containing 4 per cent. of ethylene.

Ethylene was then tried out first on animals, then on human beings, and found to be a general anaesthetic.

Ethylene is a very rapid inducer of unconsciousness, quicker even than nitrous oxide. It is usually given with oxygen, with which anaesthesia can be prolonged over an hour.

In Australia it is a favorite for middle-length operations, as for gallstones; it is very safe. No deaths due directly to ethylene have ever been reported. But it has a pronounced odor, it does not give good relaxation, it is inflammable, and it often causes sickness afterwards, though not so much as ether.

Rapid Drug

STILL in search of the ideal, physicians have developed two new anaesthetics, cyclopropane and vinethene; the first is American, the latter German.

Cyclopropane is a great favorite just now in the United States, Canada and England. It is on trial in Australia.

It is the most rapid anaesthetic known; eight breaths, and the patient is "under." Recovery is also rapid. A high concentration of oxygen can be used with it. It is non-poisonous; but it is inflammable, sometimes it seriously affects the breathing, and relaxation is not so good as with ether.

For vinethene, now on trial in England, it is claimed that it is even more rapid than cyclopropane, can be used with oxygen, gives full relaxation, and does not embarrass breathing.

But it is expensive, does not keep, cannot be used longer than half an hour, and (from a patient's point of view, worst of all), has a strong smell and taste resembling garlic.

Nervous Patients

SO far we have been considering anaesthetics mainly from the surgeon's point of view. What of the patient? All said and done, he or she is the actual subject who experiences anaesthesia, and quite apart from the physical effect there is the mental one.

As most subjects for operation realise, waiting for operation is a prolonged mental ordeal.

There are a few lucky people with so little imagination, or such strong control of their "nerves," that the prospect of an operation worries them no more than the prospect of falling off to sleep at night.

But for the average human being the period immediately preceding an operation is one of dread; if not of panic. There is the haunting fear of "going off" and not awakening again; and, added to this, dread of the unpleasant sensation of losing consciousness while breathing a stifling vapor.

As a matter of fact, the latter fear is often ungrounded. Many persons feel nothing but a pleasant dropping-off to sleep. But in others the anaesthetic rouses a terrified resistance. Which reaction will occur is unpredictable.

Surgeons themselves have taken note of these fears, if only for the reason that a patient coming to the operating theatre after a prolonged spell of fright is not in the best physical condition to withstand the effects of the anaesthetic or any post-operative shock.

So of late a great deal of attention has been given to "pre-medication," otherwise abolishing preliminary dread by means of drugs which induce a sleepy, "don't-give-a-damn" mental state.

At present there is a big list of such drugs which have been exhaustively tried out as fear-abolishers. They include avertin, paraldehyde, pernocton, amytal, evipan, nembutal, soneryl, pentothal, and "twilight sleep" (morphine-hyocine injections).

Continued on Page 44

How can I protect them against ILLS?

—by making sure they get enough

'PROTECTIVE' FOODS

'Protective' Foods, your doctor will tell you, are those foods which are rich in vitamins and minerals. It is because the children are not getting enough of these that they catch colds so easily. You see, their bodies offer little resistance, and as soon as colds and coughs attack them down they go.

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ANAESTHETICS ....*and* OPERATIONS

Continued from Page 43

SOME of these are so powerful that a large dose will "put a patient off" into an insensitive sleep, in which an operation may be performed without any further anaesthetic. But after experience of many such cases it has been found that such sleeps are not without danger, owing to profound depression of the breathing and circulation.

So the idea aimed at is to give just enough of the sleepy drug to wipe out apprehension. The patient may be in a doze, or in a kind of waking daydream, in which all dread is abolished.

Memory in such states is quite lost; though the patient may have appeared awake when carried to the operating - theatre, and even have spoken to the doctors or nurses, there is no recollection of this afterwards.

All the patient remembers is going into a drowse, and then waking up to find himself back in bed and the operation over. In fact, it is difficult to convince a pre-medicated patient that the operation has actually taken place.

From the patient's point of view this is a wonderful step forward. Surgeons, however, are not so enthusiastic. Some say that even in small doses these sleep inducers "spoil" their patients' resistance to the depressing effect of anaesthetics, for (except, perhaps, with nitrous oxide) there is always some depression of breathing and circulation.

And, of course, there is a longer spell before coming-to after the operation. All the same, it looks as if pre-medication has come to stay.

Besides this way of obviating patients' dread of anaesthetics there is another one—the opposite method of keeping the patient awake the whole time, yet quite insensitive to pain.

This method was developed long before the war, and is seen at its simplest in ordinary local anaesthesia, as is used every day for dentistry.

Cocaine was the first local anaesthetic employed, but it was soon discovered to set up dangerous and distressing reactions. Less harmful substances were then sought; there are many in present use, including novocaine, decicaine (pantocaine) and diothane.

Injected into the area to be operated on these local anaesthetics are used very extensively for minor operations. This "infiltration anaesthesia" is, of course, not suitable for deep or extensive operations.

"Spinal Anaesthesia"

BUT a novel development, making such "wide-awake" operations possible on the big scale, was discovered thirty years ago. The local anaesthetic is injected not into the spot to be operated on, but into the spine. As a result every part of the patient below the point of injection becomes numbed and insensitive to pain, the effect lasting up to one hour afterwards.

Known as "spinal anaesthesia," this method became popular with surgeons just before the war, an anaesthetic known as stovaine being frequently used.

Spinal anaesthesia is still used fairly extensively in Australia. Many patients, of course, jib at the idea of remaining conscious during an operation, even if no pain is to be experienced. But, strangely enough, spinal anaesthesia is very successful with children and old people.

They do not watch the operation. Children's attention is distracted by giving them something to look at or play with (radio and miniature movies are provided overseas); older people are given a newspaper, kept in conversation, or allowed to smoke. This is in the shorter operations. The surgeon's knife feels much like the stroke of a lead pencil.

Spinal anaesthesia has its drawbacks. Though there is no sickness afterwards, and less shock than with ordinary anaesthetics, there is often severe headache. And sometimes there is a sudden fall of blood pressure during the operation.

This latter effect made the method unpopular till a few years ago, when it was discovered that the fall would be obviated by giving injections of ephedrin, a pressure-raising substance. Spinal anaesthesia is now limited to smaller operations on the lower portions of the body.

New Method

TO-DAY a different method of getting the same effect is rapidly superseding it. This is "regional" or "block" anaesthesia. The anaesthetic is injected neither into the spine nor into the operation area, but into the nerve-trunk supplying the region to be operated on.

This blocks out all sensations of pain throughout the region. The method requires great skill in locating the correct blocking spots. But it is very effective if properly done. In Germany and Italy major abdominal operations are frequently carried out with nothing more than the block method. Several Australian surgeons have studied the method in Europe, and it may become popular here—at least, for lesser operations.

But, after all, for any big operation most patients would prefer to lose consciousness; and if this can be achieved by simply dozing off before being moved to the operating-theatre, as with pre-medication, so much the better. This robs an operation of its chief terror, the nervous dread immediately preceding it. Maybe when the ideal anaesthetic is at last discovered, even pre-medication will not be needed.

The ideal, naturally, is a hypothetical gas or vapor which abolishes consciousness in one whiff, restores it as suddenly, has no smell or odor, does not affect breathing or circulation, keeps bleeding down, relaxes the muscles, does not ignite or explode, and can keep up its effect harmlessly for hours.

And last, but not least, it must be cheap. No reference has been made throughout this article to this point, but it is a very vital issue in general hospitals, where the big bulk of operations are carried out.

Nitrous oxide, for instance, is expensive. The cost is somewhat cut down by re-breathing apparatus, in which excess gas which enters into the lungs is recaptured on the outward breath, purified, and re-used. Both the new anaesthetics, cyclopropane and vinethene, are expensive.

It is also at present cheaper (a saving in time and beds) to carry out minor operations with local anaesthesia. Some day our big public hospitals, instead of being starved for money, will get sufficient financial support to allow the more comfortable anaesthetics, plus pre-medication (also expensive) to be universally employed.

This is an ideal which looks pretty hopeless at present. If only the public would realise how often patients are delayed operation and forced to suffer through financial neglect of hospitals, this ideal would be quickly realised.

ILLUSTRATING THE LATEST "twin-hat" vogue. An interesting Melbourne fashion study.

Jean Rogers, Universal Star, in "Wings Over Honolulu."

Be careful, my lady!

THE CAMERA SHOWS YOU THAT IT IS BETTER TO BE SURE THAN SORRY . . .

ONCE your hair is waved it is too late to do anything. The wave is there — for better or worse. And a "bargain" wave is nearly always "worse."

Be warned in time! Study the photographs of actual hair shown below. They will make you realise that the difference in permanent waving methods is much more than a difference in price. No other permanent waving process can compare with genuine Eugene Waves.

It is universally known that Eugene is the *only* method that will satisfactorily wave long hair and wave on the *top* of the head.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS

This hair was taken from a living head some weeks after being waved and curled by the Eugene method. See the soft, natural appearance of the curl, notice how full of life and "spring" it is. Genuine Eugene waves and curls LAST MUCH LONGER. Waving with genuine Eugene sachets CANNOT injure your hair.

This hair was taken from a living head some weeks after being waved by a cheap method, using harsh chemicals and without the protection of sachets. See how the curl—at first so soft—has developed into "frizz". Also, the hair comes out when combed—this proving that "bargain-price" waves DESTROY the hair.

How much is your hair worth to you? Is it worth so little that you would risk ruining it to save a little money? Harsh chemicals and sudden, violent heat applied directly to your unprotected hair *will* ruin it. The patented Eugene Sachets *protect* your hair. No harsh chemicals are used in genuine Eugene Sachets, and the heat is gentle, controlled, absolutely safe.

The fact that genuine Eugene Waves are the unhesitating choice of beauty experts and well-groomed women in Paris, London, New York, Vienna—and every other part of the civilized world—proves that no other wave is so beautiful, so long-lasting, or so safe.

The Eugene emblem is your guarantee of a perfect permanent wave. Demand to see it on every Sachet your hairdresser uses on your hair.

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THERE IS NO WAVE LIKE A EUGENE WAVE

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THE MOVIE WORLD

October 30, 1937. | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

From Hollywood and London

New Zealand Boy Stars

THE thirteen-year-old New Zealand boy, Ra Hould, who came to Hollywood almost two years ago to launch his screen career, has been signed by M.-G.-M. to a long-term contract, and awarded the role originally intended for Freddie Bartholomew in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry." Ra started acting at the age of four, and was encouraged to try his luck in the movie capital by Dame Sybil Thorndike. He has been given a new name for his picture career—from now on he'll be known as Ronnie Sinclair. He owes his big chance with M.-G.-M. to the salary fight which put Freddie Bartholomew out of the cast.

Marx Film At Balmoral Castle

• *The Marx Brothers are more favored by the Royal Family than any other stars. The King and Queen have just commanded a second performance of "A Day At The Races" in the hall of Balmoral Castle, where the film was shown a few weeks ago.*

Beery Shoots Himself

WALLACE BEERY, bad-man of the screen, who shot himself in the leg with a blank cartridge, was incapacitated for several weeks. Playing a westerner of the early days, Beery rushed into the room with two guns blazing, tripped, and a wad from one of the blanks embedded itself above the kneecap.

He collapsed with blood streaming from his leg, and was taken to the hospital in an ambulance.

Just before the accident, he had bought a six-shooter to carry about with him. The plan was to use it, if necessary, on the person who threatened to kidnap his six-year-old adopted daughter, Carol Ann. The child has a bodyguard who is also armed with a gun.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA"

• *Top left: Paul Muni as Emile Zola, the French novelist. Top right: Zola with his wife, played by Gloria Holden. Below: Joseph Shildkraut as Captain Dreyfus, whom Zola helped to free from unjust imprisonment, with Gale Sondergaard as Mme. Dreyfus.*

Carillo for Governor?

LEO CARILLO is thinking seriously of deserting films for the world of politics. If he does, he will be following in the footsteps of his great-grandfather, Don Carlos Antonio Carillo, who in 1837 became the first professional Governor of California. There is a growing belief that the actor should run for the office of Governor of his State.

The film comedian has strong convictions as to what a Government needs. One thing, he says, is sentiment.

"Love for your fellow-man and for your homeland is what the people want. They are starved for the human touch in Government."

Martha Raye Seeks Divorce

THREE months of marriage have been more than enough for madcap Martha Raye. The wide-mouthed comedienne and her husband, Buddy Westmore, the youngest of the five Westmore brother make-up artists, announce the parting of their ways. Martha has filed suit for divorce, charging her husband with "extreme cruelty."

At the wedding last May, Martha collected all the rubber stamps in the county clerk's office and printed them on the shirt front of the best man.

Joan Bennett on the Stage

THE youngest of the Bennett sisters, Joan, announces she is returning to her first love, the stage, and in future will spend half her time doing picture work in Hollywood, and the other half on the boards of Broadway and points East.

For her first venture in the new stage career, Joan has signed up to go on tour with the "Stage Door" company in the part which Margaret Sullavan deserted last year in favor of motherhood.

The screen version, with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers, is one of the cleverest things Hollywood has produced for a long time.

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SCREEN CHEATS OFTEN PROSPER

Bad Men Who Become Star Heroes

DON'T pity the actor who plays the villain! He may be hated and even hissed. He loses the girl. He dies horribly. But you will probably be watching him again on the screen long after his virtuous victims have faded from your memory.

It is one of Hollywood's minor mysteries—this longevity of villains. If a villain does not make the star grade, he has little to worry about. He can always continue with his blackmail, his sabotage, and his mayhem. But when a handsome hero or a glamorous heroine fails to arouse lively public interest, then they are as if they had never existed.

● *MYRNA LOY, cast as the perfect wife in "The Thin Man" and other recent successes, was a sinister siren in her early films, such as "The Black Watch."*

● *HERO TURNS VILLAIN. Robert Montgomery, as he appears in the role of callous murderer in his latest film, "Night Must Fall." He sought this part as a contrast to his usual portrayals of genial young men-about-town.*

BELIEVE it or not as you will, but those who work steadily and most constantly in Hollywood are not the Shirley Temples, the Robert Taylors and the Clark Gables, but the Paul Hursts, the Arthur Hohls and the Ed. Brophys. Their names may not be familiar, but their faces are. They are the men who bob up in every second or third picture, to make a brief appearance, furnish a spot of menace, or a laugh or two, and fade out again.

We should be thankful for our screen villains, for many of the great stars of to-day made their first appearance as bad men. Here are just a few—Robert Taylor, William Powell, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Myrna Loy, Charles Laughton, Adolphe Menjou, Edward G. Robinson. There are others, like Robert Montgomery, Paul Muni, and Fredric March, whose careers were greatly enhanced by a spell of wickedness.

Why do these villains prosper?

Varied Villainy

THE answer probably lies in the fact that a hero is always a hero. He is either a nice young man, with a more or less stern moral sense, who fights his way with gusto through all difficulties to the predestined happy ending, or he is a weak young man who reforms in the last reel or so. Nearly all heroes conform to type.

But not so with villains. A villain may be very mean—a rat. He may be mad, or partially mad. He may be moronic or superhumanly clever. He may even be slightly humorous with an undercurrent of menace. A villain's role offers, usually, much more scope for telling characterisation than that of a hero.

So many stars are profoundly thankful for the times when they played villains.

Clark Gable might have faded into obscurity without ever reaching stardom had he not made a profound impression as the gangster in Joan Crawford's "Dance, Fools, Dance." The case is interesting, for the film also marked the debut of Lester Vail, a name that certainly means nothing to you. Vail was a hero, and a weak and colorless figure he was beside the attractive wickedness of Gable. Gable went on to become one of the great stars of the screen. Vail faded right out.

● *VILLAIN TURNS HERO. William Powell, seen here as the evil Boldini in "Beau Geste," played the bad man for some years before he reached fame as a debonair comedian.*

The careers of William Powell and Myrna Loy furnish most conclusive proof that villainy pays. Every film fan will remember Bill in his unregenerate days. No more heartless a scoundrel menaced a heroine's purity than the Powell of the distant days when the screen was silent. His Boldini of "Beau Geste" was as arresting as Ronald Colman's "Beau."

Bill has worked his way steadily towards purity, and to-day he is reaping the wages of sin—a fat contract, outstanding roles, and great popularity. Myrna has done the same. From a slinking, alluring vamp, she has become the epitome of wifely virtue and charm.

Robert Taylor's slip from the paths of rectitude was brief. When placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer he was cast in the leading role in a short entitled "Buried Loot." His role was that of a young bank clerk who embezzled a large sum of money and endured a long prison sentence. The film was never released in Australia.

So well did Robert play his role that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw possibilities in him. When Universal requested the loan of a young player for "Magnificent Obsession," they handed him the part, rather than one of their more established stars. The result is history.

Versatile Montgomery

THE evil careers of Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, and Adolphe Menjou, and their screen reformations, are well known.

Many fans, however, overlook Robert Montgomery's one serious break of badness. After playing several conventional hero roles opposite Joan Crawford and other M.-G.-M. stars, Robert appeared to be getting nowhere fast. He fought for and received the part of the yellow-livered convict in "The Big House." It was not a very pleasant role, but Bob played it perfectly. Stardom came quickly afterwards.

Recently Bob has repeated the process. Feeling that his later pictures have not been too successful, he persuaded the executives at M.-G.-M. to allow him to play the main role in a screen version of the stage success "Night Must Fall." He portrays a plausible, cold-blooded murderer—the sort of role Charles Laughton would revel in. The film is said to put Montgomery right back on top.

Somewhat similar were the cases of Paul Muni, Fredric March and Humphrey Bogart.

Muni had made a couple of early talkies for Fox, which, although artistically fine, attracted no attention. He went back to the stage, from which he originally came, and was only lured back to the movies to play the gangster in "Scarface." The film was so vivid and realistic that it never passed the Australian censor, but it established Muni. Without it, we might have had no Louis Pasteur, no Wang of "The Good Earth."

Bogart's case was much the same. He made a few films for Fox without success. He, too, was lured back to play a gangster, Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest." March seemed doomed to conventional heroism until he played in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and it was the villainous Mr. Hyde rather than the virtuous Dr. Jekyll which won him a new and greater future.

There are many similar cases, but strangely enough they are not often found among the ladies of the screen. Apart from Garbo and Dietrich, who have always specialised in shady but glamorous roles, the most successful interpreter of frailty was Jean Harlow. She was, as Charles Laughton has said, one of the great artists of the screen, and all the more so because she was never a conventional heroine.

There is, however, another class of villain that demands some recognition—those featured players mentioned earlier. Although they seldom, if ever, see their names in electric lights, they have something equally satisfying—a fat weekly pay envelope. Players like Ed. Brophy, Harold Huber, Warren Hymer, Paul Hurst, and others too numerous to mention improve many a picture with their diabolic antics. Most of them are adepts at both villainy and comedy. They can be tough and wicked, or, by subtle exaggeration, so dumb that they are extremely funny.

Their work is often so good that they graduate entirely from minor villainy to character work. Witness Nat Pendleton, ex-wrestler, who now specialises in playing the part of the hero's dumb, but loyal, friend.

Or again, they become comedians like Mischa Auer, who was once a mediocre villain, but is rapidly creating a new style of comedy.

Happy is the actor who can turn from villainy to heroism and back again as easily as winking, as Victor McLaglen and Ricardo Cortez can. A player with this ability is always in demand.

Many young players in Hollywood are learning the lesson taught by such players. They are deliberately seeking unsympathetic parts, feeling that such roles offer them opportunity for varied characterisation, and give them a solid grounding which will stand them in good stead when their big chance comes. And in view of past history, who shall say that they are wrong?

By EVELYN ENDYNE

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VAST SALARIES IN FILMDOM

By MARY OLIVIER

HOLLYWOOD has attracted the spotlight of publicity for many reasons. Marriages, divorces, scandals, births and deaths have focused the attention of the world upon the film colony.

But never before has there been such universal interest in mere figures as exists at present.

Only a few years ago, film stars' salaries were as private as yours and mine. To-day they are freely discussed. Not only in Hollywood, either, but wherever pictures are shown, screen celebrities' earnings and film production costs are becoming public knowledge.

MILLICENT BARTHOLOMEW'S refusal to accept Metro's terms for Freddie brought to light for the first time the surprisingly large salaries earned by some of the youngsters of Hollywood. The deaths of John Gilbert, Jean Harlow and a few others revealed the amounts these players were receiving for their services.

Warner Baxter, one of the highest-paid stars in films, draws £71,000 a year. Closest in earnings to him comes Gary Cooper, who is paid £66,414 annually.

Darryl Zanuck, Warners' boss, gets £65,000 a year in set salary. However, he makes up for any deficiency with fat bonuses for all the productions he supervises.

Colman's Shrewdness

OTHER highly-paid men in the business are George Raft, whose yearly earnings are £50,666, Wesley Ruggles with £45,202, and Roy Del Ruth with £59,562. Ronald Colman is receiving £43,750 for just one picture from David Selznick. Fred Astaire gets £50,000 a picture. No wonder these people do not make many screen appearances.

Ronald Colman must have amassed a large fortune during his many years of stardom. He has protected himself against loss of popularity by making only a certain number of appearances each year—sometimes one, seldom more than two. His box-office value puts him in the enviable position of being able to ask almost any figure for his services.

Two years ago Claudette Colbert was paid £30,000 to make "Under Two Flags." At the time it was considered to be quite a lot of money, even for Hollywood. But Marlene Dietrich was given more than three times that amount for "Knight Without Armour." The salary agreed upon for the film was £50,000, but Marlene collected an extra £25,000 for overtime. During the six weeks that Robert Donat's asthma held up production Marlene collected her pay just as if she had been working.

Carole Lombard is yet another highly salaried actress. She seldom gets less than £40,000 a picture. Gracie Fields, said to be the highest-paid actress in the world, recently signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox for £40,000 a film and a percentage of the profits. Gracie's total salary will work out at between £50,000 and £60,000 for each film she makes.

But lest you think that it is only movie stars and directors who are well paid in Hollywood, let me assure you that there are plenty of other high-salaried members of the film colony who never appear either before or behind a camera.

Ben Hecht, well known as the author of several screen and stage plays, gets £65,000 a year from Sam Goldwyn. On a recent scenario for Selznick he collected £16,000. Goldwyn also paid Anita Loos over £6200 a week, while the salaries of John Emerson (Anita's husband), Donald Ogden Stewart, Dorothy Parker, and Joe Bigelow, all well-known writers, run into four figures also.

GALLERY OF STARS

Anna Lee

(Gaumont-British)

Her next film is "Non-Stop New York"

Kalmar and Ruby earned £10,000 for 20 weeks' work for "The Goldwyn Follies."

By this time you must be wondering why every famous film star is not a millionaire or millionairess—why Jean Harlow died with only £2500 in the bank, and *other* stars have left even less.

But if you are under the impression that they can keep all their earnings to themselves, dispel the thought. When the average star has finished settling up all the expenses that beset the film famous, he or she is just about ready for the breadline.

First of all Uncle Sam takes his dues—State and Federal taxes have to be met in the U.S.A. just as in Australia. Next comes the business manager, who takes 5 per cent. of the gross salary, the agent (and most big noises employ them) gets another 10 per cent. Personal publicity costs approximately £5, personal secretary anything from £5 to £10 a week, and routine donations to the Motion Picture Relief Fund from £2 to £10 at regular intervals.

Rent of a Hollywood apartment or home takes from £5 to £20 weekly. Added to that are housekeeping expenses, servants, cars, clothes, liquors, jewels, and entertaining. These comprise the principal expenditure of a film star—but he usually has relatives, friends, and general hangers-on to reimburse.

Despite the high cost of being a film star, Mrs. Temple recently refused £2500 for Shirley to make one appearance at a New Jersey fair, and another £2000 a week for her famous daughter's presence at the Texas Centennial celebrations. For the use of her name on a syndicated newspaper column on advice to mothers Mrs. Temple could have commanded £3000. Once again she rejected the offer.

In ten cities Sonja Henie collected £30,000 for skating exhibitions. She can claim, and get, £2500 per night any time she likes. Some idea of Sonja's earning ability may be gauged from the fact that she recently refused an offer of £20,000 for a year of exhibitions throughout the U.S.A.

Million-dollar Shows

SOME of Hollywood's films may be truthfully called million-dollar productions. And some of them cost even more.

A total sum of £10,000,000 is being spent on fifty of the new season's biggest productions. Some of the most outstanding of these are "The Goldwyn Follies," budgeted at £400,000; Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," £300,000; "Hurricane," £300,000; "Marco Polo," £300,000; "Nothing Sacred" will cost £250,000, and so will "Ali Baba Goes to Town."

What items constitute an expenditure of a million dollars? If my monetary statistics haven't left you speechless, tongue-tied, and gasping on the floor—here are the average figures:—

Cast, 250,000 dollars; extras, bit, and characters, 50,000; director, 100,000; director's assistants, 20,000; camera and crew, 15,000; lights, 20,000; make-up, hairdressers, supplies, 9000; teachers, 2000; crew and labor, 12,000; story preparation, 70,000; story costs, 50,000; costumes and designers, 20,000; sets and art directors, 125,000; stills and photographs, 4000; cutters, 10,000; film negative, 10,000; tests, 12,000; insurance, 20,000; sound, engineering, negatives, 31,000; publicity, transportation, research, technical, miscellaneous, 20,000; indirect costs, 150,000. Total, 1,000,000 dollars.

It would appear that Hollywood purses are bottomless. It seems incredible, to the average person, that the companies can possibly get their money back on such tremendous outlay. Yet consider these figures which are anticipated financial returns of recent and currently showing films. They are the total amounts the studios expect to earn with those pictures throughout the world.

	£
"Anthony Adverse"	1,750,000
"The Great Ziegfeld"	1,250,000
"A Star is Born"	937,500
"Swing Time"	625,000
"The Good Earth"	1,000,000
"Maytime"	500,000
"Wake Up and Live"	375,000
"Girl in a Million"	500,000
"Lloyds of London"	500,000
"Dimples"	250,000
"Ramona"	250,000
"Stowaway"	250,000

Quite a healthy return on investments made.

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STUDIOUS Jean ARTHUR

Shy Star Who Acts With Brains

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
Special from Hollywood.

A crescendo of hits, from "The Whole Town's Talking" to "Mr. Deeds," "The Plainsman," and "Easy Living," have made Jean Arthur one of Hollywood's most important players in comedy roles.

AND when asked recently to define the reasons for her popularity, Mitchell Leisen, director of "Easy Living," gave very definite answers. "Jean is far from being just another stereotyped beauty," he said. "She is one of the few real actresses here. By which I mean that she acts with her mind.

"If an actress thinks as the character she is playing would think under the particular set of circumstances of the scene being taken, the physical part of her performance will take care of itself.

"But there's very little mental acting being done. There are too many 'physical actors' in Hollywood, and when they go into a scene all they can think of is whether they should read a line with a rising inflection or a falling inflection, whether they should frown at a certain point or merely raise an eyebrow, or whether their hair is in place and their make-up on right."

Happy Marriage

IN spite of her solid ability and achievement, Jean Arthur has been less widely publicised and is a less familiar off-screen personality than many less popular stars. The reason is her genuine shyness.

Her life with her husband, Frank Ross, whom she married in 1932, is of the quietly happy kind which does not make news stories.

Also she is a rather studious person and has read most of the works of the leading playwrights both modern and classic.

Born in New York City, the youngest of three children, she was educated in the public schools of Manhattan, but felt no acting ambitions at the time, and never even tried to get into an amateur show. Instead, she aspired to be a teacher of foreign languages.

A commercial photographer, whose studio she visited with a friend while still in high school, persuaded her to become a photographer's model. She was following that calling when she went into films.

After she had free-lanced for a while, Paramount signed her under contract and her first major role was with Richard Dix in "Warming Up." Mostly her assignments were inane ingenue parts and she feels that only a few pictures made during the term of that contract gave her any opportunity to display her ability: "The Sins of the Fathers," with Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton, "The Saturday Night Kid," and "The Green Murder Case" with William Powell.

As soon as she was free to leave Hollywood, she returned to New York, weary of acting and films. She wanted a rest—then to think about another means of earning a living. The stage interested her, and after six months of looking at plays she found her interest in acting revived.

During the next two years she appeared in 12 plays before returning to Hollywood to stay. From that time onward her advance was steady and rapid.

Having searched Hollywood, and the screens and stages of the world for six months in a quest for the ideal feminine star to play Calamity Jane in "The Plainsman," opposite Cooper, Cecil B. De Mille signed Miss Arthur for the role. De Mille declared that she was the only actress capable of assuming the proper boyish qualities for the role of the two-fisted, bullwhacking Calamity.

In "Easy Living" she has shown that she can handle more sophisticated comedy as brilliantly as the rough-and-tumble work as Calamity Jane.

● *JEAN ARTHUR plays opposite Ray Milland, a successful newcomer, in "Easy Living."*

"It's so strange doctor – Alan seems to fail in his morning subjects and do much better after dinner."
"What does he have for breakfast?"
"Well – he really doesn't have much – he doesn't seem to fancy anything."

"There's the trouble" explained the doctor. "He doesn't get enough nourishment to carry on the morning's work. If he's fussy give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles – children seem to like that funny little 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE,' and 'POP' that Rice Bubbles make when the milk is poured on. My children have Rice Bubbles every day!"

Now Alan has two big bowls of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles at breakfast time and has gained in weight and improved at school. Rice is one of the most nourishing and easily digested cereals – that's why doctors recommend it for growing children. And Rice Bubbles just "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" with crisp, delicious goodness. Order some today from your grocer!

Fresh and Crisp Ready to Serve.

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POWDER: *Ginger Rogers enlivens the beauty of her skin with Max Factor's powder. Exquisitely smooth of texture, it gives your skin a delicate, alluring bloom that lasts for hours.*

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LIPSTICK: *Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick keeps its colour and texture. It's moisture proof.—can be applied to the inner as well as the outer lips.*

The loveliest woman looks plain if her make-up method is wrong! Make-up must blend with natural colouring, *then* individual beauty points are heightened. Ginger Rogers, R.K.O. star, has her make-up specially chosen by Max Factor. Her make-up secret—that of practically all the stars—can be yours, too! You can choose, with the help of Max Factor's Colour Harmony Chart, the right powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. Max Factor's Colour Harmony Make-Up will bring to you a fresh, sparkling beauty, an added allure!

FREE *Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-up." I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with a✓*

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light☐ Dark☐	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐		Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BROWNETTE Light☐ Dark☐	Normal ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		LIPS
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTE Light☐ Dark☐	Moist ☐
Sun Tan ☐	LASHES		Dry ☐
	Light ☐	REDHEAD Light☐ Dark☐	AGE
	Dark ☐		

Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD AND LONDON

James and Anderson, Representatives for Australia, C4, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney

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THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.

The luxurious new *Metro Theatre*, Albert Street, Brisbane, will open with a Gala Performance on Wednesday, November 10th, at 7.45 p.m.

* * * *

The attraction will be William Powell-Myrna Loy, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "*After the Thin Man*," plus a selected group of the Roaring Lion's best featurettes.

* * * *

There will be gay lights, festivities, celebrations, and all the usual trimmings of a first night in Hollywood.

* * * *

While all Brisbane is preparing to glimpse the wonders of the Metro, Sydney is enthusiastically welcoming "*Maytime*" into its 3rd month at the Liberty.

* * * *

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have captured the city with their singing of "Will You Remember?" and other love songs in this romantic musical.

* * * *

If ever a comedy was made expressly for Australia and Australians, "*A Day at the Races*" was! It is all about horses (fast and slow), girls, songs, dance spectacle, and with some of the funniest moments ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public.

* * * *

Marx Bros. are the nitwits who provide the fun. Allan Jones and Maureen O'Sullivan, the romantic couple who provide the songs. The St. James theatre will provide "*A Day at the Races*" when the season of "*The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*" ends.

* * * *

Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan are the stars of "*The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*," listed to replace "*Saratoga*" soon at Melbourne Metro.

* * * *

NOTE! — SPECIAL SOUVENIRS of the new Metro theatre, Brisbane, are now obtainable and will be posted to any address throughout Australia if you will send along 4d. in Stamps to

Yours for entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

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HERE'S *Hot* NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

MARGARET VYNER is getting on famously in her new film, "Sailing Along," in which she has some exciting rough-and-tumbles with Jessie Matthews.

Jessie plays the role of a tough barge girl, and in the very first sequence she and Margaret come to blows.

Margaret snubs her, and Jessie, resenting this, takes a swing at her with a canvas cushion.

✣ ✣ ✣

IN spite of Della Carroll's statement in London that she and Clark Gable have "an understanding," there is absolutely no indication that the heman of the screen is aware of it. Six months ago he denied that there was anything whatever between him and the blonde he had met on a cruise several years ago. Apparently the meeting made a lasting impression on the girl, but Clark is interested in nothing so much as fishing and hunting—preferably with Carole Lombard.

And it must be remembered that Clark is not a free man. He is separated from his former wife, but not divorced.

✣ ✣ ✣

ALTHOUGH they are progressing fairly well with "A Yank at Oxford," in which Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan are top of the bill, the English climate is playing some nasty tricks.

There is a general idea of getting all exterior sequences "in the box" before autumn fades away into winter, but the producers are finding that what could be definitely scheduled for 40 hours or so in Hollywood may extend to two months "shooting-time" in England.

✣ ✣ ✣

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, usually a fashion-plate in her pictures, has a pretty drab clothes routine in "Tovarich." In all except one scene of the picture she wears a severe black servant's uniform. But she'll more than make up for it in the single scene in which she wears evening dress. The studio has gone the whole hog and concocted for her one of the most elaborate dresses imaginable—it's covered with tiny beads and rhinestones, weighs sixteen pounds, and cost four hundred pounds!

✣ ✣ ✣

TEA parties are common enough, but not the type that Constance Bennett throws. With Cary Grant and the "Our Gang" kids as guests of honor, she gave one this week.

The room was filled with undersize chairs and other juvenile furniture, including a low-set table with hot chocolate, animal crackers, cake, popcorn, and ice-cream.

Cary didn't bat an eyelid, but wriggled down into one of the chairs with grim affability.

Now Cary is thinking up a party which will give him revenge.

ANNABELLA, heart-throb of a million Frenchmen, and twice as many people outside France, is saying "au revoir" to England.

Following her triumph in "Wings of the Morning," she has completed "Dinner at the Ritz," and is off to Hollywood, to play opposite William Powell.

Apart from her screen conquests, Annabella has proved one of the most popular visiting stars Britain has seen for many a year. For there is no "side" about her.

She is one of those people who, in the street, gives smile for smile, who cannot resist taking a look at every baby in every passing pram; who, when asked for her autograph, gives it gladly—then asks for one in exchange.

✣ ✣ ✣

DICK FORAN, star of the "Singing Cowboy" films, says his work carries heavy obligations. "You know," he says, "there are kids all over the country who look up to me as their ideal.

"At first I didn't take it seriously. But every time I did something a kid's ideal wasn't supposed to do, letters poured in bawling me out. They didn't really bawl me out—they were more of the 'Gee, you shouldn't have done that' sort of thing.

"If the papers ever published a picture of me at a party with a cocktail in my hand, those kids would be disillusioned.

"I can be nice to girls—but nothing more. That's why you never see me marry the heroine at the end of the picture. Why, I can't even put my arms around her. The kids wouldn't like that."

✣ ✣ ✣

BECAUSE Gene Raymond thinks it's a good idea, Jeanette MacDonald is learning how to cook.

✣ ✣ ✣

LUISE RAINER is well known for her simple tastes and lack of affectation or temperament. But once in a while she is very insistent. If she must eat ice-cream she demands that it be strawberry. It so happens that vanilla photographs better than strawberry.

For a scene in "Big City," the little Rainer must nibble at an ice-cream cone, and they did the scene over and over again before they got it perfect.

"Vanilla I do not like!" she protested with a vehement shake of the head. "You will let me have strawberry, please, yes?"

The cameraman could not resist her pleas and yielded on the color of the ice-cream.

✣ ✣ ✣

CAROLE LOMBARD has a soft spot in her heart for kiddies. The other day when she spied two little girls peeping through the studio fence, she could not resist bringing them on to the lot and letting them watch her do a scene.

Not only that, but she provided them with tall ice-cream sodas, which they sipped while they watched.

✣ ✣ ✣

WHEN W. C. Fields poses for color pictures in magazines he now has to powder his nose so it won't look too red.

✣ ✣ ✣

CHILD star Edith Fellows has been forced to abandon her personal appearance tour in America's eastern cities at the request of the Board of Health. An epidemic of infantile paralysis is raging, and health officers have been trying to keep children out of the theatres. The officials appealed to Edith to postpone the tour, which she did, at a heavy financial loss.

DOTS... and DASHES

● Ginger Rogers drawing praise everywhere for her grand performance in "Stage Door." ● Martha Raye forgetting her marital difficulties by stepping out at the night clubs. ● Wendy Barrie buying a house at Palm Springs, desert resort. ● Fred Astaire applying for a copyright on the drum dance he's been working on for years, and will present in "Damsel in Distress." ● David Selznick taking up Doug Fairbanks, jun's. option after his good work in "Prisoner of Zenda." ● Robert Taylor writing from England that he longs to get back to Hollywood. ● Clara Bow's "It Cafe" proving a popular rendezvous for the movieites.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★★ THIN ICE

Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power. (Fox.)

THE glorious skating of Sonja Henie is what matters most in this film. But there is more to it than that. It all hangs together very gracefully, because its light, unsophisticated comedy is carefully blended to match the star's ingenuous charm.

The story is the old one about the prince who loves the commoner. Tyrone Power is the prince, and Sonja Henie is the skating teacher with whom he falls in love during a diplomatic conference at a Swiss alpine hotel.

He is very dark, she is very fair, and they look well together. There are some delightful passages in which they ski together down snowy slopes, beautifully photographed.

One has to admire the skilful way Sonja Henie's acting personality has been managed. She is never given anything to do beyond her limited powers. Yet what she is given she does with a really captivating freshness.

The laughs are not very boisterous, but there are plenty of them, mainly emerging from the attempts of Sonja's uncle and a couple of devious diplomats to exploit her romance.

The ice-ballets and solo skating are among the loveliest spectacles that have been put on the screen. Sonja's waltz to the tune of "Vienna Woods" is the best of all.

Two comic songs are sung strenuously by Joan Davis—one of them, "Olga From the Volga," is good; the other, "My Swiss Hill Billy," is the film's weakest spot.

An airy confection which is everything astute producer Zanuck meant it to be. "Thin Ice" should be good for the box-office.—Regent; showing.

Week's Best Release

"THIN ICE"

Charming unsophisticated comedy, with Sonja Henie on her skates.

★★ ARTISTS AND MODELS

Jack Benny, Ida Lupino. (Paramount.)

DESPITE the piquant title, artists play next to no part in this musical, and the models are respectably clad. The show is dominated and saved by a person who is neither artist nor model.

This is Jack Benny, an effortless comedian who is fully starred for the first time. As a radio performer he has a regular audience of several millions, and very little time to spare for the screen—which is a pity.

Smiling and imperturbable, Benny never emphasises a point, always times it to perfection. One of his best situations: when Donald Meek, a doctor, enters his office by mistake and persuades him to undress.

Gail Patrick and Ida Lupino are rival candidates for an important modelling job with the advertising agency of which Benny is head.

To this end Gail woos Benny, and his reception of her proposal of marriage is extremely funny.

Apart from Benny the film is nothing out of the way. Ben Blue and Judy Canova, two crazy comedians, work far harder than Benny for laughs, but with far less success.

Only conspicuous musical item is "Whispers in the Dark," sung by Connie Boswell. Her face is carefully kept in shadow during the number—surely an implied insult to the lady.

The tie-up with art does not appear till the end, when a group of America's most famous illustrators are shown at work and are a pretext for Benny's smooth raillery.—Prince Edward; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★ A DAY AT THE RACES

Marx Brothers. (M.-G.-M.)

THE Marx Brothers are a special taste, like Chinese soups. If you don't like them nothing will ever persuade you to go near them; and if you do like them nothing will ever persuade you to keep away.

But even people who admire the brothers will find that this film gives less of their best than any that has gone before it.

Their stuff is diluted with musical spectacle and love interest—vocalist Allan Jones and Maureen O'Sullivan. Much of the non-Marx portions—and much of the Marx work, too—could be cut. The film is too long for its material.

There is no superb situation like the crowded cabin in "A Night at the Opera." The nearest approach to one is a supper which Groucho gives in his room to blonde, curved Esther Muir.

"Let's start batting it around," he says, guiding her to a divan. But at that moment Harpo and Chico come in and paper the walls.

Each Marx film makes it plainer that Groucho is worth more than both his brothers put together. As a horse doctor who takes charge of a sanatorium he makes some good wisecracks—but fewer than of old. This sanatorium is the setting for the best of the film; the racetrack parts are shorter and less amusing.

Some say that the last two Marx pictures have been inferior because M.-G.-M. has been toning down their madness in order to give them a wider appeal. Whoever is to blame, their latest fooling has less imagination, more labored slapstick.—St. James; showing.

★ WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?

Joe E. Brown. (R.K.O.)

IN presenting Joe E. Brown as an astrologer this picture has got on to a good comedy theme, but has not made much of it. It does not warm up till near the end, when Joe has to impersonate a pugilist called the Salvador Slayer.

He takes fearful punishment in the ring while waiting for the moonrise essential to his victory.

Joe is most funny when he is most miserable; only then does his monstrous mouth get its full effect. This predicament in the ring is his blackest experience in the film.

The support is undistinguished; Edgar Kennedy overdoes his usual apoplectic rage. The whole burden of the farce falls on Joe. And much of the time it is a doughy burden.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

TYRONE POWER, romantic lead, who has come rapidly to the front, is co-starred with Sonja Heine in the skating comedy "Thin Ice."

★ DREAMING LIPS

Elisabeth Bergner. (Trafalgar Films.)

"DREAMING LIPS" is intended to cause streaming eyes, but it fails to do so.

Focus of the attempted pathos is Bergner, the child-like wife of a minor musician. She falls in love with Raymond Massey, a great violinist, and an old friend of her husband.

Unable to face confession to her husband, who is very ill, she drowns herself.

Suicide is a dangerous theme for a film. It falls flat as a climax unless we feel deep sympathy for the anguish of the person who is driven to it.

"Girls in Uniform" was a rare film which did call forth such sympathy; "Dreaming Lips" is not.

The reason? Partly because even Bergner's acting does not persuade us the river was the right way out of that old situation. Mainly because the heavy, solemn treatment of the story is too obviously meant to jerk our tears.

Some of the lines are very pompous, and sentimental. Poor Raymond Massey has to cope with the worst, and they are too much for him.

Yet though the film misses as a whole there are fine passages of acting. Bergner provides at least one inspired moment—when she turns round at the door in the scene where she offers herself to Massey.—Mayfair; showing.

★ KING OF GAMBLERS

Lloyd Nolan, Claire Trevor. (Paramount.)

THIS is one of the more attractive specimens of the newspaper-crime class. Because for once a reporter is shown as a decent, human fellow, who is not unnecessarily rude to everyone he meets. Congratulation to Lloyd Nolan for this welcome novelty.

Claire Trevor gives her best performance to date; instead of handling emotional scenes in the casual, wooden manner usual in melodrama, she puts quite a lot of sincerity into it.

Together they foil a racketeer, Akim Tamiroff, who works in association with a lady pleasantly named Big Edna.

The plot is conventional, but the acting and production put the film high in its grade.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ LAST TRAIN FOR MADRID

Dorothy Lamour, Lew Ayres. (Paramount.)

LESS entertaining than "Love Under Fire," this film nevertheless is more realistic in its use of the Spanish War as a background.

The story is not played out in vague surroundings among musical comedy soldiers; it is set against a definite sector of the fighting, Madrid during the bombardments.

An average melodrama is knocked out of efforts by ten people to escape from the city. Lew Ayres, an American reporter, Dorothy Lamour, Karen Morley, and Gilbert Roland are among them. But the best acting is provided by Helen Mack and Robert Cummings. — Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Beware, the Sting of the Scorpion!

Hey, ho for Scorpions! . . . those individuals born between October 24 and November 23.

Although the world may not always be a better place because the Scorpions are with us, it would most certainly be a much duller one without them.

Moreover, although a goodly percentage of Scorpio folk are no better than they should be, the others are better than most of us.

SCORPIONS are either devils or angels. There is no middle course which these vital people seem able to follow.

They run to the extremes, yet are seldom fantastic about it. There seems to be a basis of solidarity, of cold, shrewd, sometimes clever—and usually very sensible — reasoning behind all they do.

What is more, they can usually do most things—and do them well.

Right through life they seem to challenge themselves to prove that they can do the job the other fellow is doing, and do it better.

They are extremely proud folk, and ridicule, doubt, and humiliation are to them as red rags are to bulls. And Heaven help those they may be after. Once the lust of battle shows in the Scorpion eye, it is time for wise people to go places and do things.

Or to apply the simile to the astrological symbol which has been used to typify these people for nearly eight thousand years past—the Scorpion—one could say, "Don't disturb these folk from the nooks they create for themselves for they will sting you." And the sting of a Scorpion hurts.

Yet, truth to tell, although these individuals can be hard, selfish, "bossy," and argumentative, the world would be a rather miserable place without them.

They are so vital, enthusiastic, capable, confident, and aggressive that they get results where other people fail. Moreover, they usually manage to make life extremely interesting for their associates even if they do also worry them at times.

They may often prove "bossy" and too assured, but if help and clear thinking, allied with quick action, are needed in times of emergency, the Scorpion will rise to the occasion handsomely. Which is generally a blessing to the other person and a characteristic that warrants admiration.

SCORPIONS are great lovers of bother.

They often originate and encourage chaos, upset, and excitement. They love a battle or a venture, and are always looking for someone to provoke trouble!

But woe betide the foolhardy person who picks up the gage of battle!

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): October 27 and 28 should produce worth-while results for you. Keep busy and keep out of mischief.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't let irritation, upsets, delays or losses catch up with you. Try to outrun them by using caution, especially on October 27 and 28.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22:) Poor on October 29 and 30. Better on October 31, and November 1 and 2.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Replace timidity with smart and confident action on October 26 and November 2 (after 5 p.m.), and good should result.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Put up a mental danger signal, "Go Slow," if you wish to dodge worry and trouble now, especially on November 2 (p.m.).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair for you on October 29 and 30.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): October 31, November 1 and 2 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): The planets favor you now so long as you are not too confident. Go after important matters; make changes; ask favors; work hard, especially on October 26 (to dusk only), and November 2 (p.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Just fair on October 27 and 28.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Good results from hard work on October 29 and 30.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be cautious in all you do. Take no risks. Delays, annoyances and losses probable on October 27 and 28 if you are careless.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Get busy and stay busy. Plan ahead. Your affairs should take a turn for the better now. Work hard on October 26 and November 2 (after 5 p.m.) Start important matters on November 2.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Strong Woman Prefers Cooking To Boy Friends

By Air Mail From Our London Office.

ALTHOUGH far more powerful than the average man, Ivy Russell, the world's strongest girl, and holder of the world's 9st. 10lb. weight-lifting championship, is attractively feminine and cannot appreciate the need for women weight-lifters either looking or being "tough."

"Would you believe that I weighed only 2lb. 13oz. when I was born?" she asked.

"I took up weight-lifting when I was fourteen because I was weakly and practically an invalid." She flexed her 13in. biceps with pride. "Now I can lift 410lb. with ease."

Ivy does not bother with boy friends—she is too busy with her job as a domestic servant during the day and her training at night.

"I do not care for men," she said. In spite of her strength, Ivy is shy and retiring, and enjoys cooking and sewing.

Here are her training measurements.

Height, 5ft. 5½in.; bust, 37in.; hips, 37½in.; waist, 28in.; calf, 14in.; neck, 15in.; ankle, 9in. Her weight is 9st.

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"My feet were my worst enemy, especially during the warm weather. By using Zam-Buk every night I have derived great comfort. I am now a confirmed believer in Zam-Buk for the feet."—Mrs. R. James.

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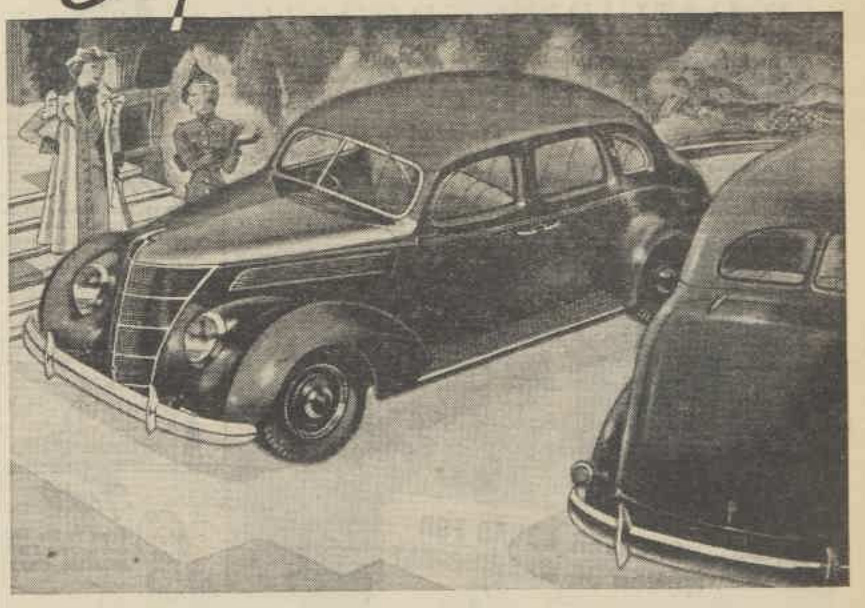

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Thursday, October 28—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen. 2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

Friday, October 29—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

Saturday, October 30—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: The New Mayfair Orchestra and Jessie Matthews.

Sunday, October 31—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Richard Tauber. 6.10 p.m.: Cole Porter Compositions.

Monday, November 1—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Tuesday, November 2—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

TRICKS THAT *Memory Can* PLAY

Radio Stars Recall Humorous Lapses

Radio artists, whether they be announcers, musicians, or actors, can be thankful they do not have to trust to their memories like stage and concert folk.

When they are singing they have their words and music before them; when they are acting they hold their scripts in their hands.

JACK LUMSDAINE, 2GB singer and composer, joins other radio stars in telling in the accompanying article how memory lapses can provide unrehearsed humor on the stage.

ONLY those who have appeared on the stage know what a blessing that is, for it is extraordinary the tricks that memory can play.

Harold Meade, one of the B.S.A. Players at 2GB, recalls that one night while playing in "The Music Master" in America, he went on stage and found his mind a perfect blank.

He didn't know what play he was in, who he was, or what he had to say. He had known the part so well that he had forgotten it.

E. Mason Wood, who, these days, has deserted acting for play-writing, recalls a similar incident in "Chu Chin Chow."

He had played the Cobbler with Oscar Asche for 700 performances. On the 701st occasion that he had to make his entrance and say, "Who will drink with the cobbler?" he found he couldn't get past, "Who will drink with the——"

For the life of him he couldn't remember the word "cobbler," until the stentorian voice of Mr. Asche said, "Cobbler, you fool." It brought the house down.

Somewhat on a par with this was the experience of Leonard Bennett, the B.S.A. actor and producer.

"I played the soldier in Bernard Shaw's 'Saint Joan' with Dame Sybil Thorndike over seventy times.

"I had to make my entry through some hanging draperies, yet never once during the whole run of the play could I find the same place in the draperies. I was forever bobbing up in a fresh spot."

Eventually, Dame Thorndike had to have a man stationed to show him where to appear. "Otherwise," she said, "I shall be a nervous wreck wondering where on earth you are going to appear from next."

Frank Bradley, another of the B.S.A. Players, relates an amusing incident in a sketch which had proved a riot at the Tivoli.

He had to play the dual role of a jealous husband and an innocent visitor to his wife, caught in compromising circumstances. Of course the two never met on the stage.

No sooner had Frank gone off-stage as the husband than he would change his coat and hat and enter as the visitor.

Unfortunately, in Broken Hill the stage hand got the coats mixed halfway through the sketch, and Frank made his entry as the wrong character.

Thereafter nobody had any idea what was happening, least of all the people on the stage. The theatre proprietor said afterwards, "Yes, very funny, but I'm darned if I could follow it."

Jack Lumsdaine, song-writer, tells of an experience at the Old Tivoli, when he was asked by a publisher to introduce a new song.

On coming to the chorus he hadn't the slightest recollection what it was about. But a good trouper always carries on, so Jack Lumsdaine there and then composed the words of a new chorus, picking words such as "bliss" so that he would be sure of a rhyme when he came to the end of the next line.

Afterwards, feeling very proud of his feat, Jack turned to the publisher and said, "How was that?"

"Nothing like it," the publisher said, dryly.

Just another queer tale of the tricks memory can play.

Dog Mothers Rabbits

By Air Mail from our New York Office.

TRIXIE, a fox terrier dog in Indianapolis, prefers the role of a foster-mother to that of a mother.

Two rabbits, newly-born, fell out of their pen at the home of Carl Leitzman. They were a bit lost until Trixie discovered them. The dog built them a home with a box and a piece of hessian and put them back in their house when they strayed.

The mamma rabbit tried in vain to retrieve her offspring. Trixie, on the other hand, has refused to pay any more attention to her puppy.

Dazzling Whiteness with the RINSO

2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD

BAN HARD RUBBING!

Women take up amazing new washing method—now do biggest wash in record time—get brilliant results—save time, work and money!

It is estimated that hundreds of thousands of Australian women are already using the new Rinso 2-minute boil method on washing-day. An enormous saving has been made on fuel since it has been proved that clothes can be boiled dazzling white in Rinso.

Essential to use Rinso

Hopeless to expect the 2-minute boil method to be a success with ordinary suds. It is vital to use Rinso because the special richness of Rinso suds remove dirt without any rubbing.

FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE METHOD

One

Whip up rich Rinso suds in warm water and soak the whites for half an hour, rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.

Two

Bring to the boil and boil for TWO MINUTES ONLY.

Three

Rinse till the water runs clear.

NOTE.—Very dirty clothes should be soaked in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

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New Freedom

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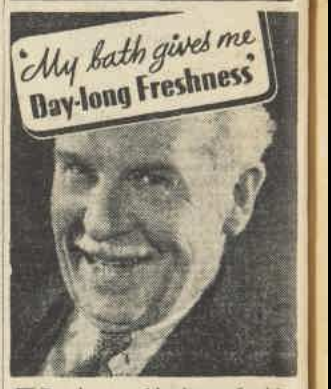
Wonderful for

SILKS . . COLOURS . . WOOLLENS!

Make rich, lukewarm Rinso suds and give dainty articles a few minutes gentle run through *without rubbing*. After many a Rinso wash, silks, woollens and coloured things still keep their first-day beauty.

4.215.15 A LEVER PRODUCT



You have no idea how refreshing a bath *can* be until you've bathed with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's health-giving antiseptic lather cleanses pores thoroughly and destroys infection, while its special oils gently stimulate and 'tone' the skin. Because it helps your skin to do its work perfectly, you feel fresh and buoyant all day after a bath with Wright's. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other. And the *only* toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

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Coal Tar Soap

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Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

An Intimate and Authentic Study of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

Princess Elizabeth Never Allowed to Feel the Burden of Royalty

Written and published by the gracious permission of Their Majesties, and illustrated with many photographs taken by the King himself.

This is the second instalment of a new and delightful study of the children of our King and Queen, which is appearing exclusively in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly.

In writing this, Lady Cynthia Asquith has made full use of her opportunity to give us an intimate and fascinating peep into the daily life of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

As our readers will observe, many of the hitherto unpublished photographs with which we are illustrating this feature were taken by the King himself, and we are indebted to His Majesty for permission to reproduce these charming pictures of his daughters from his own private collection.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

A TRAIT shown very early by Princess Elizabeth was her lightning power of observation.

While still quite tiny, she would at once notice and, as soon as she could speak, comment on anything out of place—an unfastened hook, a lace untied, an obtrusive safety-pin, anything which she felt was not intended to be seen.

In these matters no drill-sergeant could have been more of a martinet.

Princess Elizabeth's life continued pleasantly divided between her own home in London, Glamis, Balmoral, Birkhall—her parents' little Highland house—St. Paul's Waldenbury, in Hertfordshire, and Windsor Castle.

In the autumn of 1928 she went to a new place, Naseby Hall, in Northamptonshire, which her father had taken for the hunting season.

Here her great love for horses first took possession of her and she used to visit the stables every morning to pat the shining necks of King George's hunters, and offer them sugar on the flat of her little outstretched palm.

One thrilling day she was taken to her first meet of the hounds, and there, too, she had her first riding lessons.

This year, for the first time, owing to the very serious illness of her grandfather the King, Princess Elizabeth did not spend Christmas at Sandringham.

When at last the King got better, he went to Bognor (since called Bognor Regis) to convalesce, and Princess Elizabeth, to whom he was devoted, was lent to him as a tonic.

Here many people remember her walking beside her grandfather's bath-chair, brandishing her spade, and prattling incessantly.

But of Bognor she herself has only the mistiest memories, her most distinct impression being that she did not like the sea.

Amusing the Invalid

DURING this winter (1929) for the first time in her life, Princess Elizabeth had to stay in bed for a few days with a feverish cold, but it was found quite easy to amuse her while she was an invalid.

Shortly afterwards Nurse Knight became ill and was for a time obliged to stay in bed. Afraid that her Nannie might be dull, Princess Elizabeth made a selection of what she thought her most attractive toys and carried them to the invalid's room.

That year, during her August visit to Glamis, her grandmother gave a large garden-party. Attracted by the band, especially the immense drum, Princess Elizabeth, a tiny figure in periwinkle-blue muslin, wandered on to the big lawn, and when the music burst into the compelling strains of a reel, she felt irresistibly inspired to dance and pranced and jiggled up and down in perfect time to the music.

Pausing for breath, she suddenly discovered that she was in the centre of an immense circle and being watched by hundreds and hundreds of fascinated spectators.

This publicity was too much for her. For once she became both visibly and audibly shy, and, seeing her mother somewhere in the far distance, turned tail and made for the haven of her outstretched arms.

There, in November (1929) Princess Elizabeth, for the first time underwent the ordeal of being painted. For once this considerate child found it impossible to do what was required.

Immobility, the most difficult thing yet demanded of her, was too much for her quicksilver vitality. She considered "sitting"—to give her activities a courtesy title—definitely a very poor way of passing the time.

Another ordeal she finds very hard to bear is the trying-on of clothes. Patient attendants kneeling round her with their mouths full of pins often have to empty their mouths in order to implore her to keep still.

Kisses for Crowds

ONE day, when she was just three, her nurse, a little wearied by her charge's ceaseless restlessness, said to Katherine McClean—"Katta," the Princess calls her, who came to Queen Elizabeth when she was nine, and is still with her as lady's maid—"When Lilibet's mummy was a little girl, you had an angel to dress, I'm sure."

A few days later, during another trying-on ordeal, Queen Elizabeth's bell rang.

"Hurry up, Katta," said Princess Elizabeth, with gentle irony. "You go and dress your angel now!"

Princess Elizabeth's fourth birthday was spent at Windsor Castle, and on its morning, when crowds thronged at the Norman Gate trying to burst into the quadrangle to see her, she stepped towards them and gracefully blew them several kisses.

No doubt she accepted a cheering crowd as a perfectly natural compliment to any little girl's fourth birthday.

Later in the morning the Scots Guards marched into the Castle to change the guard, and when, after the ceremony, they marched back to barracks, the little pink-clad figure, now very erect and solemn, stood to attention to take the salute.

No waving or kissing of hands this time. Clearly she realised the distinction between a formal and an informal occasion.

Once, long before this fourth birthday, when she was in the courtyard delightedly listening to the band playing, an officer approached her perambulator, saluted, and said, "Have we your Royal Highness' permission to dismiss?"

Responding with a solemn salute, she shouted out, "Yes, please!" turning round with great satisfaction to say to her nurse, "Didn't Lilibet say it loud!"

Visitors to Windsor have vivid memories of her when she could first run, tearing along the interminable corridors of the Castle, to wrap herself round King George V's knees. Grandfather and grandchild were always boon companions.

In fact, her large court has held no more devoted slave than the late King. Amongst other liberties she was once known to sweep all the food off his plate in order to give it to her little dog.

Another time both grandparent and grandchild were discovered flat on the floor searching under a sofa. "We are looking for Lilibet's hair-slide," explained His Majesty.

Once Princess Elizabeth even thought it necessary to rebuke her beloved grandfather. "Grandpa England," she said reproachfully, "Grandpa England, you forgot to shut the door."

And after tea at the Castle it used to be a very pleasant sight to see the little girl, bright as an atom of radium, playing "Animal Grab," "Happy Families," or "Donkey" with an adoring circle of ancient Court officials.

Happy as she was with her elders, she occasionally entertained contemporaries at the Castle. One day, a small boy, a little younger than herself, arrived rather shyly to play with her in the grounds.

Attracted by his irrepressible fuzz of curls, she instantly took off her gloves to—what she called—"feel his hair."

Please turn to Next Page

THIS DELIGHTFUL SNAPSHOT was taken by His Majesty the King and graciously lent by him to The Australian Women's Weekly. In the sanctuary of their country homes the Royal children spend their happiest hours, climbing trees, scampering with their dogs, getting as hot and dirty as they please.

Delma Byron — 20th Century Fox Player

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RARE and costly perfume . . . that same perfume which lovely women have treasured for 131 years . . . distinguishes Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap, and all other Cashmere Bouquet products.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS...

THIS personal inspection having successfully broken any ice that may have been floating on the social surface, she then led him up to Mr. Baldwin, who was standing in the doorway, and said: "Quite nice, isn't he?"

With Prime Ministers she has always been at her ease. Recognising Mr. Ramsay MacDonald one day at Buckingham Palace, she darted up to him and said: "I saw a picture of you in 'Punch,' but then you were a gander leading some ducks."

For the first few years of her life Princess Elizabeth was never allowed to feel the burden of royalty.

Whatever the formidable possibilities of her future, her mother was determined no shadow of things to come should be allowed to invade her daughter's bright present, to shorten by one day what should be the birthright of every child—long, sheltered years of happy irresponsibility.

It was many years before there dawned on our Princess Elizabeth any inkling of the singularity of her position, any realisation that circum-

Continued from Previous Page

stances separated her from other children.

Why, indeed, should it have occurred to her? Accustomed to crowds from her earliest infancy, she no doubt took their attentions entirely as a matter of course, and considered cheering—if she thought about it at all—a perfectly natural greeting accorded to all little girls.

It is indeed impossible to conjecture at what phase in the wonderment and dawning self-consciousness of childhood the fact of being set apart from others by the chance of birth would be realised. So many exceptional things would be taken as quite normal.

Thrill on Bus

"I'VE been to London to visit the Queen." One wonders how differently that classical nursery rhyme would ring in the ears and mind of a child who knows the beloved person she calls Granny is by others referred to as the Queen. The Queen?

And fairy-tales with the inevitable golden-haired Princesses? Could the word Princess have any glamor to a golden-haired little girl who hears her own everyday self referred to as "Princess"?

And words that stirred one's own childish imagination — words like "Castles" and "Palaces"? These can scarcely have acted as a magic carpet to Princess Elizabeth, happily and humdrumly at home, as she was in Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace.

No doubt "cottage" would have been the word to kindle her imagination.

She would probably have found "There was once a little girl who lived in a cottage" the most interesting beginning for a story.

While Cinderellas dream of glass coaches, the one vehicle which seems really romantic to Princess Elizabeth and her sister is the ordinary motor-omnibus.

These great, clumsy, red affairs packed with human beings they find absolutely enchanting. At present their greatest wish is to be allowed to be passengers in an omnibus, and they have been promised that, as a great treat, they shall just once be allowed this thrilling experience.

Meanwhile, denied the pleasure of buses, tubes and taxis, they make the best of ponies and bicycles.

One day, when Princess Elizabeth was about five, her spirits were so high that it struck me I had never seen any child more in love with life.

Then and on other occasions I remember hoping that it might be many many years before any sense of impending responsibility cast a shadow across the shining threshold of her life.

With a smile I thought how much I should hate to think of this little quicksilver creature being given the cue to echo the solemn words of another child: her great-great-grandmother Queen Victoria's famous words of self-committal, "I will be good."

Thanks to splendid health and spirits and the wise love that always surrounded her, the first years of Princess Elizabeth's life have certainly been very happy.

Though for a long time she was never allowed to make any public appearance, real privacy was impossible, and very gradually there filtered into her consciousness a vaguely puzzled sense as to something peculiar about her position.

"Sometimes strangers speak to me as if they knew me," she once said wonderingly.

Intimations of something unusual grew more frequent.

Though the present still held her attention almost to the entire exclusion of the future, and her everyday life was as normal as any other child's, occasionally, especially during lessons when history was being studied, there came hints, intuitions, surmises of a very different fate that might be awaiting her.

Very gradually the possibilities of this fate were broken to her. She was encouraged to ask questions about Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

Once when she was introduced to a lady and told her name was Victoria, the visitor noticed a barely perceptible straightening of the child's back, a slight darkening of her eyes as though from a passing shadow, and a tiny tremor in the clear voice that said, "Victoria? I think I have heard that name before."

It was during lessons, while poring over a genealogical tree, that the child, who was still only dimly conscious of the possibilities of her future, was definitely told that some day she might be Queen of England. Her immediate response was characteristic.

"If I ever am Queen, the first thing I shall do will be to make a law forbidding people to ride or drive on Sunday. Horses must have a holiday!"

That was all she said; how much she may have thought we shall never know.

Will Remain Natural

NATURAL though she still is and very gay, there is nowadays in the expression of her steadfast eyes at times a suggestion of awe; a rather humble, solemn look, and in her general bearing an air of resigned responsibility, as if the motto of true royalty, "Ich Dien," were already deeply instilled into her very being, and she had bowed her bright head to the decree:

"Her will is not her own,
For she herself is subject to her birth."

And now, owing to an unforeseeable twist of history, the fact of Royalty has been brought much more vividly to her imagination.

The familiar home of the "palace with a number," as 145 Piccadilly was called, is exchanged for a most unmistakably real palace, where flags are always flying and sentinels perpetually on guard.

She has seen her father crowned King and Emperor of the greatest Empire the world has ever known.

AN EARLY PICTURE of the little Princesses and their nurse out for a walk in Hyde Park.

Small wonder if at times her face should look a little solemn for her years. But, in spite of circumstances, we may feel confident that, thanks to the guardian angel of her childhood—her mother—Princess Elizabeth will continue quite easily, and for the most part quite happily, to accept the strange duality of her life.

At home, living in close contact with her parents, she will remain a natural child with a wholesome acceptance of schoolroom authority and a charming friendliness for everyone she meets.

Day after day, week after week, she will enjoy all the ordinary pursuits of her age. Only just very occasionally, at the Court ceremonials and processions that she and her sister must now grace, she will, in all humility, realise that, because she is the daughter of her parents, she is in her public capacity regarded by the people as a symbol—as a sort of a flag.

Child of Destiny

AND on these days she will behave with a very special dignity because she knows that in a wholly impersonal way her small self is representing something that is very great—greater than she can yet quite understand.

To prepare herself for the service of that "something," this dedicated child knows she must work hard—harder than other little girls—now and all the days of her life.

From the very beginning of her life Princess Elizabeth was inevitably an object of world-wide interest and affection.

Photographs of the much-loved child were soon to be found in almost every small home throughout the Empire.

Countless strange gifts sent from every square mile of the dominions flowed in by every post, and legions of little girls were named after her as well as every imaginable kind of object, from chocolates and china to hospital wards.

Before long her distinct little face adorned a Newfoundland stamp, and in the farthest south the Union Jack now waves over Princess Elizabeth Land.

With her correspondence she was unable to deal, but admirers who actually saw her were never disappointed. Without delay the golden-haired Princess with the brilliant blue gaze showed that she had inherited her mother's instinctive courtesy.

While still unable to stand, she smilingly waved and blew kisses to delighted crowds and, long before she could speak, gave unmistakable signs of an amiable desire to set others at their ease.

(To Be Continued)

Curla

The Comfort of JOY O' LIFE SHOES
makes Strain & Fatigue vanish like Magic

The Illustration above shows the new

CURLA a court shoe model judiciously trimmed — in navy or black kidskin—fitted with medium high heel.

VICEY Here is a new tie model embodying a new motif of stitching and punching—fitted with baby Louis heel—in black or navy kidskin.

KISDON A court shoe model with the ever popular baby Louis heel featuring a new front ornament. In black, brown or navy kidskin.

The average woman takes at least 12,000 steps a day! How important it is to protect the feet with perfectly fitting shoes so that strain and fatigue will not make you tired and feel out of sorts.

Joy o' Life Shoes are made by Bedggood for smart women who know how much comfortably fitting shoes add to the poise and grace of the figure.

Joy o' Life Shoes have a 5-way fitting in length, width, waist, instep, and heel. They never pinch or cramp your toes. Never bulge at the heel or instep. They hug the arches. Support your foot at every point. They give you foot comfort . . . trim smartness . . . and a new youthful spring to your step.

Bedggood Joy o' Life Shoes are obtainable at all good shoe stores. They are reasonably priced at 35/-.

Joy O' Life SHOES They're Built By BEDGGOOD

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OUR MUSICAL TASTE *Is* IMPROVING!

Australia's appreciation of music is improving, according to members of the Budapest Quartet, who are to give a further series of platform and studio concerts in Sydney for the Australian Broadcasting Commission after a season in Melbourne.

IF the present rate of advancement continues, they consider Australia will have the finest musical education in the world. As it is at present, Australian audiences compare very favorably with any overseas.

The famous Hungarian Quartet, which will reopen at the Conservatorium on November 18, are assured of large audiences both at their concerts and to their broadcasts.

The players were popular when they were in Australia in May of this year, and also on their previous visit in 1935.

They have recently concluded a successful six-months' tour of New Zealand, and their recital in Melbourne on Tuesday of this week will be relayed through 2BL.

Always on the Move

THE ensemble came into being in Budapest soon after the Great War, and was originally known as the Hungarian Quartet.

Although none of the present members were in the original company, Josef Roisman (first violinist) and Mischa Schneider (cellist) have been with the quartet for ten years, while Alexander Schneider (second violinist) has been a member for six years, and Boris Kroyt (viola) for two years.

Boris is the only member who was not in Australia when the company was here in 1935.

All members with the exception of Alexander Schneider are married and their wives travel with them. A great favorite with everyone is the Kroyts' baby daughter Marianna, whom they call Yanna.

The company have their headquarters in Paris, but Roisman explains that they are so busy travelling that they are unable to stay in one country very long. However, they spend their spare time—little as it is—in gay Paris.

They are unable to devote any time to sport because of the risk of injury to their hands and arms, which play such an important part in their chosen careers.

Swimming is the only pastime which they can indulge in with any degree of safety.

Like Quiet Here

DURING their travels they have visited practically every country in the world, but no country has impressed all members of the quartet so much as Australia.

Josef Roisman said that they appreciate the quiet and peaceful atmosphere of our country after the rush and turmoil of Europe—so much so that they will be very sorry to leave.

It is surprising to find in a so talented and classically-minded company an appreciation of modern jazz.

The compositions of George Gershwin and the orchestrations of Paul Whiteman are enjoyed by the quartet, who think that jazz music is an art. But like many other things, even jazz must be of a high class to be appreciated.

They have a complete record library of Whiteman's recordings.

Among the truly great composers of all time, Beethoven is considered by the company to be the greatest.

They have enjoyed their stay in Australia very much, and have made many friends. Their first real holiday for some time was spent in Tasmania, which they have visited four times.

After their tour in Australia has concluded they will leave for Java, and later will journey to England, where they will make many records.

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Usual Value - - - 15/-
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MR2—Flat Crepe is the fabric used in this "Chic" Edge-to-Edge Coat. Finished with pecked inserts from the shoulder to the waist-line, and a corresponding treatment on the sleeves. This coat is "Style Right" and Price Right," and is available in Black and Navy. Sizes: SSW, SW, W.
Usual Value - - - 20/-
PRICE SPECIALISED - - 15/-

MR3—This garment is one of the "Super-Styles"! Fashioned in a beautiful Satin-back Rosablo Crepe, it features the latest Redingote style and is strictly tailored. The edges and pockets are beautifully finished with rows of stitching. This outstanding coat is completed by the addition of a "natty" lace finished handkerchief. In Black and Navy only. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. Usually, 27/6
PRICE SPECIALISED - - 20/-

MR4—Simplicity of Line emphasises the charm of this lovely Self-diagonal Sheer Georgette Redingote Coat. Cut on tailored lines with a panelled back, extended shoulders and covered buttons on the sleeves, this is a coat of character and brings a superior garment within the price range of all. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS. In Black and Navy only.
Usual Value - - - 32/6
PRICE SPECIALISED - - 25/-

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A GOVERNOR *On* HOLIDAY!

THE CHALET AT ARCADIA, Magnetic Island, where Lord Huntingfield dined when holidaying on the island.

No Vice-Regal Pomp or Ceremony in the Wide Open Spaces

When a governor goes on holiday does he enjoy himself like other people —in shorts, or slacks, surfing, golfing, or riding?

Does he joyfully exchange the luxuries of living at Government House for the thrill of "roughing it" in the wide open spaces?

LORD HUNTINGFIELD and his Aide, Lieut. A. Robertson, snapped while spending a few days at the picturesque home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cannon, of White Rock, Cairns.

LORD HUNTINGFIELD, Governor of Victoria, is the latest Vice-Regal holiday recruit whose experiences give an indication of how Governors enjoy a holiday.

He and Lady Huntingfield have just returned from a long holiday on Magnetic Island, on the Great Barrier Reef. It has been like living on a dream isle.

They have been leading an ideal existence on the picturesque little island—far from pomp and ceremony, crowded streets, electric lights, and the busy routine of State duties.

Unconventional Life

VISITORS who called unexpectedly at the island were graciously welcomed by the Governor and his aide, Lieutenant A. Robertson, and received vivid impressions of how Vice-Royalty enjoys a holiday away from city life.

The visitors were invited into the tiny, two-roomed weatherboard shack which was the temporary residence of the Governor. It was painted a gunboat-grey on the outside, with a corrugated iron roof. What a contrast to Government House!

Sitting on the simple iron bedstead, smoking the Governor's own special brand of cigarettes, the visitors were quickly set at ease—with that same natural charm and courtesy with which they would have been received at Government House.

While the visitors were talking with Lord Huntingfield a noise was heard in the adjoining room. His Excellency immediately called, "Robbie, come and see who is here."

A voice replied, "Yes, sir," and the young aide came in and was introduced.

Lord Huntingfield, slim and brown, was wearing unconventional garb consisting of lightweight grey flannels and a white, open-necked, short-sleeved shirt, while Lieut. Robertson was clad in shorts, and an open-necked, short-sleeved summer shirt, with three-quarter woollen socks and sandshoes.

They are very keen fishermen, and rods and lines were scattered about one room.

A chalet and many tiny huts have been built on the island. The tourists sleep in the huts and dine together in the chalet. Lord Huntingfield and his aide mixed and dined with the other tourists and holiday-makers in the general dining-room of the chalet.

Summer Retreat

THIS small settlement is called Arcadia, and visitors may either walk or be trucked over the island in specially arranged lorries.

While in Cairns last year Lord Huntingfield spent a few days with the Cannon family at White Rock, one of the most beautiful and picturesque homes in Cairns

The house, with its spacious rooms and cool verandahs, exquisitely and colorfully furnished, is surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens which are a riot of color almost the year round.

The mountain background is reflected in the crystal-clear swimming-pool which is a favorite retreat for many Cairnsites in summer.

In such enjoyable surroundings a Governor finds it easy to recuperate for another strenuous year of State business.

ALMA BAY, where Lord Huntingfield and his Aide surfed and sunbaked in the shark-proof bay.

Faulding's
ORIGINAL
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QUALITY SUPREME

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IF IT'S FAULDING'S—IT'S PURE

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GERMS and DIRT

Because it is powerfully antiseptic, Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia destroys dirt and invisible germs that are a menace to health. Kitchen utensils of enamelware, glass, iron, or aluminium are preserved and protected, kept healthfully clean and bright with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. It is so economical, too, because heavy dilution is always necessary, and though always in use, one bottle lasts for many weeks. Reject all imitations. Ask only for
SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

OUT of SORTS?
Stomach Acidity is usually to blame
When your stomach is out-of-order and food disagrees, when you have heartburn or wind, or when you feel headachy and out-of-sorts, take a dose or two of DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA. This world-famous remedy immediately neutralises excess acid, cleanses the liver, and gently induces a natural action of the bowels. It is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and has no griping effect. But be sure you get DINNEFORD'S, the *clear* fluid
Quick! a dose of DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID MAGNESIA or TABLETS

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

ON Saturday night Urquhart invited him into his house. The old man, who had gone about all week with an air of self - justification on his choleric features, began by exhibiting the treasures of his forty years of practice. He had perhaps a score of yellow violins, all made by himself, hung up on his walls, but these were as nothing compared with the choice perfection of his collection of old English china.

It was a superb collection—Spode, Wedgwood, Crown Derby, and, best of all, old Swansea—they were all there. His plates and mugs, his bowls, cups and jugs, they filled every room in the house and overflowed into the bathroom where it was possible for Urquhart, when making his toilet, to survey with pride an original willow pattern tea service.

China was, in fact, the passion of Urquhart's life, and he was an old and cunning master in the gentle art of acquiring it. Whenever he saw a "nice bit"—his own phrase—in a patient's house he would call and call with unwearying attention, meanwhile fixing his eye with a kind of wistful persistence upon the coveted piece, until at last in desperation the good woman of the house would exclaim:

"Doctor, you seem awful struck on that bit. I can't see but what I'm goin' to let you 'ave it!"

Thereupon Urquhart would make a virtuous protest, then bearing his trophy, wrapped up in newspaper, he would dance home in triumph and place it tenderly on to his shelves.

The old man passed, in the town, as a character. He gave his age as sixty, but was probably over seventy and possibly near to eighty. Tough as whalebone, his sole vehicle shoe leather, he covered incredible distances, swore murderously at his patients, and could yet be tender as a woman, lived by himself—since the death of his wife eleven years before—and existed almost entirely upon tinned soup.

This evening, having proudly displayed his collection, he suddenly remarked to Andrew with an injured air:

"Darn it, man! I don't want any of your patients. I've got enough of my own. But what can I do if they come pestering me? They can't all go to the East Surgery, it's too far away."

Andrew reddened. There was nothing that he could say.

"You want to be more careful, man," Urquhart went on in an altered tone. "Oh, I know, I know. You want to tear down the walls of Babylon—I was young myself once. But all the same, go slow, go easy, look before you leap! Good night. My compliments to your wife!"

With Urquhart's words sounding in his ear, Andrew made every effort to steer a cautious course. But, even so, a greater disaster immediately overtook him.

On the Monday following he went to the house of Thomas Evans in Cefan Row. Evans, a hewer at the Aberalaw colliery, had upset a kettle of boiling water over his left arm. It was a serious scald, covering a large area and particularly bad in the region of the elbow. When Andrew arrived he found that the district nurse, who had been in the row at the time of the accident, had dressed the scald with carron-oil and had then continued on her round.

Andrew examined the arm, carefully suppressing his horror of the filthy dressing. Out of the corner of his eye he observed the carron oil bottle, corked with a plug of newspaper, holding a dirty whitish liquid, in which he could almost see bacteria seething in shoals.

"Nurse Lloyd done it pretty good, eh, doctor?" said Evans nervously. He was a dark-eyed, highly strung youngster, and his wife, who stood near, closely observing Andrew, was nervous, too, and not unlike him in appearance.

"A beautiful dressing," Andrew said with a great show of enthusiasm. "I've rarely seen a neater one. Only a first dressing of course. Now I think we'll try some picric."

He knew that if he did not quickly use the antiseptic the arm would almost certainly become infected. And then, he thought, heaven help that elbow joint!

They watched him dubiously while, with scrupulous gentleness, he cleansed the arm and slipped on a moist picric dressing.

"There now," he exclaimed. "Doesn't that feel easier?"

"I don't know as how it does," Evans said. "Are you sure it's goin' to be all right, doctor?"

"Positive!" Andrew smiled reassuringly. "You must leave this to nurse and me."

BEFORE he left the house he wrote a short note to the district nurse, taking extra pains to be tactful, considerate of her feelings, wise. He thanked her for her splendid emergency treatment and asked her, as a measure against possible sepsis, if she would mind continuing with the picric dressings. He sealed the envelope carefully.

Next morning when he arrived at the house his picric dressings had been thrown in the fire and the arm was re-dressed with carron oil. Waiting upon him, prepared for battle, was the district nurse.

"What's all this about, I'd like to know. Isn't my work good enough for you, Doctor Manson?" She was a broad, middle-aged woman with untidy iron-grey hair and a harassed, over-wrought face. She could barely speak for the heaving of her bosom.

Andrew's heart sank. But he took a rigid grip upon himself. He forced a smile. "Come now, Nurse Lloyd, don't misunderstand me. Suppose we talk this over together in the front room."

The nurse bridled, swept her eye to where Evans and his wife, who clutched a little girl of three to her skirts, were listening wide-eyed and alarmed.

"No, indeed, we'll talk it over here. I got nothing to hide. My conscience is clear. Born and brought up in Aberalaw I was, went to school here, married here, 'ad children here, lost my 'usband here, and worked here twenty year as district nurse. And nobody ever told me not to use carron oil on a burn or scald."

"Now listen, nurse," Andrew pleaded. "Carron oil is all right in its way perhaps. But there's a great danger of contracture here." He stiffened up her elbow by way of illustration. "That's why I want you to try my dressing."

"Never 'eard of the stuff. Old Doctor Urquhart don't use it. And that's what I told Mr. Evans. I don't hold with new-fangled ideas of somebody that's been here no more nor a week!"

Andrew's lips were dry. He felt shaky and ill at the thought of further trouble, of all the repercussions of this scene, for the nurse, going from house to house, and talking her mind in all of them, was a person with whom it was dangerous to quarrel. But he could not, he dared not, risk his patient with that antiquated treatment. He said in a low voice:

"If you won't do the dressing, nurse, I'll come in morning and evening and do it myself."

"You can then, for all I care," Nurse Lloyd declared, moisture flashing to her eyes. "And I 'ope Tom Evans lives through it."

The next minute she had flounced out of the house.

In dead silence Andrew removed the dressing once again. He spent nearly half-an-hour patiently bathing and attending to the damaged arm. When he left the house he promised to return at nine o'clock that night.

That same evening as he entered his consulting-room the first person to enter was Mrs. Evans, her face white, her dark, frightened eyes avoiding his.

"I'm sure, doctor," she stammered, "I do hate to trouble you, but can I have Tom's card?"

A wave of hopelessness passed over Andrew. He rose without a word, searched for Tom Evans' card, handed it to her.

"You understand, doctor, you—you won't be callin' any more."

He said unsteadily: "I understand, Mrs. Evans." Then as she made for the door he asked—he had to ask—the question: "Is the carron oil on again?"

Please turn to Page 58

LENTHÉRIC
PARIS

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PAINS ALL OVER HIS BODY

Kruschen Made Him Feel a New Man

Rheumatism is an insidious complaint that strikes without warning. It attacks an arm, or a leg, and frequently the pains spread to all parts of the body, unless something is done to check them. That was the experience of this man, who had rheumatism so badly that at times he was prevented from working.

"About 10 months ago," he writes, "I suffered terribly with rheumatism and neuritis. The pains were all over my body and some days I could not even get up from bed to go to work. A friend visited me and suggested that I should try Kruschen Salts. I did so, the result being that the pains seemed to gradually disappear. I have been going to work ever since without a break, thanks to Kruschen Salts, and I feel a new man."—A.R.

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People count your age by your looks—not by your birthdays. A dry, shrivelled skin spells the end of youth and beauty! So take warning now—give up using ordinary toilet soaps that dry out the skin's natural moisture—*feel* softness flow back into your skin when you start using Lux Toilet Soap, *Supercreamed*.

MAKE THIS TEST—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual *cream* you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

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THE CITADEL

SHE gulped, nodded and was gone.

After surgery, Andrew, who usually tore home at top speed, made the passage to Vale View wearily. A triumph, he thought bitterly, for the scientific method! And again, am I honest or am I simply clumsy?—clumsy and stupid, stupid and clumsy!

He was very silent during supper. But afterwards, in the sitting-room, now comfortably furnished, while they sat together on the couch before the cheerful fire, he laid his head close to her soft young face.

"Oh, darling," he groaned, "I've made an awful muddle of our start!"

As she soothed him, gently stroking his brow, he felt tears smarting behind his eyes.

. . . . .

Winter set in early and unexpectedly with a heavy fall of snow. Though it was only mid October, Aberalaw lay so high that hard and bitter frosts gripped the town almost before the leaves had fallen from the trees.

The snow came silently through the night, soft drifting flakes, and Christine and Andrew woke to a great glittering whiteness. A herd of mountain ponies had come through a gap in the broken wooden palings at the side of the house and were gathered round the back door. Upon the wide uplands, stretches of rough grass land, all round Aberalaw, these dark wild little creatures roamed in large numbers, starting away at the approach of man. But in snowy weather, hunger drove them down to the outskirts of the town.

All winter Christine fed the ponies. At first they backed from her, shy and stumbling, but in the end they came to eat from her hand. One especially became her friend, the smallest of them all, a black tangle-maned, roguish eyed creature no larger than a Shetland, whom they named Darkie.

The ponies would eat any kind of food, scraps of loaf, potato and apple rinds, even orange peel. Once, in fun, Andrew offered Darkie an empty matchbox. Darkie munched it down, then licked his lips, like a gourmet eating pate.

Though they were so poor, though they had to bear many things, Christine and Andrew knew happiness. Andrew had only pence to jingle in his pockets but the Endowment debt was almost settled and the furniture instalments were being paid. Christine, for all her fragility and look of inexperience, had the attribute of the Yorkshire woman, she was a housewife.

With the help only of a young girl named Jenny, a miner's daughter from the row behind, who came daily for a few shillings each week, she kept the house shining. Although four of its rooms remained unfurnished, and discreetly locked, she made Vale View a home. When Andrew came in tired, almost defeated by a long day, she would have a hot meal on the table which quickly restored him.

The work of the practice was desperately hard—not alas! because he had many patients, but because of the snow, the difficult "climbs" to the high parts of his district, the long distances between his calls. When it thawed and the roads turned to slush, before freezing hard again at night, the going was heavy and difficult. He came in so often with sodden trouser ends that Christine bought him a pair of leggings. At night when he sank into a chair exhausted she would kneel and take off these leggings, then his heavy boots, before handing him his slippers. It was not an act of service but of love.

The people remained suspicious—difficult. All Chenkin's relations—and they were numerous, since inter-marriage was common in the valleys—had become welded into a hostile unit. Nurse Lloyd was openly and bitterly his enemy and would run him down as she sat drinking tea in the houses which she visited, listened to by a knot of women from the Row.

IN addition he had to contend with an ever-increasing irritation. Doctor Llewellyn was using him for anaesthetics far oftener than he judged fair. Andrew hated giving anaesthetics—it was mechanical work which demanded a specialised type of mind, a slow and measured temperament which he certainly did not possess. He did not in the least object to serving his own patients. But when he found himself requisitioned three days a week for cases he had never seen before, he began to feel that he was shouldering a burden which belonged to someone else. Yet he simply dared not risk a protest for fear of losing his job.

One day in November, however, Christine noticed that something unusual had upset him. He came in that evening without hailing her gaily and, although he made pretence of unconcern, she loved him too well not to detect from the deepened line between his eyes and a score of other minute signs that he had received an unexpected blow.

She made no comment during supper, and afterwards she began to busy herself with some sewing beside the fire. He sat beside her, biting on his pipe, then all at once he declared:

"I hate grousing, Chris! And I hate bothering you. Heaven knows I try to keep things to myself!" This considering that he poured his heart out to her every night was highly diverting. But Christine did not smile, as he continued:

"You know the hospital, darling. You remember going over it our first night. Remember how I loved it and raved about opportunities and chances of doing fine work there, and everything. I thought a lot about that, didn't I, darling? I had great ideas about our little Aberalaw Hospital?"

"Yes, I know you did."

He said stonily:

"I needn't have deluded myself. It isn't the Aberalaw Hospital. It's Llewellyn's Hospital."

She was silent, her eyes concerned, waiting for him to explain.

"I had a case this morning, Chris!" He spoke quickly now, at white heat. "You'll note that I say 'had!'—a really early apical pneumonia in one of the anthracite drillers, too. I've told you often how terribly interested I am in their lung conditions. I'm positive there's a big field for research work there. I thought to myself—here's my first case for hospital—genuine chance for charting and scientific recording. I rang up Llewellyn, asked him to see the case with me, so that I could get it into the ward!" He stopped to take a swift breath, then rushed on:

"Well! Down came Llewellyn, limousine and all. Nice as you please, and darned thorough in his examination. He knows his work inside out, mind you, he's an absolute topnotch man. He confirmed the diagnosis, after pointing out one or two things I'd missed, and absolutely agreed to take the case into hospital there and then. I began to thank him, saying how much I would appreciate coming into the ward and having such good facilities for this particular case." He paused again, his jaw set. "Llewellyn gave me a look at that, Chris, very friendly and nice. 'You needn't bother about coming up, Manson,' he said, 'I'll look after him now. We couldn't have you assistants clattering around the wards'—he took a look at my leggings—'in your hobnail boots——'" Andrew broke off with a choking exclamation. "Oh! What's the use going over what he said! It all boils down to this—I can go tramping into miners' kitchens, in my sopping raincoat and dirty boots, examining my cases in a bad light, treating them in bad conditions, but when it comes to the hospital—ah! I'm only wanted there to give the ether!"

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Gazing at him with sympathy she rose, after a moment, to answer it. He could hear he speaking in the hall. Then, very hesitatingly she returned.

"It's Doctor Llewellyn on the phone, I'm—I'm terribly sorry, darling. He wants you to-morrow at eleven for—for an anaesthetic."

He did not answer, but remained with his head bowed despondently between his clenched fists.

"What shall I tell him, darling?" Christine murmured anxiously.

"Tell him to go to the devil!" he shouted; then passing his hand across his brow. "No, no. Tell him I'll be there at eleven," he smiled bitterly, "at eleven sharp."

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Continued from Page 57

The first step towards personal beauty and attractiveness is to give your teeth what is rightly their due and reward them with special care and attention. This, thousands are now doing daily and with a radiant smile which is a reflection of beauty and a passport to happiness.

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THE CITADEL

WHEN she came back she brought him a cup of hot coffee—one of her effectual devices for combating his moods of depression.

As he drank it he smiled at her wryly.

"I'm so dashed happy here with you, Chris. If only the work would go right! Oh! I admit there's nothing personal or unusual in Llewellyn's keeping me out of the wards. It's the same in London, in all the big hospitals, everywhere. It's the system. But why should it be, Chris? Why should a doctor be dragged off his case when it goes into hospital? He loses the case as completely as if he'd lost the patient. It's part of our darn specialist-G.P. system, and it's wrong, all wrong! Lord! why am I lecturing you though? As if we hadn't enough worries of our own. When I think how I started here! What I was going to do! And instead—one thing after another—all gone wrong!"

But at the end of the week he had an unexpected visitor. Quite late, when he and Christine were upon the point of going upstairs, the door bell rang. It was Owen, the secretary of the Society.

Andrew paled. He saw the secretary's visit as the most ominous event of all, the climax of these struggling unsuccessful months. Did the Committee want him to resign? Was he to be sacked, thrown out with Christine into the street, a wretched failure? His heart contracted as he gazed at the secretary's thin diffident face, then suddenly expanded with relief and joy as Owen produced a yellow card.

"I'm sorry to call so late, Doctor Manson, but I've been detained late at the office, I didn't have time to look in at the surgery. I was wondering if you would care to have my medical card. It's strange in a way, me being secretary to the society, that I haven't ever bothered to fix up. The last time I visited a doctor I was down in Cardiff. But now, if you'll have me, I'd greatly appreciate to be on your list."

Andrew could scarcely speak. He had handed over so many of these cards, wincing as he did so, that now to receive one, and from the secretary himself, was overwhelming.

"Thank you, Mr. Owen—I'll—I'll be delighted to have you."

Christine, standing in the hall, was quick to interpose.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Owen, Please?"

Protesting that he was disturbing them, the secretary seemed nevertheless willing to be persuaded into the sitting-room. Seated in an armchair, his eyes fixed reflectively upon the fire, he had an air of extraordinary tranquillity.

Though in his dress and speech he seemed no different from an ordinary working man he had the contemplative stillness, the almost transparent complexion of the ascetic. He appeared for some moments to be arranging his thoughts. Then he said:

"I'm glad to have the opportunity of talking to you, doctor. Don't be down-hearted if you're havin' a bit of a setback to begin with, like! They're a little stiff, the folks here, but they're all right at heart. They'll come after a bit, they'll come!" Before Andrew could intervene he continued:

"You haven't heard of Tom Evans, like? No? His arm has turned out very bad. Ay, that stuff you warned them against did exactly what you was afraid of. His elbow's gone all stiff and crooked, he can't use it, he's lost his job at the pit over it. Ay, and since it was at home he scalded himself, he don't get a penny piece of compo."

Andrew muttered an expression of regret. He had no rancor against Evans, merely a sense of sadness at the futility of this case which had so needlessly gone wrong.

OWEN was again silent, then in his quiet voice he began to tell them about his own early struggles, of how he had worked underground as a boy of fourteen, attended night school and gradually "improved himself," learned typing and shorthand, and finally secured the secretaryship of the Society.

Andrew could see that Owen's whole life was dedicated to improving the lot of the men. He loved his work in the Society because it was an expression of his ideal. But he wanted more than mere medical services. He wanted better housing, better sanitation, better and safer conditions, not only for the miners, but for their dependents. He quoted the maternity mortality rate among miners' wives, the infantile mortality rate. He had all the figures, all the facts at his finger ends.

But, besides talking, he listened. He smiled when Andrew related his experience with the sewer in the typhoid epidemic at Blaenelly. He showed a deeper interest in the view that the anthracite workers were more liable to lung troubles than other underground workers.

Stimulated by Owen's presence, Andrew launched into this subject with great ardor. It had struck him, as the result of many painstaking examinations, how large a percentage of the anthracite miners suffered from insidious forms of lung disease. In Blaenelly many of the drillers who came to him complaining of a cough or "a bit of phlegm in the tubes" were in reality incipient or even open cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. And he was finding the same thing here. He had begun to ask himself if there was not some direct connection between the occupation and the disease.

"You see what I mean?" he exclaimed eagerly. "These men are working in dust all day, bad stone dust in the hard headings—their lungs get choked with it. Now I have my suspicion that it's injurious. The drillers, for instance, who get most of it—they seem to develop trouble more frequently than, say, the haulers. Oh! I may be on the wrong track. But I don't think so! And what excites me so much is—oh, well! it's a line of investigation nobody has covered much. There's no mention in the Home Office list of any such industrial disease. When these men are laid up they don't get a penny piece of compensation!"

Roused, Owen bent forward, a vivid animation kindling his pale face.

"My goodness, doctor. You're really talkin'! I never heard anything so important for a long time."

They fell into a lively discussion of the question. It was late when the secretary rose to go. Apologising for having stayed so long, he pressed Andrew whole-heartedly to proceed with his investigation, promising him all the help in his power.

As the front door closed behind Owen he left behind him a warm impression of sincerity. And Andrew thought, as at the committee meeting when he had been given the appointment, that man is my friend.

The news that the secretary had lodged his card with Andrew spread quickly through the district, and did something to arrest the run of the new doctor's unpopularity.

Apart from this material gain both Christine and he felt better for Owen's visit. So far the social life of the town had completely passed them by. Though Christine never spoke of it there were moments during Andrew's long absences upon his rounds when she felt her loneliness. The wives of the higher officials of the company were too conscious of their own importance to call upon the wives of medical aid assistants. Mrs. Llewellyn, who had promised undying affection, and delightful little motor trips to Cardiff, left cards when Christine was out and was not heard of again. While the wives of Doctors Medley and Oxborrow of the East Surgery—the former a faded white rabbit of a woman, the latter a stringy zealot who talked West African missions for one hour by the second-hand Regency clock—had proved singularly uninspiring. There seemed indeed to be no sense of unity or social intercourse among the medical assistants or their wives. They were indifferent, unresistant and even down-trodden, in the attitude they presented to the town.

Continued from Page 58

Please turn to Page 60

GIRLIGAGS

"A PERFECT husband is a man who makes home the first and last stop on his list each night."

Learn the Secret of her vitality

THREE months ago she was a different girl. Her eyes had no lustre. She was tired and despondent. Headaches were wearing her down. Look at her now. Alert . . energetic . . full of vitality. Here is the secret. *Constipation* was spoiling her health, her looks, her future. Then she "discovered" Nyal Figsen. Quickly — without purging, Figsen restored normal bowel action. It cleared away the accumulations of poisonous "waste matter" that were clogging her system and being absorbed by the blood stream. Figsen gave her new health, new vitality. It can do the same for you. Figsen aids nature in a natural way. It is not a harsh laxative. It helps the stomach muscles to perform their natural functions. Figsen comes in tablet form and is chewed like a lolly. Equally good for children and adults. Sold by all chemists.

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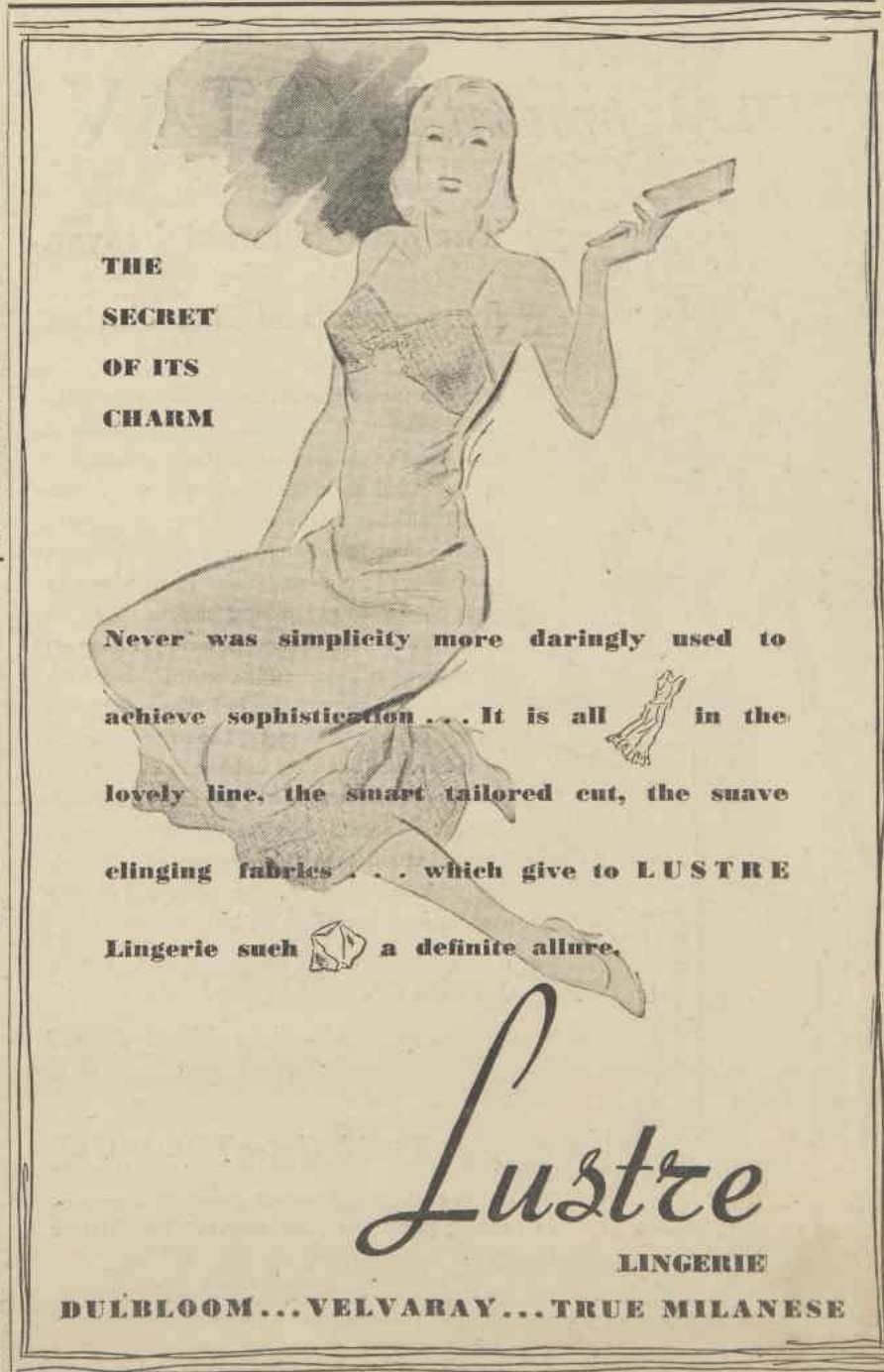

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Box of 12 powders, 1/6. Box of 24 powders, 2/6. Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 59

ONE December afternoon, when Andrew was returning to Vale View by the back road which led along the brow of the hill, he saw approaching a lanky yet erect young man of his own age whom he recognised at once as Richard Vaughan. His first impulse was to cross to the other side to avoid the oncoming figure. And then, doggedly, came the thought: Why should I? I don't care a hang who he is!

With his eyes averted he prepared to trudge past Vaughan when, to his surprise, he heard himself addressed in a friendly, half-humorous tone.

"Hello! You're the chap who put Ben Chenkin back to work, aren't you?"

Andrew stopped, his gaze lifting warily, his expression saying: "What of it? I didn't do it for you." Though he answered civilly enough he told himself he was not prepared to be patronised even by the son of Edwin Vaughan. The Vaughans were the virtual owners of the Aberalaw Company, they drew all the royalties from the adjacent pits, were rich, exclusive, unapproachable. Now that old Edwin had retired to an estate near Brecon, Richard, the only son, had taken over the managing directorship of the Company. Recently married, he had built himself a large modern house overlooking the town.

Now, considering Andrew and tugging at his spare moustache, he said:

"I'd have enjoyed seeing old Ben's face."

"I didn't find it particularly amusing."

Vaughan's lip twitched behind his hand at the stiff Scots pride. He said easily:

"You're by way of being our nearest neighbors. My missus—she's been away in Switzerland these last weeks—will be calling on yours, now that you're settled in."

"Thanks!" Andrew said curtly, walking on.

At tea that night he related the incident sardonically to Christine:

"What was his idea? Tell me that! I've seen him pass Llewellyn in the street and barely throw him a nod. Perhaps he thought he'd mug me into sending a few more men back to work at his dashed mines!"

"Now, don't, Andrew," Christine protested. "That's one thing about you! You're suspicious, frightfully suspicious of people."

"Think I would be suspicious of him. Stuck up blighter, rolling in money, old school tie under his ugly phiz—My missus—been yodelling on the Alps while you pigged it on Mardy Hill—will be calling on yours! Huh! I can see her looking near us, darling! And if she does," he was suddenly fierce, "take jolly good care you don't let her patronise you."

Chris answered—more shortly than he had ever heard her in all the tenderness of those first months:

"I think I know how to behave."

Despite Andrew's premonitions Mrs. Vaughan did call upon Christine and remained, apparently, much longer than the bare period demanded by convention. When Andrew came in that evening he found Christine gay, slightly flushed, with every appearance of having enjoyed herself. She was reticent to his ironic probings but admitted that the occasion had been a success.

He mocked her. "I suppose you had out the family silver, the best china, the gold-plated samovar. Oh! and a cake from Parry's."

"No. We had bread and butter," she answered equably. "And the brown tea-pot."

He raised his brows derisively.

"And she liked it?"

"I hope so!"

SOMETHING rankled queerly in Andrew after this conversation, an emotion which, had he tried, he could not quite have analysed. Then days later when Mrs. Vaughan rang him up and asked Christine and him to dinner he was shaken. Christine was in the kitchen at the time baking a cake, and he answered the phone himself.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid it's impossible. I have surgery till nearly nine every evening."

"But not on Sunday, surely." Her voice was light, charming. "Come to supper next Sunday. That's settled then. We'll expect you!"

He stormed into Christine.

"These dashed high-blown friends of yours have raked us in to supper. We can't go! I've got a positive conviction I'm having a midder case next Sunday evening!"

"Now you listen to me, Andrew Manson!" Her eyes had sparkled at the invitation but nevertheless she lectured him severely. "You've got to stop being silly. We're poor and everybody knows it. You wear old clothes and I do the cooking. But that doesn't matter. You're a doctor and a good doctor, too, and I'm your wife." Her expression relaxed momentarily. "Are you listening to me? Yes, it may surprise you, but I have my marriage lines tucked away in my bottom drawer. The Vaughans have got a lot of money but that's just a detail beside the fact that they're kind and charming and intelligent people. We're marvellously happy together here, darling, but we must have friends. Why shouldn't we be friendly with them if they'll let us? Now don't you be ashamed of being poor. Forget about money and position and everything and learn to take people for what they really are!"

"Oh, well—" he said grudgingly.

He went, on Sunday, expressionless and with apparent docility, merely using the corner of his mouth to remark, as they walked up the well-laid-out drive beside a new hard tennis court:

"Probably won't let us in, seeing I haven't got on a fish and soup."

A PURPLE knitted dress, with dark purple grapes embroidered at the shoulder and waist, is worn by this charming M.-G.-M. player. The short puff sleeves button tightly just above the elbow.

Contrary to his expectation they were well received. Vaughan's bony, ugly face smiled hospitably over a silver canister which, for a reason unexplained, he shook heartily. Mrs. Vaughan greeted them with effortless simplicity. There were two other guests, Professor and Mrs. Challis, who were staying over the week-end with the Vaughans.

Over the first cocktail he had ever dealt with in his life Andrew took stock of the long fawn carpeted room with its flowers, books, strangely beautiful old furniture. Christine was talking lightheartedly with Vaughan and his wife and Mrs. Challis, an elderly woman with humorous wrinkles around her eyes. Feeling isolated and conspicuous, Andrew gingerly approached Challis who, despite a large white beard, was successfully and cheerfully despatching his third short drink.

"Will some bright young physician kindly undertake an investigation," he smiled at Andrew, "as to the exact function of the olive in the martini?

Please turn to Page 61

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 60

"MIND you, I warn you beforehand—I have my suspicions. But what do you think, doctor?"

"Why——" Andrew stammered. "I—I hardly know——"

"My theory!" Challis took pity on him. "A conspiracy of bartenders and inhospitable fellows like our friend Vaughan. An exploitation of the law of Archimedes." He blinked rapidly under his black, bushy brows. "By the simple action of displacement they hope to save the gin!"

Andrew could not smile for thinking of his own awkwardness. He had no social graces and he had never been in so grand a house in all his life. He did not know what to do with his empty glass, his cigarette ash, his own—actually his own hands! He was glad when they went in to supper. But here again he felt himself at a disadvantage.

It was a simple but beautifully set out meal—a cup of hot bouillon stood waiting on each plate, and this was followed by a chicken salad, all white breast and heart of lettuce and strange, delicate flavors. Andrew was next to Mrs. Vaughan.

"Your wife is charming, Doctor Manson," she quietly remarked as they sat down. She was a tall, thin, elegant woman, very delicate in her appearance, not in the least pretty but with wide intelligent eyes and a manner of distinguished ease. Her mouth had a kind of upturned crookedness, a mobility which somehow conveyed a sense of wit and breeding.

She began to talk to him about his work, saying that her husband had heard of his thoroughness on more than one occasion. She tried kindly to draw him out, asking in an interested fashion, how he felt the conditions of practice could be improved in the district.

"Well—I don't know——" clumsily spilling some soup, "I suppose—I'd like to see more scientific methods used."

Stiff and tongue-tied upon his favorite subject—with which he had entranced Christine for hours — he kept his eyes upon his plate until, to his relief, Mrs. Vaughan slipped into conversation with Challis, on her other side.

Challis—presently revealed as Professor of Metallurgy at Cardiff, lecturer on the same subject at London University, and a member of the exalted Mines Fatigue Board—was a gay and gusty talker. He talked with his body, his hands, his beard, arguing, laughing, exploding, gurgling, meanwhile throwing great quantities of food and drink into himself like a stoker deliriously raising steam. But his talk was good; and the rest of the table seemed to like it.

Andrew, however, refused to admit the value of the conversation, listening grudgingly as it turned to music, to the qualities of Bach, and then, by one of Challis' prodigious leaps, to Russian literature. He heard mentioned the names of Tolstoy, Tchekov, Turgenev, Pushkin with his teeth on edge. Tripe, he raged to himself, all unimportant tripe. Who does this old beaver think he is? I'd like to see him tackle a tracheotomy, say, in a back kitchen in Cefan Row. He wouldn't get far with his Pushkin there!

Christine, however, was enjoying herself thoroughly. Glaring sideways, Andrew saw her smiling at Challis, heard her take part in the discussion. She made no pretence, she was perfectly natural. Once or twice she referred to her Council-schoolroom in Bank Street. It amazed him how well she stood up to the Professor, how quickly, unselfconsciously she made her points. He began to see his wife, as for the first time, and in a strange new light. Seems to know all about these Russian bugs he grated inwardly, funny she never talks to me about them! And later as Challis approvingly patted Christine on the hand—can't old bird's nest keep his paws to himself! Hasn't he got a wife of his own!

Once or twice he caught Christine's eyes offering him a bright interchange of intimacy, and several times she diverted the conversation in his direction.

"My husband is very interested in the anthracite workers, Professor Challis. He's started a line of investigation. On dust inhalation."

"Yes, yes," puffed Challis, turning an interested glance on Manson.

"Isn't that so, darling," Christine encouraged. "You were telling me all about it the other night."

"Oh, I don't know," Andrew growled. "There's probably nothing in it. I haven't enough data yet. Perhaps this T.B. doesn't come from the dust at all."

He was furious with himself, of course. Perhaps this man Challis might have helped him, not that he would have asked him for assistance, yet the fact that he was connected with the Mines Fatigue Board certainly seemed to offer a wonderful opportunity. For some incomprehensible reason his anger became directed towards Christine. As they walked home towards Vale View at the end of the evening he was jealously silent. And in the same silence he preceded her to the bedroom.

WHILE they undressed, usually a communicative and informal proceeding when, with his bracing hanging and a toothbrush in his hand, he would dilate upon the doings of the day, he kept his gaze studiously averted.

When Christine pleaded:

"We did have a nice time, didn't we, darling?" he answered with great politeness, "Oh, An excellent time!" In bed he kept well to the edge, away from her, resisting the slight movement which he felt her make towards him, with a long and heavy snore.

Next morning the same sense of constraint persisted between them. He went about his work sulking, stupidly unlike himself. About five o'clock in the afternoon, while they were having tea, a ring came to the front door. It was the Vaughan chauffeur with a pile of books and a great bunch of pheasants'-eye narcissi laid on top of them.

"From Mrs. Vaughan, madam," he said smiling, touching his peaked cap as he retreated.

Christine returned to the sitting-room with heaped arms and a glowing face.

"Look darling," she cried excitedly. "Isn't that too kind. The whole of Trollope loaned me by Mrs. Vaughan. I've always wanted to read him right through! And such lovely—lovely flowers."

He stood up stiffly, sneering:

"Very pretty! Books and flowers from the lady of the manor! You've got to have them, I suppose, to help you to endure living with me! I'm too dull for you. I'm not one of those flash talkers that you seemed to like so much last night. I don't know the Russian for boloney! I'm just one of these ordinary medical aid assistants!"

"Andrew!" All the color had gone out of her face. "How can you!"

"It's true, isn't it? I could see while I was gawking my way through that supper. I've got eyes in my head. You're sick of me already. I'm only fit for slogging round in the slush, turning over dirty blankets, collecting fleas. I'm too much of a lout for your taste now!"

Her eyes were dark and pitiful in her pale face. But she said steadily:

"How can you talk like that! It's because you are yourself that I love you. And I'll never love anybody else."

"Sounds like it," he snarled, and banged out of the room.

For five minutes he skulked in the kitchen, tramping up and down, biting his lip. Then all at once he turned, dashed back to the sitting-room, where she stood, her head bent forlornly, staring into the fire. He took her fiercely in his arms.

"Chris, darling!" he cried, in hot repentance. "Darling, darling! I'm sorry! For heaven's sake forgive me. I didn't mean a word of it. I'm just a crazy, jealous fool. I adore you!"

They clung to each other wildly, closely. The scent of the narcissi was in the air.

"Don't you know," she sobbed, "that I'd just die without you!"

Afterwards, as she sat with her cheek pressed against his he said sheepishly, reaching forward for a book:

"Who is this chap Trollope anyway? Will you teach me, darling? I'm just an ignorant hog!"

The winter passed. He had now the added incentive of his work on dust inhalation which he had begun by planning and conducting a systematic examination of every anthracite worker upon his list. Their evenings together were even happier than before. Christine helped him to transcribe his notes, working before the fine coal fire—it was one advantage of the district that they never lacked an abundance of cheap coal—when he came home from his late surgery.

Please turn to Page 62

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Great big surprise

"Why is it," she asked, "that this hat . . . a youthful hat . . . doesn't make me look younger? I'm STILL 43."

"It's your skin," replied Cecile-Jean. "Just a moment."

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All shades and suntan. Big double size box . . . so economical . . . 2/6. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

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Michel

The King of Lipsticks

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 61

OFTEN they had long talks in which the extent of her knowledge, though she never obtruded it, and her acquaintance with books, astounded him. He began, moreover, to discern in her a fineness of instinct, an intuition which made her judgment of literature, music, and especially of people, uncannily correct.

"Hang it all," he would tease her, "I'm just getting to know my wife. In case you're getting swelled head we'll take half an hour off and I'll beat you at piquet." They had learned the game from the Vaughans.

As the days lengthened, without speaking of it to him, she began on the wilderness that was the garden. Jenny, the maid, had a great-uncle—she was proud of the unique relationship—an elderly, disabled miner who for tenpence an hour became Christine's assistant. Manson, crossing the dilapidated bridge, found them down by the stream bed one March afternoon, starting an assault on the rusty salmon tins that lay there!

"Hey, you below," he shouted from the bridge. "What are you doing? Spoiling my fishing!"

She answered his gibes with a brisk nod:

"You wait and see."

In a few weeks she had grubbed out the weeds and cleared the neglected paths. The bed of the stream was clean, its edges were cut and trimmed. A new rockery, made from loose stones lying about, stood at the foot of the glen. Vaughan's gardener, John Roberts, kept coming over, bringing bulbs and cuttings, offering advice. With real triumph she led Andrew by the arm to view the first daffodil.

Then, on the last Sunday in March, without warning, Denny came over to visit them. They fell upon him with open arms, belabored him with their delighted welcome. To see the squat figure, that red sandy-browed face again gave Manson a rare pleasure. When they had shown him round, fed him on their best, and thrust him into their softest chair they eagerly demanded news.

"Page is gone," Philip announced. "Yes, the poor chap died a month ago. Another haemorrhage. And a good thing too!" He drew on his pipe, the familiar cynicism puckering his eyes. "Blodwen and your friend Rees seem all set for matrimony."

"A golden wedding from the start," Andrew said with unusual bitterness. "Poor Edward!"

"Page was a fine fellow. A good old G.P." Denny reflected. "You know I hate the very sound of those fatal letters and all that they stand for. But Page let them down lightly."

There was a pause while they thought of Edward Page, who had longed for Capri with its birds and sunshine through all those drudging years amidst the slag heaps of Blaenelly.

"And how about you, Philip?" Andrew asked at last.

"Oh, I don't know! I'm getting restless." Denny smiled drily. "Blaenelly hasn't seemed quite the same since you people cleared out. I think I'll take a trip abroad somewhere. Ship's surgeon, maybe—if some cheap cargo boat will have me."

Andrew was silent, distressed once again by the thought of this clever man, this really talented surgeon, wasting his life, deliberately, with a kind of self-inflicted sadism. Yet was Denny really wasting his life? Christine and he had often spoken of Philip, trying to solve the enigma of his career. Vaguely they knew that he had married a woman, socially his superior, who had tried to mould him to the demands of a county practice where there was no credit in operating well four days of the week if one did not hunt the other three. After five years of effort on Denny's part she had rewarded him by leaving him, quite casually, for another man. It was no wonder that Denny had fled to the backwoods, despising convention and hating orthodoxy. Perhaps one day he would return to civilisation.

They talked all afternoon and Philip waited till the last train. He was interested in Andrew's account of the conditions of practice in Aberalaw. As Andrew came, indignantly, to the question of Llewellyn's percentage deducted from the assistants' salaries, he said, with an odd smile:

"I can't see you sitting down under that for long!"

When Philip had gone Andrew became gradually aware as the days passed of a gap, an odd vacancy existing in his work. In Blaenelly with Philip near him he had always been aware of a common bond, a definite purpose shared between them. But in Aberalaw he had no such bond, felt no such purpose among his fellow doctors.

Doctor Urquhart, his colleague in the West Surgery, was, for all his fiery humor, a kindly man. Yet he was old, rather automatic, and absolutely without inspiration. Though long experience enabled him, as he put it, to smell pneumonia the moment he "put his nose in" the sick-room, though he was deft in his application of splints and plasters and an adept in the cruciform treatment of boils, though occasionally he delighted to prove that he could perform some small operation he was, nevertheless, in many directions, shatteringly antiquated. He stood out plainly, in Andrew's view, as Denny's "good old type" of family doctor—shrewd, painstaking, experienced, a doctor sentimentalised by his patients and by the public at large, who had not opened a medical book for twenty years and was almost dangerously out of date. Though Andrew was always eager to start discussions with Urquhart, the old man had little time for "shop." When his day's work was over he would drink his tinned soup—tomato was his favorite—sandpaper his new violin, inspect his old china, then clump off to the Masonic Club to play draughts and smoke.

The two assistants at the East Surgery were equally unencouraging. Doctor Medley, the elder of the two, a man of nearly fifty, with a clever, sensitive face, was unhappily almost stone deaf. But for this affliction, which for some reason the vulgar always found amusing, Charles Medley would have been a very long way from an assistantship in the mining valleys.

He was like Andrew, essentially a physician. As a diagnostician he was remarkable. But when his patients spoke to him he could not hear a word. Of course, he was a practised lip-reader. Yet he was timid, for he often made laughable mistakes. It was quite painful to see his harassed eyes fastened, in a kind of desperate inquiry, upon the moving lips of the person speaking to him. Because he was so fearful of making a grave error he never prescribed anything but the smallest doses of any drug. He was not well off, for he had met with trouble and expense over his grown-up family, and like his faded wife he had become an ineffectual, strangely pathetic being who went in dread of Doctor Llewellyn and the Committee lest he should be suddenly dismissed.

The other assistant, Doctor Oxborrow, was a very different character from poor Medley and Andrew did not like him nearly so well. Oxborrow was a large pasty man with pudgy fingers and a jerky heartiness. Andrew often felt that with more blood in him Oxborrow would have made an admirable bookmaker.

Continued next week

WOMEN ARE now taking a keen interest in rifle-shooting, and seemingly are bringing up their daughters in the way they should shoot. Mrs. Philpotts, a frequent competitor at Bisley, always takes her daughter, Denise, to the range to do the "sighting" for her.

"You have an enemy—a beautiful blonde

IT'S YOURSELF!"

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!"*

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is herself. For it is her own failings which defeat her—faults which she does not see, and so cannot correct.

It's common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything—beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back—a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. The annoying odour of perspiration on person and clothing.

She may think her daily bath protects her. Yet, all soap and water can do is to cleanse for the moment. They cannot protect in the hours to come.

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Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too—you can use it even on a sensitive skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

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Does not prevent natural perspiration. This is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odour and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
October 30, 1937 — A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. — Page One

OUTDOOR *Loveliness* FOR YOU!

How to acquire a nice tan with no freckles or burns to spoil the effect of delicate party frocks.

HOT weather, beach time, and blistering skin used to be synonymous! But that was long ago! Now you can enjoy hours on the beach with the sun pouring down its hottest rays without endangering your complexion or encouraging freckles.

By EVELYN

CORRECT make-up for the beach should be noticeable by complete lack of artificiality.

Heavy, gaudy make-up just isn't consistent with beach garb; and all make-up for sports or outdoors must be accomplished with rouges that are toned to the skin.

A good skin-protective cream is the most essential of all beauty preparations during the summer months out-of-doors. With a light film of cream over the skin, you can enjoy the sun and outdoor sports knowing full well that the complexion is well defended.

There are many good sun-tan preparations available at toilet goods counters, including sun-tan creams with an oily base to be used like a cold cream, sun-tan lotions that may also be used as powder foundations, and also protective creams which are waterproof and can be used under powder, too, if desired.

Don't stint the skin-protective cream; smooth it over your legs, arms, back, chest, throat, hands and feet. Spread a light film of cream over your facial skin, too. Don't let an inch of skin be exposed to the sun without first making an application of protective cream.

Does the glare of the sun on the sand cause you to frown and squint? If so, smooth a little lubricating cream around your eyes and over your forehead.

Then on top of the lubricant, make an application of sun-tan cream.

Hours of squinting and frowning, in an effort to shut out the glaring reflections, are likely to encourage permanent eye-area lines. Either wear a hat with a large brim or, if you prefer, use a sunshade or a pair of dark glasses on the beach.

SMOOTH PROTECTIVE skin cream over arms, back, and legs before going on to the beach.

Strain on Eyes

I WOULDN'T advise you to wear cheap sun-glasses. The glass is imperfect and is not properly ground, which means that the added refractions from the imperfect glasses cause a strain on the eyes that may, eventually, prove weakening.

Good sun-glasses are a good investment, as they can be used equally well during the winter months should you go ski-ing holidays to dim the almost-blinding reflections of the sun shining on snow.

Lip rouge and eyebrow pencil are the only two cosmetics that are really necessary for your beach make-up.

After you have smoothed the sun-tan cream over your facial skin, use a little of your lip rouge for adding a healthy glow to your cheeks. Don't use too much, however, or the natural effect, which is a "make-up must" for wear on the beach, will be destroyed.

Make a light application of rouge to your cheeks, then use the cushions of your fingers for smoothing it into the protective cream.

Apply lip rouge and eye pencil sparingly, and don't extend the colouring beyond the margin of your lips. Lip rouge that is used for the cheeks, too, must be toned to the natural red that is in the skin. Dust on a little powder, if you must, but your skin with this make-up will look better without powder.

AN attractive idea for the beach—polka dotted bandeau to match beach bag.

THESE GIRLS use rubber-lined beach bags for holiday bathing suit beach shoes, make-up, sun-tan cream, towel and sun-glasses.

Protecting the Hair

RUBBER bathing caps worn over hair that is not protected are likely to make the scalp warm and moist and destroy your hair setting.

You can prevent this, however, by wrapping a strip of chamois or a double band of two-inch gauze around your head before putting on the rubber cap.

First, pin your waves and end curls in place. Then wrap the chamois or gauze around your head and slip on your bathing cap. You'll be able to dive or swim to your heart's content knowing full well that your lovely hair arrangement won't be damaged by water or perspiration.

When you are relaxing on the beach between swims, see to it that your hair is protected so that it won't be faded and discolored by the sun's powerful rays.

The polka-dotted bandeau worn by the girl in the photograph on this page as a hair-protector may be used also as a neckerchief for adding a colorful note to the bathing suit.

Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Colgate's Dental Cream

All you mothers who want your children to have sound, healthy teeth — read these important facts about early dental care.

TO the specialists in charge of the Dionne Quintuplets—and to Dr. Dafoe particularly—the daily care of their teeth is most important . . . *And rightly so!*

Because the second or permanent teeth are forming in the jaw even before infancy. Thus, defects in the first, or baby teeth, are communicated to the permanent teeth . . . affecting their colour, shape, quality, and position in the mouth. Moreover, defects in the first teeth may even affect the general health of the child!

Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Colgate's

This is why the utmost care is taken of the Quins' baby teeth . . . why Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream *exclusively* for these famous babies!

For Colgate's Dental Cream cleans teeth so *thoroughly*—yet so *gently*—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel, or irritation to tender gums.

And the delightful peppermint flavour of Colgate's Dental Cream makes children *like* to brush their teeth.

Colgate's Dental Cream is the choice of dental authorities for *adult* teeth, too. Its special *penetrating* foam gets into those tiny crevices between your teeth . . . cleans every surface . . . keeps your breath beyond reproach!

Happy little Quins! How carefully their good friend, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, has guarded them . . . watched over them!

LARGE SIZE 1/3
GIANT SIZE TWICE THE QUANTITY 2/-

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All Recipes Tested in Our Kitchen

SERVING *Summer Meals* OUT OF DOORS

Recipes for dishes that are simple to make but delicious to eat

MEALS out of doors! And why not? When the days are hot and sunny, there's something extra delightful about a luncheon or tea served on a shady porch or lawn.

By . . . RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly

LUNCHEON out of doors is a favorite meal with Bette Davis, Warner Bros. star. Here she is unpacking a spring salad.

Above: SALAD VEGETABLES and greens chopped up and mixed together with cold meat and potato makes an appetising out-of-doors dish. Left: Frances Langford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, takes luncheon out on the lawn of her home.

IF you can hie away to the mountains or seaside so much the better. But fresh air makes appetites keen, so food must be delicious and plentiful.

Salads make an ever-popular dish for out-of-door meals. Left-overs can be used up for these. Chop up cold meat, potatoes, lettuce, tomatoes, and other vegetables, and mix them in a bowl together. Wrap the bowl in greaseproof paper, and when you arrive at your destination serve the salad with mayonnaise and see if it won't prove a popular dish.

COLD SALMON SALAD

Tin salmon, hard-boiled egg, french dressing, tomato, gherkin, lettuce leaves.

Remove liquid from salmon. Cut into neat pieces and place in a basin. Pour over 2 tablespoons french dressing. Stand in refrigerator or cool place for 2 hours, and baste every 20 minutes with the dressing; then arrange basted salmon on small leaves of lettuce. Stand on flat glass plate. Cut egg into 6 petals after halving egg lengthwise. Remove yolk. Arrange petal on salmon, and rub the yolk through fine sieve. Fill lemon or tomato shell with the french dressing. Serve very cold.

BEAUTY SALAD

Half a heart of small green cabbage, ¼ cup carrots, ¼ cup spinach, 1 tablespoon onion, Russian dressing, hard-boiled egg.

Wash very well all the ingredients, and dry thoroughly. Shred the cabbage to a hail-like fineness, then chop crosswise. Cut the spinach in same way. Grate carrot, chop onion finely. Mix ingredients and moisten with the dressing. Serve in very cold glass bowl or individual dishes. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg, and corkscrews of radish.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

One cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon minced gherkin and olives, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce.

Mix all the ingredients well together. Chill, and serve.

WALDORF SALAD

Two apples, 1 head celery, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, curled celery.

Peel apples, cut into strips 1 inch long, and a little larger than matches; cut celery the same way, using the white part only. Mix well together, moisten with mayonnaise and serve in nests of crisp lettuce leaves. Decorate with curled celery.

WATCH NIGHT SALAD

Allow for each person: 1 slice pineapple, 1 candied cherry, 1 banana, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise, lemon rind.

Line plate with lettuce leaves. Mask with mayonnaise and salad dressing. Lay a ring of pineapple in the centre and lay in the middle the largest part of a straight banana. Cut a slice off both ends of banana so it will not topple over and look like a candle. Make a hole in top of banana, and squeeze in a cherry. Place on side a ring of fresh lemon rind for handle.

VEAL LOAF

Two pounds veal (either cooked or uncooked), ½lb. pork (either cooked or uncooked), 2 slices stale bread, 2 eggs, clove of garlic if liked, 1 nutmeg.

Chop veal and pork very finely, and mix together with salt and pepper to taste, grated nutmeg and eggs. Soak bread in water, press free of moisture, and stir into mixture. Take a fairly deep oblong baking tin and rub the sides with the crushed garlic. This step can be omitted if desired. Then butter the inside of the tin, turn the mixture into it, press well down, and bake in moderate oven. If you are using uncooked meat, bake for about two hours, otherwise three-quarters of an hour should be enough to cook the dish thoroughly.

JELLIED PORK WITH VEGETABLES

One cup chopped-up cooked pork, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked sliced carrot, gelatine (powdered), ½ pint boiling white stock, ½ teaspoonful salt.

Brush a mould with olive oil and carefully arrange the slices of carrot and peas on the bottom. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the stock, then add it to the remainder of the stock, with the salt and the chopped-up meat. Pour the mixture carefully and slowly into the mould, being careful not to disarrange the vegetables. Stand in a cold place till set. When required, turn out into a nest of lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

ITALIAN CREAM

One packet lemon jelly, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons sherry, ½ cup cream.

Dissolve jelly crystals in the water. Mix well. Add sugar and sherry, and when beginning to set beat well. Add the whipped cream. Place in glass dish or jelly glasses and leave till set. Serve with cream or custard.

BANANA WHIP

Five bananas, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, juice ½ lemon, ½ teacup chopped walnuts, 1 egg white, ½ teacup whipped cream, 4 walnut halves, 8 triangular wafer biscuits.

Peel bananas and mash with a silver fork to a smooth pulp. Then stir in castor sugar and strained lemon juice. Have the nuts chopped small and fold in. Then fold in stiffly-whipped egg-white and a small amount of the whipped cream. Pile this mixture into four glasses. Pipe the remainder of cream in whirls on top. Lay a half-walnut on each and arrange the triangular wafers sticking out on each side like wings.

BLINDFOLD TEST No. 14.

Corn Flakes have twice the flavour

The Barber Family makes Blindfold Test
After tasting four different breakfast foods whilst blindfolded, the Barber family, of 35 Merrenburn Avenue, gave a one hundred per cent. "YES" vote for Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

– that's how the Barber family votes in the Blindfold Test

Still another family gives a complete return of "Yes" votes for Corn Flakes in Kellogg's sensational Blindfold Test. And it's not just luck. You'd vote for Corn Flakes, too. Because Kellogg's pack each of those great big crunchy Corn Flakes with all the extra-rich flavour of natural corn. Corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain—and no other Australian breakfast cereal is made with corn. You'll love Corn Flakes.

Votes "Yes"
Whole Family Loves them. At last I've found a breakfast food that the whole family loves. No wonder! Other breakfast foods have never tasted half so good as Corn Flakes. Says Mrs. M. P. Barber.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.

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CLIP OUT THESE NEW KRAFT SUGGESTIONS

for cool, nutritious meals

TRIANGLE CLUB SANDWICH

Spread a slice of toast with tomato sauce, cover with a slice of full-flavoured Kraft Cheddar or tasty Old English cheese. Then a second slice of toast spread with tomato sauce. Spread the top of this slice with Kraft Salad Dressing. Cover it with a slice of tongue and a third slice of toast spread with Salad Dressing. Cut the sandwich in four triangles and stand upright on a plate. Garnish with crisp lettuce and stuffed olives. Cool to make and so nutritious,—this tasty sandwich can be a luncheon main dish for the family.

KRAFT CHEESE TRAY

A GRAND IDEA

On a tray arrange slices of Kraft Cheddar . . . Zesty tasting Kraft Old English . . . Luscious, tantalizing Kraft Pimento. Include some Kraft Celery, too — it's so cool and delicious. And Kraft Welsh Rarebit, that is all seasoned and flavoured, can be eaten on biscuits as it is, as well as melted. Make little bread and butter sandwiches. Then peel tomatoes and cut each into five sections almost to the stem end. Place them on lettuce and cover with Kraft Salad Dressing. Remember this for warm day entertaining and for supplying the family with food values. You can be cool preparing the meal!

CLIP THESE OUT AND KEEP THEM IN YOUR RECIPE BOOK!

WHEN the weather grows warmer and appetites get wayward, you needn't make yourself all hot and bothered over planning meals that are taste-tempting, cool, and still thoroughly nutritious.

Just open up a packet or two of the delicious new Kraft cheeses, and your whole problem is settled in one!

Appetising? There's nothing like a Kraft cheese dish for teasing a wilted palate. Kraft cheese dishes look so festive, you're proud to serve them any time.

Nutritious? Kraft cheese is just crammed full of valuable food elements —highest quality protein, Vitamin A, energy units, and a wealth of the precious milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, that are essential for good health.

For children? Yes. Children as well as adults should have some Kraft cheese every day. It takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft cheese, and scientists have proved it as digestible as milk itself.

Economical? Creamy Kraft blocks keep fresh in their foil wrapping. They cut cleanly without crumbling. There isn't any rind to waste. And always the same unvarying delicious flavours!

KRAFT CHEDDAR. A mild, creamy, highly nutritious cheese that appeals to every palate. Keep some handy always.

KRAFT PIMENTO. A new taste thrill—a Cheddar flecked and flavoured with piquant Spanish pimento!

WELSH RAREBIT. A meal in a minute that tastes as though it took hours to prepare. It's a winner!

TRIED KRAFT "OLD ENGLISH" YET?

Causing a regular sensation among the people who know good cheeses, this Kraft Old English—but definitely. Kraft Old English is the marvellous new tasty cheese in a packet; fully matured, hearty flavoured, much more convenient to use!

RECIPE BOOK "CHEESE AND WAYS TO SERVE IT" FREE

Send to the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A7), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 58 Clarence Street, Sydney; or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane, for a free copy of this splendid Kraft Cheese Recipe Book.

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Add These to the Picnic Basket

FRESH LETTUCE is an almost indispensable item on a picnic for serving with cold meats or adding to sandwich mixtures.

WHEN MAKING picnic sandwiches be generous with the butter and fillings. Recipes for fillings are given below.

Recipes for delicious sandwich fillings and other fare suitable for packing in a hamper

By **RUTH FURST,** *Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly*

CHILDREN adore picnics—and so do most grown-ups. But whether the members of a picnic party are big or small, appetites are always keen, and there must be food a-plenty in the picnic basket.

Food must be appetising, too, and daintily packed. You don't require an elaborate picnic basket—an ordinary roomy basket or a fair-sized box will do if you intend travelling by car. If you intend to do any walking then it is advisable to have a basket or case with a handle.

If you use cardboard utensils, dishes and plates, you won't have to worry about breaking china. Line the cardboard dishes with grease-proof paper and you can use them on another occasion.

You can get cardboard jars to hold butter, cream, mayonnaise, jams, pickles, and cardboard cups, and so on.

Pack tightly, and if the basket is not full, fill up spaces with paper.

Salad vegetables should be washed and carried in a towel, or chopped up and carried in a bowl. Cakes and pastry should be wrapped in grease-proof paper, then in a serviette and packed in boxes. Vacuum flasks will carry liquids either hot or cold.

MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 4oz. minced ham, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, cayenne, 4 hard-boiled eggs, minced onion if liked, cracker crumbs.

Mix steak, ham, crumbs, onion, salt, cayenne, add sauce and beaten egg. Press half the mixture into well-greased pie-dish. Lay shelled hard-boiled eggs down the centre. Cover with remainder of the mixture. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Turn out. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs. Serve in slices with salad vegetables.

INCLUDE SOME date cookies or other small cakes in the picnic basket. They will be popular for between-meal snacks.

DATE COOKIES

Quarter cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg gradually, add milk gradually, then sifted flour and dates. Place dessertspoonfuls of mixture on well-greased Swiss roll tins, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

PICNIC CAKE

Half pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 1lb. self-raising flour, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, grated rind of 1 lemon, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. currants, 2oz. peel, ½ teaspoon spice.

Sift flour and spice, rub in butter, add sugar, fruits, rind, and peel. Mix into a dough with the beaten eggs and milk. Place in a well-greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven from 1 to 1½ hours. Turn on to a cake-cooler.

STUFFED ROLLS

Rolls, small tin salmon, mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, lettuce leaves.

Cut tops off the rolls. Scoop out a little of the centre, and butter if liked. Flake the salmon, removing any bones. Mix in a little mayonnaise, salt, and cayenne. Wash and dry lettuce and shred finely. Line the rolls with lettuce, then heap the salmon mixture in the centre. Cover with a buttered top. Pack in greaseproof paper in boxes.

Rolls may also be stuffed with: Asparagus in white sauce, crab or lobster in white sauce, oyster in white sauce, tongue and ham minced in white sauce, cooked minced chicken and ham in white sauce.

EGG SANDWICHES

Thin slices white or brown bread, butter, hard-boiled eggs, salt, cayenne, anchovy sauce, lettuce leaves.

Mash eggs well with a fork, add sauce, salt and cayenne to taste, mix well. Butter bread, spread with egg mixture, put a leaf of lettuce over, place on a buttered slice. Press lightly, trim edges, cut into shape desired. Garnish with very small lettuce leaves and sprigs of parsley.

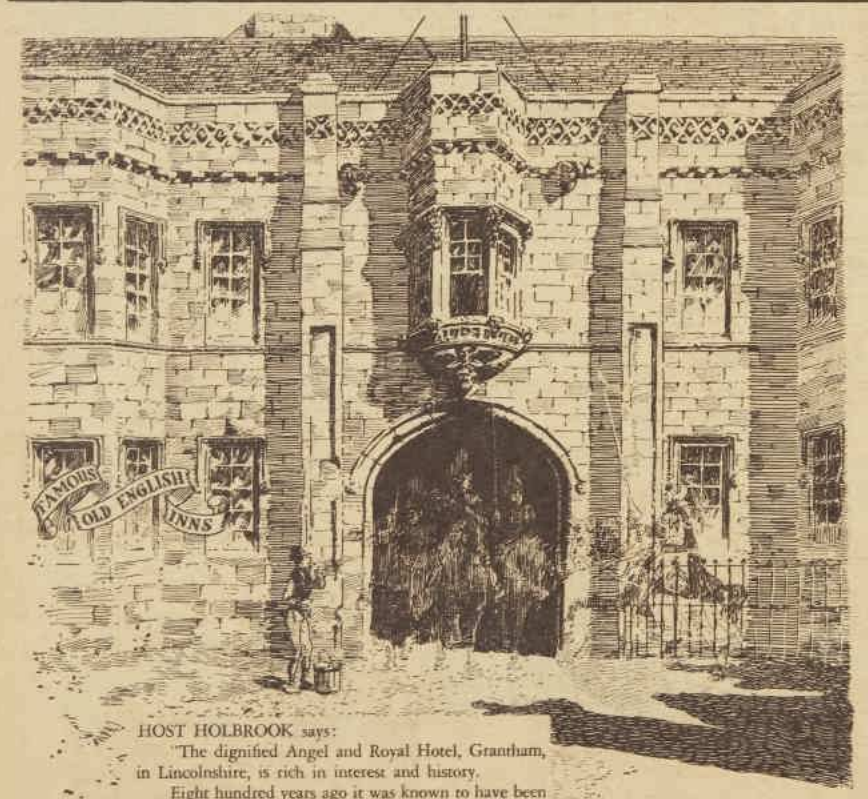
SANDWICH FILLINGS

(1) Chopped ham and olives, mixed with mayonnaise.
(2) Slices of tomatoes with lettuce leaves.
(3) Hard-boiled eggs, mashed with tomato sauce and curry powder.
(4) Cheese grated and mixed to paste with Worcester sauce.
(5) Spaghetti and tomato sauce.
(6) Asparagus.
(7) Tomato and cream cheese.
(8) Cream cheese and gherkins.
(9) Chopped chicken, with olives, ham and chutney.
(10) Tongue or ham, chopped, mixed with capers and dressing.
(11) Crab and ham.
(12) Celery and chopped nuts.
(13) Sweet corn.
(14) Cooked green peas with mayonnaise.
(15) Cooked beans with mayonnaise.
(16) Mixed salad vegetables, lettuce, onion, celery.
(17) Cucumber with dressing.
(18) Beetroot.
(19) Cooked brains in thick sauce.
(20) Cooked rabbit in thick sauce.
(21) Salmon.
(22) Sardines, mashed, with vinegar, salt, cayenne.
(23) Dates, raisins, nuts, etc., chopped.
(24) Oyster in white sauce or dressing.
(25) Ham, foiegras, fish pastes or asparagus paste.
(26) Slices of meat with chopped pickles, grated carrot.
(27) Cooked liver minced with fat bacon, mixed with mayonnaise.
(28) Spread with cream cheese, mixed with anchovy paste, and sprinkle of cayenne.
(29) Spread with flaked salmon and slices of hard-boiled egg.
(30) Thin slices of ham and red currant jelly.
(31) Bananas and chopped dates.
(32) Chocolate and dates.
(33) Raisins and nuts.
(34) Minced cooked steak moistened with horseradish sauce.
(35) Minced cooked liver and bacon mixed with tomato and Worcester sauce.
(36) Lobster paste, mixed with mayonnaise.
(37) Chopped prawns and gherkin in mayonnaise or sauce.
(38) Chopped ginger and nuts.
(39) Minced tongue and pickle.
(40) Mashed banana with lemon juice and sugar.
(41) Grated apple mixed with honey and nuts.
(42) Grated cheese mixed with marmalade.

SAVORY PUFFS

Flaky or puff pastry, ½lb. garlic sausage, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2oz. ham, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon butter, chopped parsley.

Mince sausage finely, also ham and egg, then mash well. Add the butter, sauce, and parsley. Make the pastry. Roll out thinly. Stamp into rounds with plain 2½in. cutter. Place a portion of the mixture on the centre of a round of pastry. Damp the edge and cover with another round. Glaze with egg. Place on a greased swiss roll tin. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.



HOST HOLBROOK says:

"The dignified Angel and Royal Hotel, Grantham, in Lincolnshire, is rich in interest and history.

Eight hundred years ago it was known to have been a possession of the Order of Knights Templar, the Members of which, on returning from the Crusades, had pledged themselves to defend the Christian faith. Centuries later, in the very room where one may dine to-day, Richard III. signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham, whose rebellion had been frustrated by the flooded River Severn.

The House of Holbrook has a history, too. Founded in 1798 in the little village of Stourport, on the Severn, its products have become known the world over for their quality and excellence."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOKS WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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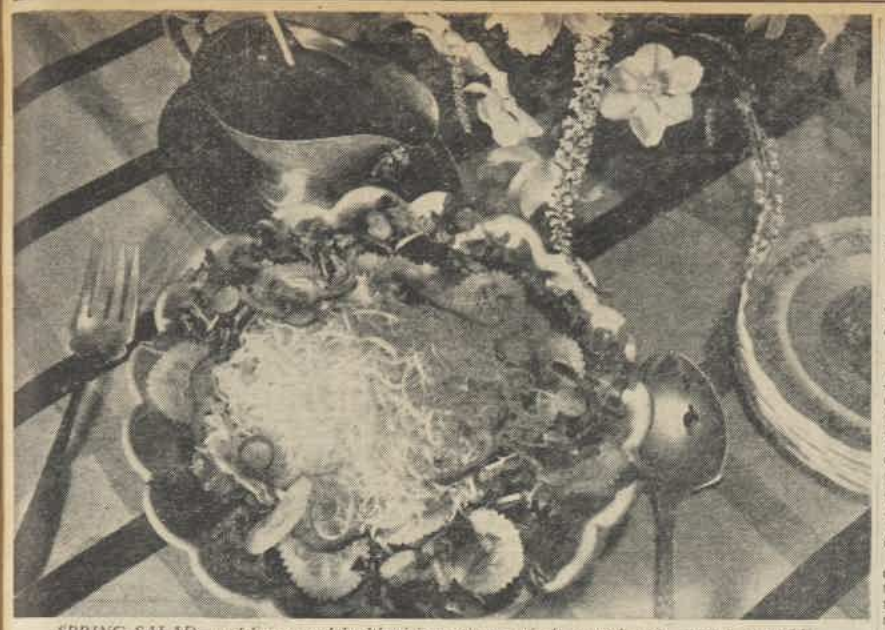


SPRING SALAD—a delicious and health-giving mixture of cheese and crisp young vegetables.

Tempting SALADS *Like* THESE

Can be swiftly made, with delicious cheese and crisp young vegetables

For health's sake you should make a point of serving a salad in some form at least once a day.

Tomatoes, greens and cheese, fruits and cheese, or all three, make the perfect combination salad. Raw vegetables and fruit are rich in vitamins and mineral salts; cheese is a highly concentrated food substance and, therefore, of great value for promoting growth and maintaining good health.

FOR greater enjoyment of salads, serve them as temptingly colorful as possible. Select bowls with pretty borders to harmonise or pleasantly contrast with contents. Polish glass dishes until they sparkle. Follow the same procedure if you serve individual salads.

CHEESE salads have a distinct "eye appeal" that hostesses and guests alike appreciate. Crisp lettuce and bright tomatoes, sober olives and slices of golden cheese in a salad are guaranteed to stimulate a wilting appetite even on the hottest summer day.

Here are salads guaranteed to tempt the most flagging appetites:

GREEN AND GOLD SALAD

Crisp lettuce, hard-boiled eggs, asparagus tips, chopped celery, packet tasty cheese, olives, mayonnaise.

For each serving, arrange lettuce on salad plate. Cut a hard-boiled egg in six lengthwise sections, and arrange petal-shaped on the lettuce. Add three asparagus tips, one between each two sections of egg. Sprinkle with chopped celery and cheese cut into 1½-inch long strips. Garnish with olives and mayonnaise.

CHEESE DATE SALAD

Lettuce, sliced pineapple, dates, packet of cheese, mayonnaise.

Arrange crisp lettuce on individual salad plates. Place a slice of pineapple on each. Arrange five dates, stuffed with the cheese in star fashion, on each pineapple slice. Serve with mayonnaise.

SUMMER DELIGHT SALAD

One small cauliflower, 1 large white onion, ½ cup stuffed olives, 2-3 cup french dressing, 1 lettuce, ¼lb. packet cheese.

Remove outer leaves of cauliflower and separate into flowerets, sliced crosswise into thin slices. Slice onion crosswise and separate each slice into rings. Slice olives. Soak cauliflower, onion rings and olive slices in the french dressing for half an hour. Just before serving add shredded lettuce and cheese, tossing all together lightly in salad bowl.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD

Quarter pound packet cheese (shredded), 1 tablespoon salad dressing, lettuce, sliced pineapple, mayonnaise.

Cream together cheese and salad dressing until very smooth. Roll into balls, placing one ball in centre of each pineapple slice and serve on crisp lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise.

SPRING SALAD

Lettuce, celery, eschalots, shredded cheese, radish, cucumber, watercress, olives, gherkin, mayonnaise.

Soak salad vegetables for ½ hour. Drain well. Shred the lettuce finely. Chop the eschalots, celery, radish, olives and gherkin. Mix with the lettuce, add a little mayonnaise. Pile this mixture in centre of salad bowl. Cover thickly with shredded cheese. Garnish round edge with rounds of serrated cucumber and sprigs of watercress. Serve very cold.

LUNCHEON PLATTER

Tasty cheese, cooked tongue, lettuce, shredded cabbage, mayonnaise, salt, pepper, green pepper rings.

Cut each slice of cheese in halves. Place four halves on each salad plate, radiating the slices lengthwise from the centre. Place a slice of tongue on each slice of cheese, and a lettuce cup in the centre. Fill the lettuce cup with coleslaw made from the cabbage, moistened with mayonnaise and seasoned to taste. Garnish with green pepper rings.

ORANGE AND WALNUT SALAD

Sprinkle serving dish with shredded lettuce, lay on slice of peeled orange. Sprinkle with mayonnaise or oil, salt and cayenne, then mound of cream cheese, topped with ½ pickled walnut, pressing it well in. Serve ice cold.

SPANISH DRESSING

Yolks 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup chilli sauce, 1 cup whipped cream, pimento.

Mix yolks, sauce and chopped pimento well together, and just before serving, lightly stir in the cream. Add salt to taste. Serve at once.

CREAM DRESSING

Two tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon vinegar, juice 1 lemon, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons cream, salt, cayenne.

Mix sugar, flour and salt; add, slowly, the vinegar and lemon juice, then beaten egg. Cook till thick over boiling water. Set aside to cool, then add the slightly whipped cream. Use as required.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

Mayonnaise, chopped chillies, hard-boiled eggs.

Add the chopped chillies and eggs to the mayonnaise, chill and use.

GROW *Your* OWN!

Crisp Salad Vegetables are Easy to Grow —SAYS THE OLD GARDENER

WHY not grow your own vegetables, especially those necessary for salads? Summer is coming, and what is nicer, more profitable, than to be able to go into your own garden and choose for the table just what you require in the way of salads?

Here The Old Gardener tells you how easy it is to grow tomatoes, cress, cucumbers, lettuce, endive, etc., in order to make the most delicious and health-bringing salads.

ALL salad vegetables must be grown quickly, especially the varieties such as lettuce, endive, etc. Prepare the beds well, add plenty of well-decayed animal manure, work this well into the soil. Spread the manure well over the bed, then thoroughly turn the ground over and rake level.

Lettuce at this time of the year does better if sown in the beds where they are to remain. After making the bed, just scatter the seed (or sow in drills), then, when they are up and growing well, thin out to give them more room.

Tomatoes, of course, will be better planted out now. Some time ago I gave advice on how to grow them from seed; if those instructions were carried out, the plants will be well on the way to their transplanting stage. They will require special attention as regards the growing period. Prune, spray, and watch out for all the insect pests that may attack them.

After planting out the salad vegetables, it would be advisable to keep them on the move by using a fertiliser that will produce hearts and leaves; sulphate of ammonia, used in liquid form, is the best fertiliser. One teaspoonful to every gallon of water poured around the roots will hurry them along. Lettuce will be ready for the table four weeks after planting out.

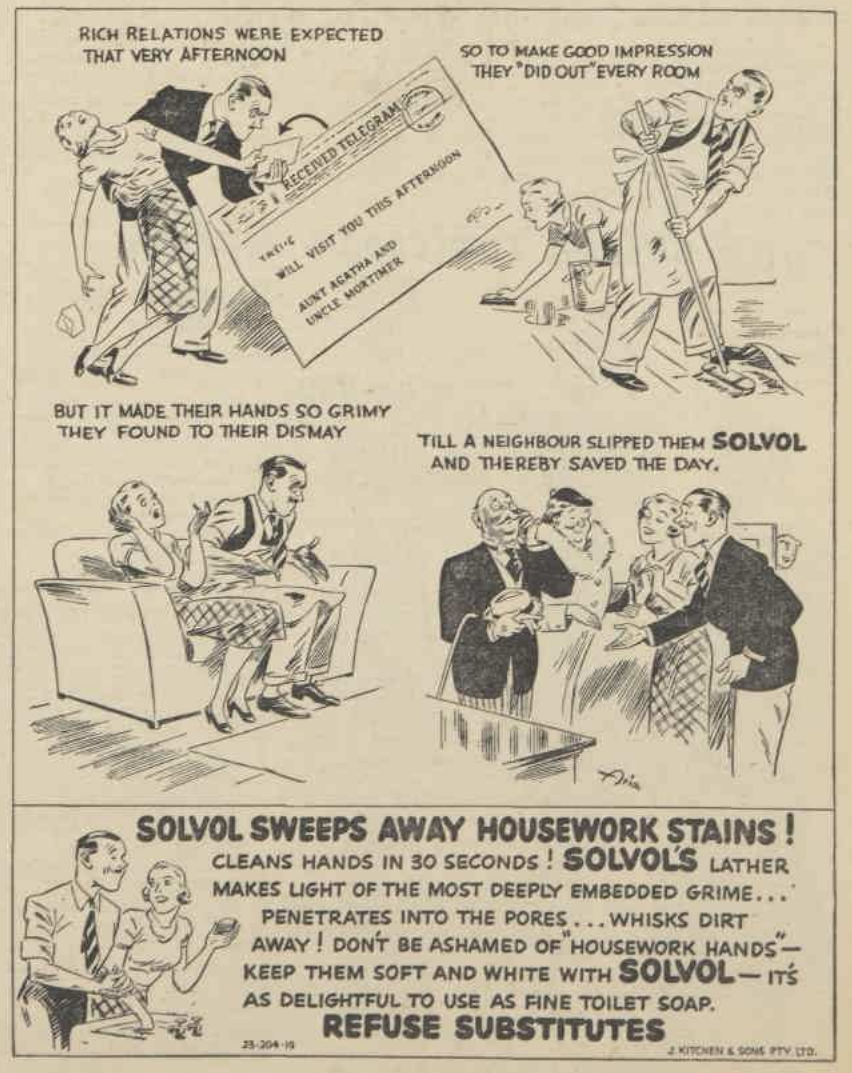
Mustard and cress are a splendid addition to the garden. They both grow very quickly. To have a continuous supply it is wise to sow the seed at intervals, for both must be used while young.

Quick Growers

CUCUMBERS can still be planted. There are many varieties, but the best kind and the quick grower is the apple type. When grown quickly they are crisp and tender. Radish can be sown most of the year round, and for successive crops sow at an interval of a few weeks. They are rapid growers, and are ready for the table in from four to six weeks.

Endive is a very delicate salad plant, and grows in a similar way to lettuce. They can be used when very young, but the usual method of growing is to tie the leaves up when they are nearly fully-grown. This bleaches them and keeps them crisp and tender.

Celery plants can be planted out now. Open a trench, then heavily manure the bottom of the trench. As plants grow, keep filling in around them. This method bleaches them, and also keeps them crisp and tender. To be successful with salad vegetables it is necessary to grow them quickly. Keep the hoe going to destroy all weeds. Give plenty of water, and a liberal supply of sulphate of ammonia from time to time.



SOLVOL SWEEPS AWAY HOUSEWORK STAINS!

CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS! **SOLVOL'S** LATHER MAKES LIGHT OF THE MOST DEEPLY EMBEDDED GRIME... PENETRATES INTO THE PORES... WHISKS DIRT AWAY! DON'T BE ASHAMED OF "HOUSEWORK HANDS"— KEEP THEM SOFT AND WHITE WITH **SOLVOL**— IT'S AS DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

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Please NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession patterns enclose 3d. stamp.

WEE PYJAMAS

WW1903.—A very simple-to-make style for the little tot. Cut in sizes 2-8 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SMARTLY TRIMMED

WW1899.—A very simple, smart design for sports and outdoor wear. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SHIRTMAKER VOGUE

WW1900.—Peter Pan collar and pleated blouse effect make a charming shirtmaker style frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MATRON'S MODE

WW1901.—An unusual redingote style for the matron. Cut in sizes 38 to 46-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR 6 TO 14 YEARS

WW1904.—Simplicity is the keynote of this dainty style for the little girl 6-14 years of age. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

QUAINT BOWS

WW1902.—Short puff sleeves and centre fastening are the features of this attractive daytime frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Three-in-one pattern, price 3d.

Dainty Summer Modes

Cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

FOR 3d. you may obtain complete patterns with directions of the three dainty frocks shown at left. All you do is fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required for No. 1, overall style: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast.

For No. 2, dainty floral mode: 3½ yards to 4 yards.

For No. 3: 3½ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 4016, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4250YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.
N.Z.: Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 3.

Please Print Name and Address in Block Letters.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

State . . . . . .

Size . . . . . Pattern Coupon, 29/10/'37.

SPORTS OUTFIT

WW1905.—Suitable for yachting and outdoor sports, this snappy outfit will be found most useful. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PIQUANT BLOUSE

WW1906.—Double-breasted style with revers in very sporty effect. Note trim stitching. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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Needlework Notions

NEW LOVELINESS.... *In Tea or* SUPPER SETS

....To charm your table and enchant the eyes of all beholders

YOUR NEEDLE is a most powerful little friend. Use it in this way to embroider the loveliest of tea table or supper table sets. You can get the "Rosy Morn Petunia" linen sets in white, cream, blue, pink, or green linen. See prices on this page, and send to our Needlework Department for the set.

THE question of table appointments, to the particular hostess, is always of extreme importance. And most important of all is the choice of napery, for the charm of fine china, lovely flowers, and gleaming silver is lost if the cloth is unattractive or shoddy.

HERE, then, is your golden opportunity to secure one of the most charming sets we have designed for tea or supper tables. Just imagine the beauty of the Rosy Morn petunia immortalised by your hands!

These sets are obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, or green linen and may be had on application to our Needlework Department.

Here are sizes and prices:

36" x 36" cloth, 7/6 each.
45" x 45" cloth, 8/9 each.
54" x 54" cloth, 11/6 each.
8" x 8" d'oyley, 1/- each.
5" x 11" sandwich d'oyley, 1/- each.
11" x 11" serviette, 1/- each.
13" x 19" tea-cosy, 3/6 each.

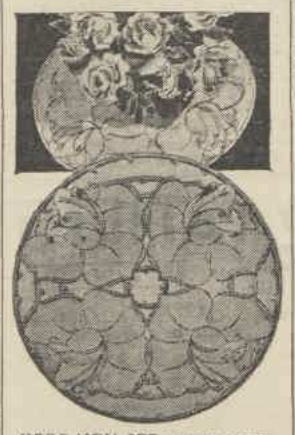
All edges are spoke-stitched, ready for crochet finish. If you do not like crochet, a small, dainty lace edging may be used.

The flowers are satin-stitched in two shades of pink, while the leaves are stem-stitched or satin-stitched in green. The stamens are satin-stitched. Finish the lines around the edge of the cloth in a darker shade to that used for the flowers, or work them a dark brown.

Should the two shades of pink, the suggested colors for this design, not harmonise or pleasantly contrast with the color scheme of your room, vary it accordingly.

THE caravan described in the story in this issue in the Homemaker Section, "Comfort in a Caravan," is the property of Mr. and Mrs. F. Miller, Rose Bay. The photos are by courtesy of Jennison's Caravan Cruisers Pty., Ltd.

SEND FOR THIS!



HERE YOU SEE a most entrancing little centre for sideboard or dining table. This may be obtained from our Needlework Department in linen or Cesarine.

Exquisite rose centre for dining table or sideboard.

ALTHOUGH this rose design looks intricate, it is really very simple to embroider. It is a piece that you can pick up at any old time and enjoy working. It would make a lovely show piece; or, again, it would make a lovely "shower" gift for a bride.

You can obtain it from our Needlework Department in white, cream, yellow, green, pink or blue linen, or in cream, blue, or green Cesarine.

The size of the centre is 18 x 18 inches.

In linen, the price is 2/6; in Cesarine, 2/-.

When ordering, be careful to state the color you require in linen or Cesarine.

She lost 40 lbs FAT— now SLIM and Shapely

You can not only reduce your weight, and slim your hips, ankles and waistline, but also improve your health and greatly increase your vitality.

Begin now, by taking four times a day a Marmola tablet. They contain in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer. Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages of it. The booklet enclosed with every package gives a full explanation of the action and results. The directions are to take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. Do that. Get a package of Marmola now. Read the book. Don't carry that burden of excess fat when it is so easy to reduce. Know once again the joy of a beautiful slender figure.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/- per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, SS. Sydney, N.S.W.

Vita-Weat

— *that's* the bread for zest and fitness

Stop eating clogging, old-fashioned, starch-heavy foods. Change to Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread—"the bread that lets your stomach travel light." None of the goodness is left out of *this* bread. It contains the *whole* grain of the best wheat.

Vita-Weat ends hot-weather sluggishness. It makes you feel fit, *be* fit.

PEEK FREAN

Vita-Weat REGD.

CRISPBREAD

You pay no more, so insist on

Horrockses REGD.

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SHEETS • PILLOWCASES

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY

are all assured when you buy Horrockses Sheets—and they are guaranteed for at least Five Years. Ask also for Horrockses smart "Fashion Fabrics."

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Delicious 'Ovaltine' Rusks

THESE crisp, crunchy rusks are both a sheer delight and a great help to every baby. At teething-time they provide the natural biting exercise which is so necessary to ensure that each little tooth will come easily and comfortably through the gums.

This biting exercise also does more than anything else to keep the teeth sound, healthy and regularly spaced, and to promote the correct formation of the mouth and jaws.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are highly nutritious and contain the necessary vitamins. They are made from the purest unbleached wheaten flour in which all the valuable food elements are retained. A proportion of "Ovaltine"—the renowned tonic food beverage—is added to make them still more nourishing, delicious and easy to digest.

PRICES: 2/3 and 4/-

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

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FOR YOUNG *Wives and* MOTHERS

Value of Outdoor Life for Children

By MARY TRUBY KING

Right from birth, every baby should be accustomed to pure, fresh air. The room baby is in should have a good current of cool, outside air flowing through it all the time.

SO long as he is out of the direct line of draught, there is no fear of his catching cold. On the contrary, pure, fresh air is one of the greatest aids to health, from the cradle to the end of life.

At the Mothercraft Hospitals, the babies live out of doors all day long. If the day be wet the babies are not taken inside but on to sheltered verandahs; and the windows of their night nurseries remain wide open, whatever the weather, the head of each cot being protected by a screen about four and a half feet high. Thus the babies are ensured pure, fresh air night and day.

A properly-fed baby who has kicking exercise during the day and lives as much as possible out of the house will give its parents no trouble at night, providing its bedroom is fresh and airy.

Everyone should have regular daily exercise. The small baby's exercise is largely sensory, i.e., that which he obtains through his senses.

It is most important that his skin surface should be gradually exposed to direct sunlight, and that he should be allowed freedom of movement, and outings. The nearest Mothercraft Nurse will advise you regarding the graduation of skin surface to the sun, as harm can be done to the baby's delicate skin by going about this too suddenly.

Exercise Essential

AFTER baby has passed the kicking stage he will commence to crawl, and this is a marvellous form of exercise which can be taken on a boarded-in verandah or in a playing-pen.

The playing-pen should be placed outdoors, and, if the weather be hot, under a shady tree.

Any handy father can make a kicking-pen. Four sides of an old packing-case eighteen inches high and four feet long, joined together by means of leather hinges cut from old boots and shoes will suffice. The pen should be placed on a piece of cork-carpet, which is preferable to ordinary carpeting in that it can be more effectively cleaned.

Later on, a horizontal bar may be erected in the garden, or a set of climbing bars, both of which give endless joy to the growing child. All unwanted boards and boxes (with nails carefully removed) should be placed in the tool shed for the children's use. Building "real" houses and bridges with them exercises both mind and body.

Skipping Good

EVERY child should own a skipping rope. Should the mother, on occasion, not be able to take the child for its usual afternoon walk, a good skip can be substituted. **Skipping, in moderation, also works up an appetite for meals.** The skipping should take place out of doors so that the deeper breathing which it entails will be of the best air procurable.

Fresh air and sunshine are our cheapest and best "tonics." They stimulate the body, improve its muscular tone, and make for all-round physical fitness.

The child should wear only sufficient clothing for warmth and modesty. Three garments are usually enough on warm spring days—a singlet and linen suit, or (for the girl) singlet, bloomers, and frock.

Children who have been in the habit of wearing more garments than this should have them reduced gradually as their circulation improves with extra exercise.

Sir Truby King says: "One may lay it down as an axiom that the cold bath is one of the surest of all preventives of the common cold, and one of the best all-round tonics known. All healthy people can take a cold plunge or shower with benefit, and children should be taught to regard such as an essential health habit."

The warm spring days form an ideal time to start this health-giving habit. Let the child stand in warm water while you sponge him over quickly with water just under blood heat. Reduce the temperature of the sponging water by about two degrees Fahr. daily till the child can take a cold shower straight from the water supply.

This should be followed by very active exercise, so that the body is glowing before the child sits down to breakfast. The child should be taught to dress quickly after the cold shower, rubbing himself down with a warm, rough towel. There should be no dawdling.

If You've a Baby

Give him the gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for 100 years—Steedman's Powders. They keep habits regular and blood-stream cool during teething. For children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

107 WORDS TO ANÆMIC WOMEN

YOUR blood is thin—deficient in the good red blood corpuscles that are vital to real health and strength. You are nervy and you sleep badly—feeling unable to face the day's work. Wincarnis provides just what your body is crying out for. Rich natural ingredients are skilfully blended together to form a tonic that is unique in blood building properties. In an incredibly short space of time Wincarnis will restore you to the joy of perfect physical fitness. You'll feel marvellously improved after the first bottle. Ask your chemist for Wincarnis—he sells it in small bottles at 4/3, and in large bottles at 7/3.

WINCARNIS

20,000 recommendations from medical men

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Can diabetes occur in children?

DIABETES in children is a far greater health problem than is generally realised. Too little attention has been given it in the past. Although the disease is more prevalent in grown-ups, it does occur in children more frequently than is suspected.

Great strides have been made in the treatment of diabetes, but we continue to be faced by the problem of its prevention. Although much is now known about the disease, its actual cause is still unsolved. In children it is usually found in the offspring of diabetics or in families where other members have had it.

The symptoms of the ailment, when met in childhood, resemble those of the adult. The diabetic child is usually taller and heavier than the average boy or girl. At times there may be no symptoms other than frequent urination and excessive thirst. These signs are often overlooked. Excellent appetite without ability to gain weight is another evidence of diabetes in a child. This failure of development is often thought to be caused by "worms."

When there is a marked accumulation of sugar in the blood and urine, the child becomes irritable and nervous. The victim is more likely to be attacked by infections and the familiar contagious diseases.

Once diabetes is suspected, a complete physical examination and urinalysis are advised. Of course, a mere trace of sugar in the urine does not necessarily mean the youngster has diabetes. Many children, given a faulty diet, and indulging in too much sugar, sweets and fats, are quite likely to have a trace of sugar in the urine. But this symptom is possible without actually having diabetes.

Examination Advised

TO make sure of the diagnosis, it is best to have the blood examined. If the sugar is unusually high in the blood and likewise persists in the urine, we can then assume that the child is a victim of diabetes. In that event, a carefully-planned diet should be provided before the insulin treatment is begun.

In its mild form the disease readily responds to dietetic management. But in the more severe form it requires both the administration of insulin and rigid diet control.

The value of insulin in the treatment of diabetes in children, as well as in adults, cannot be overstated. Thousands of lives have been saved by its use.

In former years the outlook for the diabetic child was very unfavorable. But now, under careful medical supervision, the young diabetics may live the average span of years, leading an active and useful life.

You can HEAL your Skin Disease with Cuticura

You long to be totally free from the tormenting itch and disfiguring eruptions of skin disease. You long to see those pimples, boils, ulcers and scaling patches heal and disappear. Then buy Cuticura Ointment and your recovery will start with the very first touch of this unfailing healer. For over half-a-century Cuticura has ranked among the world's greatest skin remedies. There are thousands who can show an unblemished skin after 20, 30 and even 40 years martyrdom from eczema. Cuticura has completely healed and eradicated the trouble.

Often one tin has proved sufficient in cases turned away from skin hospitals as hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

Cuticura will heal you. Get it and use it to-day!

A MAGICAL HEALER for ECZEMA ULCERS BAD LEGS PIMPLES, BOILS, ABSCESSES CUTS, BURNS and SEPTIC FESTERING ERUPTIONS

THERE'S HEALING IN EVERY TOUCH

★ Until healing is complete, sufferers are advised to use only Cuticura Soap which is made especially mild and soothing for sensitive skins.

How to Stop Indigestion in Five Minutes

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

If you want an astonishing demonstration of how quickly and completely indigestion and stomach pain can be stopped, just take a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water. I've found that the moment 'Bisurated' Magnesia reaches the stomach it neutralises all burning, ulcerating excess acid. Pain abates at once—heartburn and sourness pass off, flatulence is relieved, and that horrible feeling of 'fulness' disappears.

I personally recommend and prescribe this well-known antacid, and, if you suffer from indigestion or gastric disorder, I strongly advise you to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag.'

Drink habit soon banished

A woman who cured her husband writes: "I shall always be grateful for the wonderful happiness EUCRASY has brought to my home after the misery of drink."

It can be given SECRETLY or taken VOLUNTARILY. Not costly. Call or write for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and Testimonials. Established 41 years.

Dept. B., EUCRASY CO., 291 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

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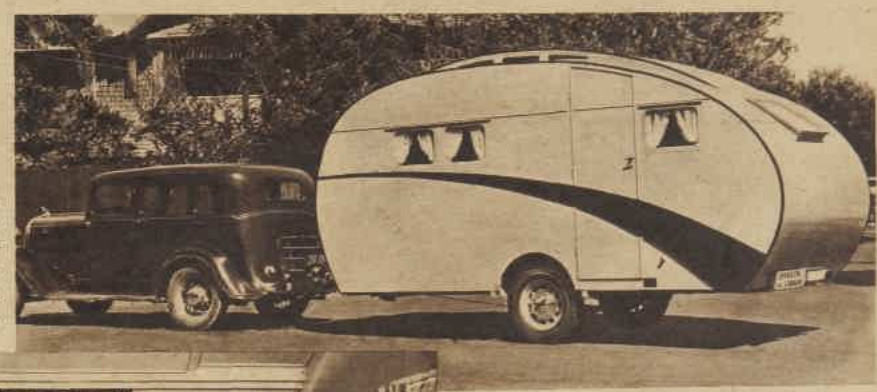
COMFORT *in a* CARAVAN

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

The modern trailer combines transport with all the convenience, comfort, and charm of the average modern home

IT'S no wonder that holidaying and even living in the modern caravan has become a world-wide craze. You hitch a trailer to your car and off you go to live the adventurous life of a nomad, and still have the comforts of civilisation.



THE trailer pictured on this page is a splendid example of a comfortable home on wheels.

It was built by a firm specialising in trailers to the specifications of the owner who, having recently retired from business, has now set off with his wife for a 12 months' tour of Australia in their new travelling home.

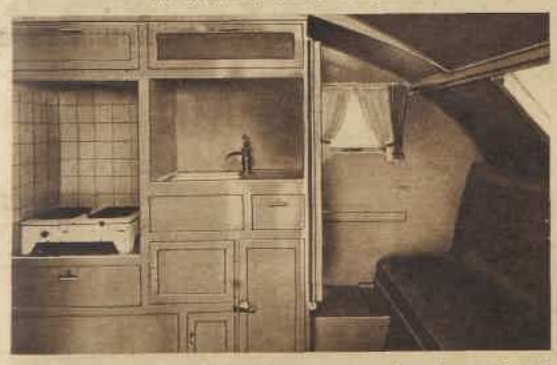
This caravan, which is four-berth, and remarkably compact, certainly possesses comfort, convenience, and charm.

There are two compartments. In one, two single divans are placed, one against either wall. These act as lounges during the day, and beds at night. Between the divans there is a cabinet for storing clothes and other articles. A table slides out from the top of the cabinet when required.

ABOVE: Four-berth caravan hitched to back of car, and controlled by universal coupling and automatic braking. The exterior of the caravan is buff with back streamlining.

LEFT: View of one of the compartments in the caravan, which is a lounge in the daytime, and a bedroom at night. The walls are painted cream and the divans and cushions are upholstered in green tapestry.

ANOTHER VIEW of caravan, showing door between two compartments and portion of cooking equipment.



COMPLETE EQUIPMENT for cooking—kerosene stove, store cupboards, ice-chest and sink.

Ice-Chest, Too!

THE other compartment is a combined living-room and kitchen. It is completely equipped for preparing, cooking, and serving meals.

Numerous cupboards hold stores. There is an ice-chest, a cupboard fitted with rack for china, a cutlery drawer, a meat and perishable food safe, a sink and draining board supplied with running water which is pumped up from a tank, kerosene range for cooking, and many other facilities.

The dining table, which folds up out of the way when not in use, stands when required beside another divan along the rear wall. This divan can be converted, when desired, into a double bed.

The color scheme is charming, being carried out in cream and green. The exterior of the trailer is buff, and the inside walls cream. The woodwork in the little kitchen is green, so is the linoleum on the floor and the tapestry upholstering the divans and cushions.

The trailer also contains a full length wardrobe and a mirror on the communicating door between sleeping and living compartments. Actually, to specifically name the compartments is difficult, because in the daytime the whole accommodation becomes that of a living-room, while both compartments can be used, if required, as bedrooms at night.

The little windows in the trailer which open outwards are curtained with frilled muslin and side drapes in buff-colored fabric edged with green. The latter act as blinds at night.

Electric Light

LIGHTING is electric, being supplied by special batteries which can be recharged when necessary from the car.

The trailer is also equipped with universal coupling and automatic braking.

Features of the caravan are the remarkable amount of storage space combined with space for moving about and plenty of seating and sleeping accommodation.

Bring Joyous COLOR to YOUR Home with TAUBMANS PAINTS

The loveliest homes are bright with color . . . make your home more colorful and modern, too! You can do it yourself at very little cost, with Taubmans new Dulsetta and Dynamel . . . Dulsetta, the dull satiny finish for your walls and woodwork . . . Dynamel, the brilliant color finish for your furniture and accessories. You'll always be successful with Dulsetta and Dynamel, they're both so amazingly easy to use.

At the right you see a delightful bedroom in the home of Mrs. M. W. Martin, designed by her husband, Marcus W. Martin, A.R.I.B.A., F.R.A.I.A., who is responsible for some of Melbourne's most beautiful modern architecture. The color scheme is lettuce green, oyster and beige.

"Dynamel is certainly easy to use and it's so easy to keep clean," says Mrs. Ann Chidgey of Leslie St. "And baby loves the cheery colors." Here she's Dynamelling a high chair.

"Taubmans Dulsetta is a big improvement over all other finishes for walls and woodwork," says Mr. A. E. Kuskey of Universal St. "Anyone can do a good job with it—never any brush marks with Dulsetta."

Anne Stewart's Book Shows How

"The Colorful Home," by Anne Stewart, is a splendid 24 page book on practical home decorating, printed in full color by Taubmans Limited, and available to you free of charge. It's a book every home lover should have—gives many helpful ideas for making your own home more colorful and inviting, and useful hints on how to set about your painting jobs. Post in coupon for your free copy now!

Send for this FREE Book!

Anne Stewart, Director,
Taubmans Home Decorating Service,
75 Mary Street, St. Peter's, Sydney. A.13.

Dear Miss Stewart,
Please send me my FREE copy of your Book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover posting and handling.

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The Riddle of the Ravens

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Complete Book-Length Novel

By . . . . LEONARD R. GRIBBLE

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The Riddle of the Ravens

By Leonard R. Gribble

AN assembly in Mrs. Apple's sitting-room was an event at Ravenscroft; and invariably at such assemblies tea was served. Indeed, she had a teapot in her hand when she turned to the butler.

"How many of them did you say, Mr. Pill?"

Mr. Pill hadn't said, but he wisely refrained from pointing that out. He looked at the footman.

"How many did I tell you, Benson?"

The footman's gaze came back from Maggie Trumbull, the maid.

"I don't just remember, Mr. Pill."

The cook swung the teapot as though it were an Indian club. She snorted. "Well, all I can say is, he must have been mad!" she exclaimed, and turned to the singing kettle.

Strictly, she wasn't speaking the truth, and she knew it. She could have said much more.

"Nearly a dozen, anyway," added the butler after a pause.

"A dozen!" Mrs. Apple reached for a violently green tea-cosy.

"May not be just that number, but I'm including the wives." Mr. Pill sounded apologetic, though of course it was no concern of his.

The tea was weak, and the first cup was emptied in silence. As she poured out the second Mrs. Apple threw an arched glance towards Maggie.

"What's the matter with you, my girl? You're all fidgets."

"Nothing's the matter with me, Mrs. Apple, thanks."

"H'm." The cup the footman received was almost spilled into his lap. When Mrs. Apple said "H'm" in just that tone it generally meant that she was reserving the topic for future discussion. The maid glanced quickly at the footman, but he was busy wiping a drop of tea from his waistcoat. The glance did not escape Mrs. Apple's vigilance. She scowled.

Maggie Trumbull was a good-looking girl. Four months before she had come to Ravenscroft from a cottage in Dorset, and in those four months Mrs. Apple had done little to curb the girl's wild temper.

"I'd like to know what time they're coming," she said, picking the cherry from a madeleine.

"I expect about five," the butler surmised. "They'll be here to dinner, and I suppose Mr. Sterridge will be here, too. P'raps Mr. Tooley and Miss." Mr. Pill's vocal cords warbled a dreadful note, intended to convey glee. "Sort of family gather-round, Mrs. Apple."

The reflection soured Mrs. Apple's expression, which was never very sweet.

"And I've got to put myself out for the likes of them." She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "I repeat, Mr. Pill, he must have been mad."

The butler tried to look knowing. "There's no telling, Mrs. Apple. Mr. Raven was a man with queer notions. I'd like to know who else would have left such a will. Wonder what Mr. Herman thinks about it."

Mrs. Apple sniffed. "What Mr. Herman thinks about it! Nothing, if you ask me, Mr. Pill. Mr. Herman Raven isn't the sort to worry about anything when there's somebody like Vera Tooley about the place. Not that I think she'll make him a good wife. She don't know him as we do. Besides, she's flighty, and flighty girls are never any good as wives."

The thrust was barbed, as Maggie felt when she caught the cook's gaze.

"You weren't flighty when you were young, were you, Mrs. Apple?"

If Mr. Pill considered the question an unusual interpolation he did no more than raise his thin eyebrows. Mrs. Apple scowled, trying to find the insult under the veil. But she was not successful.

"I was the eldest of ten, Maggie Trumbull. I had no time for flighty thoughts when I was a girl; and I'm a better woman for it," she added.

No one contested the claim, but the girl said sweetly, "I was the fifth out of eleven."

Mrs. Apple poked the last morsel of madeleine between her fat cheeks. "Then your people must be very thankful to be rid of you. That's all I can say."

The goad was too deep. Maggie sprang up. "Oh, so that's what you say, is it? Well, let me tell you something, Mrs. Pippin. I've had more than enough of this rotten place and your airs. You can get another blooming maid. See if she'll put up with your poking your nose into everybody's business. I'm clearing out to-night."

Before the almost fainting cook could recover herself the door had slammed after the maid's tempestuous exit. Mr. Pill stared weakly at his cup and saucer and forgot his doughnut. Mrs. Apple gave him one glance and turned to the footman.

"And that's the sort of creature you've been so friendly with, Benson." The scorn in her voice was withering. "Making moon-faces at that little wretch."

"Stop!"

The footman was on his feet. He was tall and willowy, and high in his sallow cheeks two bright spots burned. He stood before the cook with clenched fists. Mr. Pill took a nervous bite at his doughnut, more from something to do than because his appetite had returned.

Mrs. Apple's trap of a mouth drew taut. "So that's how it is, eh? I always suspected——"

But what she suspected she did not say. She suddenly found herself talking to nothing. The door slammed a second time. She sank back into her chair, and, stretching out a plump arm, plucked the violently green cosy from the teapot.

"That's the modern generation for you. I must say I'm surprised that you said nothing, Mr. Pill. That little wretch standing there and insulting me—me, a woman old enough to be her mother."

It was a rash admission. Usually Mrs. Apple never made reference to her possible age. Mr. Pill all at once bethought himself of his status in the household. The remains of the doughnut slipped from his fingers. With his thumb he removed several crumbs of sugar from the corner of his mouth.

"I shall speak to Mr. Herman to-night, Mrs. Apple, after they have gone."

Mrs. Apple was one of those big-bodied, buxom women who, after a sudden period of stress, seek solace in tears. She poured herself another cup of tea and dabbed her eyes.

IT was barely half-past four, and night had already descended. The grey-black gaunt block of masonry that was Ravenscroft lay concealed in its tall circle of conifers, which swayed in the wind sweeping from across the open spaces of the common. A slight mist hung in the air, blurring the lights of passing cars. Davenall Lane, into which the Ravenscroft drive opened, was deserted save for a solitary policeman, who trod the opposite pavement, bordering the common. He was passing a fringe of winter-bared bushes when he heard someone hastening across the common towards him, and he paused to listen. Out of the mist rolling across the common appeared the figure of a girl. She stopped as she caught sight of the policeman, and then approached.

"Is this Davenall Lane?" she inquired. "I'm looking for Ravenscroft."

The constable was a young man, and even in the poor light the girl's face was pretty. He smiled and pointed across the road.

"That's Ravenscroft. Visiting a friend?"

She drew the fur collar of her coat closer to her chin.

"No, not exactly," she muttered. Her eyes were very bright.

"Don't happen to be the new maid by any chance?" laughed the policeman, who was obviously an opportunist.

She smiled. "No, I'm not the new maid."

The young policeman watched her hurry across the road and disappear up the drive. With a shrug he continued his beat. "A pity," he thought.

The girl's ring was answered by Pill.

"Your card?" he inquired.

The girl opened her handbag and produced a square of gilt-edged pasteboard, which bore the inscription:

"Mr. Herman Raven requests the pleasure of Miss Celia Raven's attendance at his home at five o'clock on Saturday, January Thirteenth, where she will hear of something to her advantage."

Below was printed the address of Ravenscroft. The girl's name had been filled in with a pen.

Pill took the card, glanced at it.

"Please follow me, Miss Raven."

For a moment she hesitated.

"I'm not late, am I? I hurried."

Pill smiled bleakly. "You are not late, Miss Raven. It is twenty to five." He indicated a clock beside the front door. "But you are not the first. Some of the others are here."

"Others?" murmured the girl.

Pill offered no further enlightenment, but preceded her toward a corridor on the left

The new Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

side of a wide staircase. He paused before a glistening mahogany door, and before opening it said: "Make yourself comfortable, Miss Raven. That is my master's instruction."

The girl passed into a large room in which a bright fire crackled cheerily. On each side of the fireplace a standard lamp glowed. There were three other people in the room. Each stared at her as she advanced. The man leaning against a side-table straightened and came toward her.

"Why, Celia! Welcome, little sister. Perhaps you can explain the mystery."

Celia ignored Edwin Raven's outstretched hand. After a nod she turned to the woman seated on the settee.

"How are you, Janet?"

The woman was of the working class, a short, stumpy, ferrety-faced little body with a swift gleam in her eyes.

Jim was a fit mate for his wife. There was not a speck of polish on him. But then twenty-six years in Tooley's factory was a wearing process. Added to which, like the true-blue socialist he was, Jim Raven affected to despise "tone." He was the eldest of Tom Raven's children, and looked his years. Life had not been gentle with him.

"Tired," said Celia. "Someone told me a short cut was across the common. It seemed miles, and I thought I was lost in the mist."

"Here, come and sit down and warm yourself, girlie," said Edwin.

But Celia accepted the seat Jim and Janet made between them on the settee. Whereupon Edwin lit a cigarette and laughed.

"Still got no use for me, Celia?" he chided.

"She won't have if she's got any sense," grunted Jim. "Which reminds me, Eddie, keep your hands to yourself while you're in this place. Don't go getting the lot of us into trouble."

The two brothers eyed each other.

Celia said: "Are any of the others coming?"

JANET nodded. "Alice and Harry are; and Alice is going to bring Jack, and I believe Harry's bringing Eva——"

"Eva?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot you didn't know . . . Harry was married just before Christmas. Eva Crawley. She's a nice girl, though I've an idea she thinks she's too good for Harry——"

"Then why did she marry him?" demanded Jim, who at all times was ready to pick an argument with his wife.

Eddie grinned cynically. "With a two million surplus she was wise to grab what she could get, and Harry's not a bad chap," he added patronisingly.

"Well, he's not such a worthless young devil as you, Eddie," countered Mrs. Raven, who seemed to share her husband's forthrightness.

Eddie continued to grin. "If you're not careful, Janet, you'll give Celia a bad impression of me."

"I'm not one of those who give people what's——"

"Now, then, you two, stop it," commanded Jim. "We don't want no family squabbles here. I don't forget that last trip to Southend, and I'm not having a treat like that now."

He took out a foul briar and stuffed tobacco into it. Janet turned to Celia.

"Got any idea, ducky, what we're here for?"

Celia removed her absurd little beret and shook loose a mass of light curls. "No, Janet. But I've been wondering if this Mr. Herman Raven is a relation of some sort."

Janet compressed her double chin. Sitting on the settee, she looked like a complacent duck wondering whether to take to the water. She watched Jim as he lit his pipe.

"P'raps he's something to do with your father's brother, Jim," she hazarded.

"Don't know," said Jim, "and don't care. The old man always kept mum about his people. He was the black sheep, and so far as I know they didn't let him forget it."

Eddie leaned against the side-table.

"Anyway, we're going to hear something to our advantage, ain't we?" he pointed out. "Might be some money in it."

But Jim was older, and had seen more of the world.

"Yes, my lad, and there might not. But it's deuced funny asking all of us. What about your brothers, Celia? They coming?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen Tom and Terry for weeks, Jim," replied the girl.

The door opened, and a tall, angular woman pushed a little man dressed in ill-fitting black clothes into the room.

"Why, Alice, dearie!" exclaimed Mrs. Raven, bouncing off the settee.

The tall woman, who was not unlike Jim in features, looked about her before replying.

"Nice place, I must say, Jack." Jack was apparently the little man she was escorting. "Homely, too," she added, with a rather superior tilt of her nose that caused Jim's mouth to draw downward at the corners. Then, as though it were an afterthought: "Well, Janet, I see you're here first. And how's Jim?" Still got something to grumble at?"

Jim scowled through a wreath of tobacco smoke.

"I soon will have now you've turned up, Alice. No need to ask how you are." He turned to the little man, and said more jocularly: "How's the world using you, Jack? Is the shop still in Bethnal Green?"

Jack Bloom glanced timidly at his wife before replying to her eldest brother. "Things is slack now, Jim. After Christmas, you know. Nobody's got no money. Leastways, I don't see the color of it——"

"Now, then, Jack," admonished his wife, "don't go giving false impressions. We're doing very nicely, and I'm not the one to complain——"

"You never were, were you, Alice?" said Eddie. "I seem to remember father saying——"

"For heaven's sake shut up, Eddie," growled Jim. "Here, come and sit down, you two."

Jack Bloom would willingly have availed himself of the invitation, but his wife's hand directed him to a chair in the centre of the room.

"I'm glad to say fires are not luxuries with us, Jim," she said tartly; and then pretended to notice Celia for the first time. "How are you, Celia? Got a young man yet?"

Before the girl could reply the door opened again, this time to admit a man in the early thirties, broad of shoulder, freckled, with a pleasant smile. He was followed by a timid woman with very large, babyish eyes.

"Here come the honeymooners," chanted Eddie, and began whistling the opening bars of the "Wedding March." He broke off to inquire: "And how does little Eva like being a wife?"

But no one took any notice of him. Janet was introducing the latest Mrs. Raven to Celia, while the smiling Harry tried to answer the questions of his eldest brother and his sister at the same time. It was two minutes past five. At six minutes past the hubbub died. The door opened once more, and a couple of ginger-headed young men entered, dressed alike, in navy-blue suits with reefer jackets. At first glance it would have been difficult to tell them apart.

"So-ho, the Twins!" sang Eddie. The whole brigade's here now. It only wants—"

Alice cut him short. "Can't you keep quiet, Eddie? You seem to think you're back in gaol."

The sudden silence which followed this retort almost hurt. No one looked at Eddie.

Terry approached Janet. "Bert still looking for a cheap car?" he asked, referring to her eldest son. "We've got a good little Morris going for twenty-nine quid. Better tell him."

Janet shook her head vigorously, so that the dark knot of hair in the nape of her neck threatened to untie. "I shan't do anything of the sort. He only wants a car because that girl he's picked up with keeps egging him on to buy one. I tell him he can't afford it, and if he can he's to give me five bob a week more."

BUT Terry was the salesman at the Paramount Garage in the Brixton Road. Tom, his partner, was the mechanic.

"It's a bargain," he confirmed. "A little gem, if you only knew, Janet. Thirty miles to the gallon; and oil— Well, the sort of car you give it a dose on Monday and ——"

"I wouldn't tell him, Terry, if the blooming car ran on air——"

"It darned near does," Terry took her up. "I've tried it, so I ought to know. Here's the figures——"

"What's this?" demanded Jim.

"Terry's got a car he wants to sell to Bert, and I say Bert's not having it." There was no question that Janet's mind was made up.

The new Mrs. Raven exhibited her newness.

"Oh, why not, Janet? Bert's young, you know, and he's got ideas. He wants to get on. I know Harry's promised me a car ——"

But Harry wasn't keen for the family to get a wrong impression.

"When the house is paid for," he inserted tactfully. "That's what I said, Eva," he reminded his wife.

Alice was not going to miss such an opportunity.

"And when will that be, Harry? In twenty years, or did the building society let you off with fifteen?"

Eva looked crestfallen, and her husband looked nasty.

"Of course, you've got to put your oar in, haven't you, Alice? I suppose you married Jack because he'd already got the shop. Well, he's lucky he ain't lost it by this time, with you to boss things."

Alice looked archly at her diminutive squire, as though expecting doughty things of him; and poor little Jack Bloom did his best to rise to the occasion. He brushed aside his drooping moustache to provide room for a muttered: "Now, then, Harry, don't you get making insinuations against Lal. Just because she's one o' those——"

Alice stalked to the door. Whether she would have passed outside is a debatable point, and there would be no use in raising it here. But certainly she placed her hand on the knob. Whatever she was about to do, she was saved from doing it. The door

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opened from the outside, forcing her back against the wall, and from that moment Alice Bloom ceased to be the focal point of attention.

A young man stood in the doorway, scanning the others in the room.

"I must ask you to forgive my late appearance," he apologised. "I am Herman Raven, your cousin."

HE was a sleek young man, dark, with well-defined features. Not more than five foot eight, there was a suggestion of stockiness about him; yet there was no spare flesh under his chin, which was distinguished by a sharp cleft at the tip. A small triangular moustache shaded his upper lip. He was dressed in a grey lounge suit, the open jacket revealing the close cut of the double-breasted waistcoat.

Jim, the socialist, viewing this immaculate conception of a young man about town, sniffed loudly at the word "cousin."

Herman Raven smiled, closed the door, and Alice preened herself like any peahen not to be put out of place by a mere peacock.

"Really," she said. "This is interesting. Our cousin. Then you must be the son of our father's brother. He never used to speak about him much, but we knew he had one. Brother, I mean."

Herman continued to smile. "That is right. Your father, Tom Raven, was the elder son of Simeon and Elizabeth Raven—" He broke off, looking round the room. "But won't you all be seated first? Then I'll explain why I asked you here."

Jim and Janet, with Celia between them, retained the settee. The others found chairs and bunched themselves in a staring throng about the young man who stood with his back to the fireplace. During the business of finding seats Herman Raven's gaze had wandered to Celia's face, and had remained there.

He pulled himself together, realising that he was the centre of a very rigid attention.

"My father," he resumed, "was Fred Raven, five years younger than his brother Tom. He died last year——"

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Eddie.

"Good Heaven! You don't mean Fred Raven the millionaire, the Raven who owned all those mineral mines?"

Herman nodded. "I suppose, in a way, that does describe my father. Certainly he was a very rich man. But now you know who he was you may recall the reports which appeared in the newspapers shortly after his death, in September last."

"I get you!" Terry was standing up, flushed. "You mean the 'Mystery Bequest' as the papers called it. There was—how much?—set aside for a purpose which was not to be made public. I remember some papers thought it was for charity, others to endow scholarships. Anyway, there were all sorts of guesses. . . . D'you mean that money was left for us?"

There was a tense pause; even Alice's attention was riveted.

"I do," said Herman.

Someone gasped. It sounded like a woman.

"How much?" asked Harry, after a sidelong glance at Eva.

"Fifty thousand pounds."

This time there were several gasps. Jim stared at Janet, Tom at Terry, Alice at Jack, Harry at Eva; and Eddie narrowly watched Herman as the latter smiled at Celia.

The practical Janet had a word to say.

"Golly, fifty thousand! But"—cautiously—"how much do we get each?"

"It's to be divided equally between the legal issue of Thomas Raven, to be precise," Herman explained.

"What's the idea of putting it like that?" asked Jim flatly. "Is there any catch?" He sounded like a man speaking from experience.

"There's no catch. In fact, so that everything can be made absolutely clear to you I've asked my father's solicitor to come to dinner. Over the meal he will explain any technicalities that you don't understand. You see, it appears that my father, as a boy, had a great admiration for your father. He was a hero to him. When your father left his home after quarrelling with our grandfather my father still retained his boyhood's regard for him. He never lost it. So far as I know the two brothers never met again, and my father knew his brother too well to think he would take anything that might smack of charity.

"Towards the end of his life my father's thoughts turned more and more to his only brother. He had lost track of him completely, and, if the truth was known, there was a certain old-fashioned pride that kept him from making inquiries himself. He left that until after his own death. This money—the fifty thousand pounds—that has been left to you is a kind of memorial to our parents' boyhood days."

"How did you come to find us?"

Jim asked the question.

"My father's solicitors have been engaged in tracing you for some weeks now," Herman explained. "Everything had to be done discreetly, of course——" He looked surprised when Eva giggled. "I mean that, as my uncle married twice, the investigating parties had to make sure that you were all bona-fide Ravens, because, according to the terms of the will, only those who legitimately bear the name of Raven—"

A knock sounded on the door, and Pill entered.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Herman, but I thought you would like to know that Mr. Sterridge and Mr. and Miss Tooley have arrived," he announced.

Herman nodded. "Very good, Pill. Tell them I'll be with them shortly." When the door had closed upon Pill he turned to his cousins. "Now, I think it's time you were introduced to me. Will one of you——"

He looked at Jim, who was obviously the eldest, and because Jim didn't meet his glance he received an awakening prod from Janet's thumb.

"Go on, Jim, introduce us all," she told him.

Jim cleared his throat. It was like a rush of water down a sink.

"I'm Jim," he explained, beginning with the subject he knew best, "the old man's oldest, and this is Janet, my wife. We've got four kids, two at school." He jabbed his finger at his sister. "She's my sister Alice, and that's her husband, Jack Bloom. Henry over there, he's the next, three years younger than Alice, and that's Eva, the latest Mrs. Raven. She ain't been it many weeks. That one's Eddie, or Edwin, to be exact. He's our mother's youngest. As you know, the old man married a second time. That brought the twins, over there, Tom and Terry, and the youngest of all, Celia. That's the lot of us, and, if you ask me, it's enough."

Eddie murmured a faint "Hear! hear!" but no one minded him.

Herman scanned the faces again.

"Thanks," he said. "Well, now we know each other, and why we're all here, make yourselves at home. If any of you want any refreshment just ring. The library is along the corridor, and there's a billiard-room on the first floor. It's not often I have my cousins to see me"—his smile was sardonic—"and now they're here I want them to feel glad they've come."

"We'll be glad all right when we get the dough," said Eddie.

Herman laughed. "Mr. Sterridge will explain about that, as I told you. I've arranged a little informal dinner, and he'll tell you all about it then——"

Jim rose quickly and plucked at his cousin's arm. He jerked his head towards the door.

"That butler bloke who came in just now, he mentioned a Mr. Tooley what's coming here. Don't happen to be Maurice Tooley, does it?"

Herman looked his surprise. "Yes, it does. Why do you ask?"

Jim looked at Janet, and Janet tried looking everywhere except at her husband.

"Why do I ask!" snorted Jim. "Old Tooley's been my boss for twenty-six years and more. I've sweated in his pickle factory——"

"Now, then, Jim, remember yourself!"

The admonition came from Alice. Jim glared at her.

"Shut up—you." He turned to Herman again. "It would be my luck to have old Tooley turn up just when I've got reason to be pleased with myself."

"But how's Mr. Tooley going to upset your pleasure?"

"How! He couldn't help it. Him and me've been blinding each other for twenty-six years. I hate the sight of him. No thanks to him, either, that I've still got me job. He'd uv sacked me as soon as look at me, only he knows he wouldn't get another foreman as 'ud get the work done as I do. The sweating old blisterer——"

"Really—" Herman spoke sharply, "I cannot listen to this. Mr. Tooley is going to become my father-in-law."

"Well, if his daughter's anything like her old man, take my tip, and think twice about it. 'Cos if she is you're cooked——"

"Be quiet!" Little fires glowed in Herman's dark eyes. His white hands clenched at his sides. "I've had just about as much as I can stand of your impudence."

Visibly he struggled for control.

Jim, his class instinct roused by the discussion of Maurice Tooley, sneered.

"If that's the way you feel about it, all right. Keep your wool on. Seems to me you've got a bit o' Alice in you——"

At that his sister jumped to her feet.

"Jim Raven," she yelled, "you're a disgrace. Keep my name off your dirty tongue."

"I will send the maid in," said Herman. "The ladies will want to freshen themselves, perhaps."

He smiled at Celia.

"Thank you," she said.

Herman, the dutiful host again, though feeling distinctly dubious about things, included the others in a gesture.

"Remember what I said. Make yourselves at home. The place is at your disposal while you're here."

He went out.

IN the billiard-room Terry and Tom amused themselves until dinner by playing a hundred up for sixpence. Eddie, who had followed them upstairs, lolled in a chair, smoking cigarettes and criticising the play. Every now and again he would rouse himself to pick up the chalk.

In the library Eva and Celia browsed over a selection of recent fiction, while Harry tried to bore his way into a book on the

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law of mining. Eva would pause every few minutes to tell Celia in a breathless voice of some other piece of her trousseau which she had forgotten. Celia said little. She was thinking of Herman Raven's dark eyes and expressive mouth.

In the lounge Jim and Janet remained solitary. Janet stared at the fire, her head nodding, her mouth pursed reflectively.

It is doubtful whether, shortly before dinner on that memorable Saturday evening, anyone in Ravenscroft felt happy. Maggie Trumbull had packed her bag, and was feeling particularly spiteful. In the kitchen Mrs. Apple had found things going wrong out of sheer cussedness. Pill could not find Benson when he wanted him, and for a very good reason. The footman was hidden in his little attic under the roof, his chin grasped in his fingers, wondering whether he should or should not.

In Herman's study the company carefully masked their thoughts and faces. Edgar Sterridge, middle-aged, with greying hair, high over the temples, smoked a cigar and looked superciliously at Herman whenever his glance strayed in the young man's direction. Maurice Tooley, between blowing his nose on an offensive note and stooping to pat his daughter's shoulder, engaged himself in undoing and doing up the bottom button of his dress waistcoat. He was a plump man, more bald than not, with a surprisingly receding chin. His eyes were small and sunken, and his feet bulged in their patent-leather easings.

HERMAN was occupied in light chatter with his fiancee, Vera Tooley, who, from appearances, might have been anyone's daughter save her father's. Her face was delicately moulded, the skin clear, and her eyes were full and bright.

The other person in the study was Herman's private secretary, Arthur Bendiloe, an athletic-looking young man of about Herman's own age. He was taller than Herman, and his shoulders were broader. His hair was flaxen, and his eyes were bright blue. He was clean-shaven, and the only man in the room not in dress-clothes. But each time he looked up at the master of the house he frowned, and to the close observer it would have been apparent that he studiously avoided meeting Vera Tooley's glance, though several times the soft brown eyes of the girl regarded him appealingly. But they were times when Herman's back was turned.

The dinner-gong sounded at seven-thirty, but all the guests were not at their places until a quarter of an hour later.

The meal itself might have been termed a "mixed success" by an onlooker. Certainly the food was enjoyed by the majority; but by the time the chicken bones had been cleared away the minority were feeling they had had more than sufficient. Jim had done most damage when he dropped a loaded spoon into his turtle soup; and a rather lively scene had ensued when a sturgeon bone had pricked Eva's throat. Harry had knocked over a glass of wine in his eagerness to be of assistance.

But at last the meal ended—as Eddie passed his remaining piece of Camembert between his teeth on the end of his knife.

Pill and Benson cleared away, and when they had gone Herman rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "as this is a rather special occasion I am going to ask the ladies to remain here with the gentlemen. Mr. Sterridge will explain a few matters."

Pill and Benson returned, bearing boxes of cigars and cigarettes. Soon a dozen coils of smoke were drifting towards the high-domed ceiling, dulling the gleam of the bright electric candelabrum. There was the scuffle of a chair being pushed back, and Edgar Sterridge, smiling thinly, rose and glanced at the faces turned to him. In his hand he held a paper of notes.

"As you are all aware," he began, "I was the late Fred Raven's solicitor. In July last he made his will, which, naturally, my firm drew up for him. In it he made a certain bequest, to the effect that fifty thousand pounds should be set aside to be distributed equally between the legal heirs of his brother Tom, whom he had not seen for many years.

"After Mr. Raven's sad death," he went on, dropping his voice, "his son, our host here, authorised me to make search for the children of his uncle. The result of my inquiries is that you are sitting here to-night. I discoverd that Tom Raven first married a Miss Sally Lane. I do not know where they were married, nor from what part of the country Miss Lane came, but I know that she died in 1905. By that marriage, I found, there were four children — namely, James, Alice, Henry, and Edwin—who are here at this table. I also found that two years after his first wife's death Tom Raven married again. This time a Miss Phyllis Nell. By this marriage there were three children — namely, Thomas and Terence, and Celia. They also are here. Tom Raven, I learned, died in 1923, and was followed five years later by his second wife. I believe these facts are right." He looked up. "If they are not will some one kindly correct me."

No one interrupted. He continued.

"Very well, then, the position is this. By June the thirtieth this year the sum of fifty thousand pounds will be realised from the estate of the late Mr. Raven and evenly distributed among the seven legatees I have named. According to the terms of the will I am to inform the children of the late Tom Raven who benefit under their uncle's will that the rest of Mr. Raven's estate is left entirely to his son, our host, with the exception of certain sums bequeathed to several charities and to various other people whose service to him Mr. Raven rated highly.

"However"—Mr. Sterridge's voice rose sharply—"there is this proviso. In the event of Mr. Herman Raven dying and leaving no heir the considerable fortune of his father is to revert to the children of his brother."

There was a sudden silence. Strained faces peered at the solicitor as the meaning of his words became clearer. All at once there was a sudden change of attention. Each person at the table looked from Sterridge to the young man seated at the top. Herman sat with his arms loosely folded, staring at the wineglass before him.

At the top end of the table Maurice Tooley glowered at the assembled company and sucked his cigar until it would not draw sweetly. His daughter's hand had stolen to her fiance's arm. She looked flushed, but that might only have been the result of too liberal an application of make-up. On the other side of her sat Arthur Bendiloe, his fair hair gleaming like golden silk in the strong light, his gaze lowered. Idly he toyed with a smouldering cigarette.

"I think that's all there is to explain, ladies and gentlemen. Of course, if any of you have any questions to ask I shall be pleased to answer them. I might add, though, that all arrangements for distributing the fifty thousand pounds have been left to my firm, and that we shall, of course, notify the respective parties in due time . . . Are there any questions?"

He waited, glancing about him, but no one seemed to have anything to ask him. He sat down.

Herman rose. He smiled at those seated nearest him on both sides.

"I propose, then, that we now drink the health of my cousins."

He lifted his glass.

It never reached his lips. At that moment a piercing scream rang through the house, and a second later another.

Herman put his glass down hurriedly, and wine spilled on to the white cloth. He pushed back his chair and leapt to the door. As he opened it another scream rang out, more loudly. Herman rushed outside.

He was closely followed by the Twins and Bendiloe. Then, after a short pause, Eddie and Jim went out, followed by Sterridge and Harry. Those inside the dining-room heard footsteps pounding up the staircase. Alice pushed her husband aside, and followed the others, while Celia and Vera Tooley stood together in the doorway.

Only one person sat at the table; that was Maurice Tooley. His cigar was now chewed pulp, but he did not notice it. He was thinking of the Raven fortune, and telling himself that the wedding must be soon . . . soon . . .

For ten minutes pandemonium reigned. Members of the household and guests alike rushed here and there, searching for they hardly knew what. They bumped into each other on the ground floor, met again in a room on the first floor, and rushed side by side up to the second. Everyone was asking questions to which nobody knew the answers. Herman Raven seemed to have disappeared.

Suddenly Pill said: "Where's Maggie?"

And Mrs. Apple, puffing, and very red behind her ears, cried: "Maggie Trumbull! It was she who screamed! I'm sure of it! Maggie Trumbull!"

So they set about finding the maid. But she wasn't anywhere on the ground floor. In a body the searchers rushed to the first floor again, and looked in all the rooms without success.

Then Eddie shouted: "Where's this door lead to? It's locked."

He was rattling the handle of a small door opposite the billiard-room. Pill pushed his way through the crowd.

"That's the door of the first-floor bathroom. It shouldn't be locked."

He appeared at a loss.

"Break it in," said Sterridge, to no one in particular.

The Twins ducked, and hurled themselves forward at the same instant. Woodwork splintered, and the door sagged. Another crowding rush and the lock gave. The door swung gently inward. Terry was the first across the threshold. He drew up stiffly all at once. The others could not see his face.

"What is it?" called Alice excitedly.

But Terry did not answer. He couldn't. Behind him pushed Bendiloe. Herman Raven's secretary stopped abruptly. Lying half over the bath, blood dripping from him on to the tiled flooring, was his master. Coiled in an unconscious heap by the wash-hand basin was Maggie Trumbull.

With trembling hands Bendiloe lifted Herman Raven's face. He let it fall gently, and followed Terry outside.

To the throng outside the bathroom he said: "Mr. Raven has been murdered. I must phone for the police."

IT was nearly an hour later that two low-bodied police cars loomed out of the fog at the end of Davenall Lane, and slowed down. Across the open expanse of Wimbledon Common the fog

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was thickening, and it was growing colder. In the bright rays from the cars' headlights a policeman saluted.

"That's Ravenscroft, sir." He pointed.

The cars moved on, turned into the Ravenscroft drive, and drew to another halt. A uniformed sergeant stood by the front door.

"Inspector Slade?" he asked.

A voice from the first car said "Yes," and the next moment Anthony Slade, the senior officer of Department X2, stepped under the porch. Slade's heavy overcoat was belted, its collar up round his throat. His soft felt hat was rammed tightly on his head.

"Who's in charge now?" he asked the sergeant.

"Divisional-Inspector Callum, sir."

"Right. Tell him I'm here."

The sergeant returned to his superior, and the latter, a grizzled policeman with more than thirty years' experience of London's malefactors, was impressed when he heard that Slade was already on the scene. He himself had taken charge barely twenty minutes before.

The two inspectors, the local station man and the Scotland Yard expert, met in the dead man's study. The local police surgeon was writing in a notebook, and Callum was standing over him, fingering his own notes.

"Slade? Pleased to meet you. I'm Callum."

THE handshake was gripping. Slade introduced the man who had followed him into the room.

"This is Sergeant Clinton, my chief assistant, Callum. I've got the others waiting outside. Is there anything to tell me before they take the shots?"

Callum indicated the man seated at the desk.

"Dr. Surrey. Got anything to tell him, doctor?"

Dr. Surrey blinked behind his pince-nez.

"Nothing that can't wait, Callum. He was stabbed in the back, that's all. Clean wound, and death was instantaneous. The girl was just knocked out. Not hurt much, though I can't say what shock will do."

The Yard man turned to Callum.

"What's this about a girl? We didn't get that over the phone."

"It's a queer tale, Slade. In fact, the whole thing's queer. Better wait till you get her own story. She's a maid here, and it didn't take me two glances to see that the footman is keen on her. Might be something in it from that angle."

Slade nodded. "Where's Herman Raven now?"

Dr. Surrey smiled thinly. "All that's left of him is in his bedroom."

As Slade would have uttered a protest Callum spoke.

"I've got the position marked in red chalk," he told the Yard man.

Slade contented himself with another nod.

"All right, I'll go up and see him now. Then I'll have the girl along. We'll tackle the other afterwards." He turned to his assistant. "Come on, Clinton. Tell Sheldron to follow upstairs."

The dead man reposed in solitary state in his gold-and-white bedroom. His body was now lying in the centre of the bed. Already rigor mortis had begun, and the features were set in a lifeless rigidity. The hands at the sides were open, the fingers half crooked, as though they had just released their hold on life.

"Take your shots, Sheldron."

The police photographer raised his camera, set it in position, and arranged his magnesium-electric flare. He took six shots, and then crowded his apparatus to one side of the room. Slade began his own examination. With a powerful lens he scrutinised the victim's flesh, the wound, and the clothes near the knife-rent. He turned to Inspector Callum, who was watching interestedly.

"That the weapon?" he inquired, pointing to a knife, the blade of which was wrapped in a hand-towel, lying on the dressing-table.

The local inspector nodded.

"Test it for fingerprints, Clinton."

While the sergeant busied himself with his task Slade, accompanied by Callum, went outside and turned along the corridor to the bathroom door.

"He was found in there," explained Callum, "half hanging over the bath. Must have been struck while his back was turned to the door, for his face was in the bath. Look."

The constable on guard moved aside, and Callum, careful to use his handkerchief on the handle, opened the door. Slade followed him inside, and looked in the direction in which the local man pointed. At the side of the bath, on the black-and-white tiling, was scrawled an irregular shape in red chalk.

"That's where his feet came to," said Callum, following the chalked loops with his finger.

"Funny he didn't slither further down," commented Slade. "Plenty of flesh on him."

Callum said nothing to this. The point had not occurred to him. He pointed to the wash-hand stand.

"That's where he found the maid."

"He?"

"Bendiloe, Raven's secretary. He found 'em both. As I said before, it's a queer tale, Slade."

"Why?"

"Well, it seems Herman Raven—he's old Fred Raven's son, you know—the old man was a millionaire; it seems he'd got a lot of poor cousins here that he'd had traced by some firm of solicitors. His father had left them fifty thousand, and to-night was the pleasant surprise. He'd just got through telling them, they'd had dinner, and the solicitor chap, Edgar Sterridge—he's here now—had explained a few other points about the will when they all heard a terrible scream. Raven was about to toast his cousins. That scream stopped him. It was followed a moment or two later by another. He puts down his glass and rushes from the dining-room. Some of the others crowd out after him. For about a quarter of an hour there's a general commotion. Every person in the house is rushing about trying to find the screamer—and Raven; for about ten minutes someone noticed that he wasn't on view any more. They started searching the house methodically. First downstairs, then up here. I don't know who twigged the locked bathroom door, but a couple of the cousins burst it in, and Bendiloe, jumping after them, tumbled on the corpse." Callum glanced piercingly at Slade. "I must say it begins to look like a one-way case to me."

"Yes?"

"Yes. One of those cousins. They all look as though they've never seen enough cash, and here was the big opportunity knocking right on their door."

"Then your opinion, Callum, is that some one did him in while that first ten-minute scramble was on?"

"That's about it. One of the cousins, as I said. Rushed up here, saw the bathroom door open, looked in and noticed him bending over the girl, and didn't say, 'Get behind me, Satan.'"

Slade smiled.

"Well, you've got it pat, anyway. But where'd this person get the knife?"

Callum's grizzled head rocked.

"I know. I thought of that one. But before you laugh, look 'em over. Maybe there's one down there who might naturally carry a sheath dangling from his belt."

Slade caught the other's arm.

"What is it, Callum? Let's have it straight."

"Well, I'm a pretty close reader of most bulletins and circularised reports, Slade. There's a chap down there—calls himself Eddie Raven—whose face looks familiar. But I can't place him. I may be wrong, of course, but I'm generally right when it comes to just faces. That's all."

They passed out of the bathroom, and once more the guarding constable blocked the entrance. As they went down the stairs Slade said: "How was the girl lying when the secretary found her?"

"Doubled up, with her head against the basin. But I'll give you my notes. I jotted down those details."

In the study they found Clinton talking to Dr. Surrey.

"Nothing," he said in answer to Slade's inquiry regarding fingerprints. "Clean as a whistle."

"Well, that shows foresight. Now for the girl, Callum. Let's have her in."

Dr. Surrey turned to the Yard man.

"There's a Mr. Tooley here who's getting very impatient. His daughter was engaged to Raven. He wants to see you at once."

"Mr. Tooley will have to wait. The maid, Callum. What's her name"—looking over the other's notes—"Maggie Trumbull?"

Maggie's young mouth was perversely set when she entered the study, compressed at the corners. Slade gave her a single glance, and knew that he would have to use a tight rein. When he spoke he was not looking at her.

"Maggie," he began, "I want to know why you screamed to-night."

The girl's eyes were bright but rebellious. Something was troubling her.

"I've told that to this other gentleman already."

Slade smiled. "And now you're going to tell me."

SHE gulped, but the words she tried for would not come. Quickly she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I was packing my things to leave——"

"Oh! . . . Why?"

"I'd had a row with the cook. She and I never did hit it off, and to-day, when we were all in her room after lunch, she started at me again, and I let fly. I'm fed up with the place."

"I see. Now let's get back to the reason for your screaming."

The girl hesitated for a moment.

"It was like this, Mr. Benson—that's the footman—he told me to think over what I'd said about leaving. But my mind was made up. I don't know whether Cook or Mr. Pill—he's the butler here—had said anything to either Mr. Raven or Mr. Bendiloe, but I wasn't waiting to be chucked out. That wasn't likely. Not me! . . . So after I'd done my share of helping in dishing up the dinner I went upstairs and packed. Well, I came downstairs, and as I went along the first-floor corridor to the head of the stairs a hand suddenly clutched me. I screamed, and another hand closed over my mouth. I bit at it, and managed to scream again. I don't remember any more."

Slade glanced at the docto

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

"Have you examined her, Dr. Surrey?"

"Yes, nothing worse than a painful bump on the back of the head. I've painted the bruise with iodine."

"You hadn't got on your coat and hat when you were attacked?" Slade next asked the girl.

"No."

"But you were wearing those clothes?"

He pointed to the clothes she was wearing, brown leather walking-shoes, beige silk stockings, and a green dress of some thick woollen material.

"Yes."

"Where were you going when you were attacked?"

For a moment the girl hesitated. The handkerchief with which she had dabbed her eyes was twirling in her fingers in a nervous fashion.

"To see someone."

"Who?"

"Mr. Benson." It was admitted reluctantly.

"You had something to tell him? Something you wanted him to know before you left?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

The fingers round the twirled handkerchief were suddenly still.

"That's my business. It's got nothing to do with what you're here for."

The first sentence was uttered defiantly; the second with dwindling self-assurance. Slade merely looked at her.

"Very well," he said. "We'll leave that for the time being. If you won't talk you won't. But Benson might."

She started.

"He won't tell you anything," she said quickly, then bit her lip. "There's nothing to tell," she added sullenly.

"That's for Benson to decide. Well, Maggie, you haven't been very useful. You don't know the person who attacked you?"

"Should I be taking it like this if I did?" she countered scornfully. "The brute gave me a whack that'll leave my head aching for days. I'd just like to get within six inches of him—once!" she snapped vindictively, her small face screwed into an expression of violent spite.

Slade coughed to conceal his amusement.

"Tell me, Maggie, do you think the person who attacked you was the murderer of Mr. Raven?"

"I don't know anything about it. What I know I've told you—and him." She pointed at Callum. "I told him, too, that it was a man's hand that went over my mouth. I felt the hairs when it twisted, after I'd bit it."

"That'll do then, Maggie," said Slade. "But I'm afraid you'll have to stay here to-night. I may want you again . . . By the way, where were you thinking of going when you left to-night?"

She was at the door.

"That's nothing to do with you. I'm still here, ain't I?"

She didn't wait for an answer. Slade turned to Callum.

"Some parents seem to have spared too much rod, Callum. Let's have in now the bird you rather fancy . . . Eddie Raven."

EDDIE'S step was not so jaunty as he entered the study and stood irresolutely before the tribunal he found there. He didn't like the look of the man with the papers in his hand; and when the man put the papers down and spoke he liked him even less.

"You're Edwin Raven? Ever had anything to do with the police?"

While Eddie dallied with his answer Callum broke in.

"Come on. No good lying; we can check up on you. I've seen your face plastered on some bill I'll swear."

Eddie's eyes narrowed.

"I did a stretch at Parkhurst," he confessed.

"How long?"

"Thirty months." His eyes widened and his neck muscles rippled. "It wasn't anything to do with me, either. It was a——"

"I know, I know," said Slade soothingly. "A frame-up. All right, you were framed. What sort of job was it?"

"Burglary. But I don't know anything about it. An old fool ran out of a house one night and started shooting at me. Accused me of burgling his house. There was no time to argue, for he was shooting bullets all round me. So I let him have one——"

"What with?"

"Eh?" Eddie stared blankly.

"I said what with. You didn't get those extra months for hitting him with your fist."

Eddie glared at the detective and cursed under his breath.

"Well, I used to carry a knife at one time. Sort of crazy notion I got. You know how a fellow gets——"

"Yes, I know all right. Tell me, Raven, did you pull out your knife and stab your cousin?"

Eddie's face drained white.

"I haven't worn a knife since I came out. You—you don't think I did it!" His voice rose shrilly with fear.

Slade mottioned to Clinton.

"See if there's a sheath on him."

Clinton's expert hands rifled the other's clothing. He shook his head when he had finished.

"All right," said Slade. "Where were you while the stampede was on?"

"I was with Terry most of the time, until we all went upstairs together. I was with Jim then. He's my brother."

Slade looked long and earnestly at his restive vis-a-vis.

"Where are your gloves?" he demanded.

"My gloves?"

"You heard what I said."

"Why, in my overcoat pocket. But——"

Slade held up a hand. Save it. Excuses always keep well. Clinton, get his overcoat. Better take him along to identify it."

When the sergeant and Eddie had left the room Callum crossed to Slade.

"When he mentioned that shooting business it brought the case back to me, Slade. There was more than one in it, though. Raven never had the stuff on him when he was taken. He'd made a quick swap to a pal, who ducked with it. If the stuff had been on him, with the knifing, too, he'd have got five years."

Clinton and his charge returned. Over the former's arm was a thick, loud-checked overcoat.

"Here are the gloves," said the sergeant, holding up a pair of dirty white cotton gloves.

Slade took them, turned them over, and looked archly at Eddie.

"Not very warm this weather, are they?"

The other glowered.

"Or were you thinking of cracking a crib?"

Not a sound from Eddie.

Slade tossed the gloves on to the desk. "Very well, Raven, that's all now. You may take your coat. I'll keep the gloves."

"What do you think?" asked Callum when the sullen Eddie had departed.

"Can't say," said Slade, shaking his head. "Not enough to go on. But if he's mixed up in this we'll soon know. Clinton, could he have got to his overcoat without having to ask for it?"

"Yes, they were all hanging together in the hall."

"We've the knife, but we'll need the sheath in order to get it identified. Have Irvin keep watch on him, Clinton, in case he tries to conceal something. I want to know the place of concealment. While you're out there ask Sterridge and Tooley to step this way."

Edgar Sterridge's expression was supercilious as he entered, his companion's apoplectic.

"Look here," boomed the owner of Tooley's Pickle Factory, one of Camden Town's thousand eyesores, "what does this delay mean? My daughter and I——"

Slade interrupted firmly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tooley. Both you and your daughter will get what consideration we can give. But you must be patient, sir. This is a case of murder, and there are many people to be questioned."

The calm assurance of the detective left the pickle manufacturer blowing.

"But, confound it, you surely don't think I did it!"

"No, I'm very sure you didn't do it, Mr. Tooley. Inspector Callum informs me that you didn't leave the dining-room, even to help!"

TOOLEY'S goat-like face mottled. He gasped, and fell back, muttering, "Great Scott!"

Sterridge took his place. His gaze measured the detective, and did not find him wanting.

"What is it you wish to ask me, Inspector?" he inquired. "I'm afraid I shall not be able to help you much, but what I can do——"

He shrugged.

"I want to know why these poor relations are here, and what you told them, Mr. Sterridge."

The solicitor explained the provisos in the late Fred Raven's will. Slade made a few notes when he had finished, then turned to the solicitor sharply.

"The legal heirs of the Raven fortune now, then, are these cousins? Am I right?"

"Perfectly. Mr. Herman leaves no heir, so the fortune passes to the children of his father's brother."

Maurice Tooley's face drew up one side, as though he were suffering from acute neuralgia. He was thinking of what his daughter had missed. A self-made man himself, he recognised only one driving force in the world, hard cash. That, and that alone, performed the miracles Maurice Tooley believed in.

"This is interesting, Mr. Sterridge," said the Yard man. "What you have told me supplies a motive to each of Mr. Raven's guests. I should like to know if you know anything about them personally."

"You mean his cousins, Inspector? You see, Mr. Tooley and his daughter and myself were also at the table."

Sterridge smiled a wintry smile.

"Yes, I mean his cousins," said Slade stolidly.

"Well"—Sterridge shrugged, and dug a thumb into a pocket of his dress waistcoat—"I don't know that there's anything I can tell you personally." He stressed the word. "My firm enlisted the services of a reputable inquiry agency when they wished to locate the various children of Tom Raven. And so far as I remember there was only one piece of information of a personal nature

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that they offered. That was about Edwin Raven."

He paused, expecting a question, but Slade said: "I know. "He's served time. Is that all?"

"That's all," said Sterridge coldly.

The C.I.D. man's next question startled the pickle manufacturer.

"How long has your daughter been engaged to Mr. Raven?"

"Some six months. But what the dickens——"

"If you please, Mr. Tooley, I'll ask the questions. Have they quarrelled recently?"

"What the devil——" The explosion died. "Of course not," he finished, looking thoroughly piqued.

"Thank you. Now, Mr. Sterridge"—Slade turned to the solicitor once more—"how are Mr. Raven's affairs? You are the family solicitor; presumably you will know."

Sterridge looked puzzled. He could see no reason for the question.

"If you mean financially, Inspector," he replied, "they are sound enough. Mr. Raven was a very rich man. But if you want to know about his domestic or social affairs, I suggest you apply to his secretary."

Slade's manner became brisker. "Thank you, gentlemen. I'm sorry I am not able to let you leave yet. I may have some further questions to put to you. Both of you realise that the murderer of Herman Raven, so far as we know, is in this house now. In the circumstances we must be extra careful. That's all for the present, gentlemen."

The two went out, and Slade returned to his notes.

"Who's next?" asked Clinton.

"Benson and Pill," said Slade, reading from Callum's list of names. "Might as well have those two in at the same time."

Benson arrived first, tight-lipped, looking anything but at his ease. Pill was ushered into the study about three minutes after the footman.

"Both of you served at dinner, I understand," the detective began.

"That's right, sir," replied Pill, in tones that were none too steady.

"When you left the dining-room the last time where did you go?"

Again the butler replied. "We went to the kitchen."

"Together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you both when the maid screamed?"

"In the kitchen, sir."

"Do either of you know of anyone who hated Mr. Herman Raven?"

Pill looked aghast at the suggestion.

"Good heavens, no, sir!" Mr. Herman was liked by everyone. Now, if you'd said old Mr. Raven——"

"Was he disliked, or even hated?"

"I shouldn't like to say hated, sir, but there were plenty disliked him. He was too successful, if you get my meaning, sir," added Pill darkly.

Slade got his meaning all right, and knew just about what it was worth, coming from whom it did.

"Have either of you any idea who killed Herman Raven?"

Pill trembled. Benson stood steadier than at any moment since his entry.

"No, sir," they said in one voice.

The door opened. A young man with ruffled blond hair and wild eyes stood panting in the opening.

"Are you the Yard man in charge?" he asked Slade, and added: "My name's Bendiloe. I was Mr. Herman Raven's secretary."

"Yes, Mr. Bendiloe. What is it?"

The young man closed the door, stared from Pill to Benson.

"Robbery!" he exclaimed as his gaze came back to the detective's face.

"Go on!" snapped Slade.

"I've just come from the library. No one's in there now. But I found the safe open. Five thousand pounds Mr. Raven put in it yesterday is missing. Yet it was there lunch-time. I saw it myself."

SLADE'S rubber-gloved fingers travelled deftly over the interior of the safe. On the back of his neck he felt Callum's breath. The local inspector was excited. In all his thirty years of police work he had never been on a case such as this.

The Yard man turned about. His examination had been swift, but he had satisfied himself. The safe was a small, circular affair let into the wall above a writing-bureau. It was opened by a key.

"You say Mr. Raven was the only person who had a key to this safe?"

The question was addressed to the dead man's secretary.

"Yes. He kept it on his key-ring, which was usually on a chain——"

"Leave a man outside, Callum. We'll go upstairs and see what was taken from Raven's pockets."

The quartet, Slade, Clinton, Callum, and Bendiloe, marched upstairs. The master of the house lay under a fresh sheet. Bendiloe cast a furtive glance at the still form on the bed, and looked hurriedly away. His mouth twitched.

The Yard man picked up a bunch of keys dangling from the end of a silver key-chain.

"Is the safe-key on this bunch?"

The secretary took the keys, looked them over, shook his head.

"No. But this is his bunch."

Slade dropped the keys on to the dressing-table; the chain slithered over the edge, and swung like a pendulum.

"Take a look at his things. They were taken from his pockets. Anything missing besides that key?"

The secretary stepped closer to the dressing-table, and peered at the articles displayed on it. He fingered one or two.

"I don't think so," he said.

Slade picked up the dead man's pocket-wallet. It was a pretty piece of work in dull red seal. In the front was a mica-covered oblong, for a photograph.

"Isn't a photograph missing from this?" he asked, and, pressing the mica between finger and thumb, pointed to a torn edge of thick creamy paper.

Bendiloe's face went red.

"Why, yes, now you mention it, Mr. Raven did have a photo in that wallet. One of his fiancee, Miss Tooley."

Slade dropped the wallet on the keys. The chain began swinging again.

"Someone tore that photograph from the wallet, Mr. Bendiloe, and that someone was in a hurry. Somehow I don't think Herman Raven was alive when his fiancee's photo was ripped from its frame."

The color drained from Bendiloe's face. He passed a trembling hand through his tousled fair hair, and tried to pull himself together.

"That's an interesting speculation, Inspector. But what about the missing money?"

"We'll go back to your late master's study, Mr. Bendiloe."

In the hall Slade and those following him paused. From the lounge came sounds of bitter argument, among which the Yard man recognised the screeching tones of Maurice Tooley. He crossed the hall, and threw open the lounge door.

Standing before an harassed policeman, shaking fists in each other's faces, and howling words of colorful contumely, were the owner of Tooley's Pickle Factory and Jim Raven. About them, describing a very rough circle, were the other Ravens.

The people in the room became aware of the policemen by the door.

"If you'll excuse me, Mr. Tooley," said the detective, "I'll speak to these ladies and gentlemen."

The pickle manufacturer walked "hurrumphing," out of the lounge. Clinton closed the door after him.

"Where's Bendiloe?" asked Slade, noticing that the secretary was not present.

"I think he went across to the drawing-room," said Callum.

Slade scanned the faces watching him He noted that Eddie Raven was absent.

"Be seated," he said.

They found chairs, and after a deal of scuffling, and a few biting remarks anent whose property the chairs were, silence settled down again.

"I understand you were all in the dining-room," Slade began, "when Mr. Raven ran out."

Someone said, "Yes, that's right," and the others nodded their heads. All were uneasy, and showed it.

"Did any of you see a stranger in the house, either when you first arrived or after you followed Mr. Raven out of the room? By stranger I mean someone who was not a member of the household staff or present at the dinner."

Heads were shaken this time.

"Very well," said Slade. "Did any of you see Mr. Raven after he'd left the dining-room and before the door of the bathroom was broken in?"

"Well," said Terry, "I followed Mr. Bendiloe up the stairs, and when we got to the first floor he was some way ahead; but I thought I saw some one dart in one of the rooms on the left."

"Which one?"

"Might have been the second or third. I can't say for certain. It was just an impression. There was only one light on, and most of the corridor was in shadow. I may have been mistaken."

Slade turned to the others.

"Did anyone else see or hear anything suspicious?"

The question gave rise to a brief babble about so-and-so bumping into thingumybody and who-was-it treading on somebody else's toes. But no one had any information to offer.

"Right, that'll do for the present," said Slade. "I want you all to stay here——"

"Why?" whined Eva. "I want to go home."

"I'm sorry. You'll have to stay. If necessary you'll have to stay the night. You don't seem to realise a murder has been committed in this house, and that any one of you had ample motive."

As he made the announcement blank expressions spread over the faces of the Ravens. They looked at each other in a sort of dazed wonder, and then stared hard at Slade.

"What's the idea?" demanded Tom. "We didn't know anything about it at all until we arrived."

"That's right," spoke up Harry, who had just remembered he was now a householder

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

and paid rates, and, as such, was entitled to voice his opinion. "You've got no right to say a thing like that. No good trying any tricks on us——"

"No third degree!" piped Jack Bloom, whose only recreation was reading American mystery fiction.

"I shouldn't think so, indeed!" The very scorn in her words made Alice's voice tremble.

But at the grim look which came to Slade's face the retorts died.

"So none of you know. Is that it?" He spoke softly, yet they cringed. "None of you remember Mr. Sterridge telling you that if Mr. Herman Raven died without any heir the fortune would be yours?"

He jabbed a finger at each of them in turn. They shrank back.

"You're all wealthy now," he went on, in that same relentless tone, "far wealthier than you had ever dreamed of being—until perhaps to-night! The Raven fortune is yours, and it's yours because Herman Raven was murdered? Someone killed him so that you could have that fortune!"

Glances furtively circulated. A muttering arose. Brother regarded sister with distrust, and sister looked at brother suspiciously.

Then one of them said: "Where's Eddie?"

The question, coming when it did, provided some sort of relief. The tension relaxed in the faces of several, though anxiety remained. The question was followed by others. They bombarded Slade, showing that at such a time the family could present a united front.

The room was not oppressively hot—in fact, the fire had been let die down and had remained untended—and Celia's suddenly fainting gave the Yard man more food for reflection. When he left the room, followed by the other two policemen, the family was grouped in languid fashion about Tom, who was doing his best to bring his sister round.

"See if Irvin's found anything," Slade said to Clinton.

But when the sergeant rejoined his superior in the study he said Irvin was not to be found—nor Eddie Raven.

Slade looked at Callum.

"What do you think?" he asked the local inspector. "Think one of those did it?"

"You mean the Ravens? Don't know." Callum shook his head. "Don't know," he repeated slowly. "They certainly stand to gain the most——"

"So far as we know," added Slade.

"Eh?"

Slade shrugged. "We don't know everything, Callum, about that will. Bet your life on that. This thing's deep. Infernally deep. Great idea to have a murder when there are all these people present. It was either all very sudden, or else——"

"Yes?"

"—or else someone's been mighty far-sighted."

"You mean staged it—just like this?"

"That's what I mean, Callum. But I don't know. At the moment there's just one thing I want to get straightened in my mind."

"What's that?"

"Whether the murderer was the thief who stole the money from the safe. Tell me that, and I shan't be worried by motive. But tell me definitely that the burglary is a blind, and I'm still at sea about motive."

"Well," said Callum, who was used to looking no farther than the facts before him, "Eddie Raven's disappeared. What about that?"

"The safe may have been too great a temptation for Eddie, but that remains to be seen, Callum. I'm not troubling about him as long as Irvin's after him."

The door was pushed open. Irvin, a plain-clothes man of Department X2, entered, accompanied by a very reluctant Eddie. The Yard man had a tight grasp of the other's jacket collar.

"Well, where did you pick him up?" asked Slade.

"In the room with the body."

Slade started.

"How did he get in there? Isn't the guard still outside?"

Irvin grinned.

"This bird"—he gave his prisoner a shove that made his teeth rattle—"doesn't go through doors. He climbs along window ledges. I followed him into the next room, watched him climb out of the window and along the coping. I nabbed him when he came back. He'd got this in his pocket."

He opened his free hand, and revealed the knife that had taken Herman Raven's life.

SLADE took the weapon from his man, held it by the blade, and waved it to and fro. The prisoner's eyes followed every move.

"Yours, Raven?"

The man's glance met the detective's, faltered.

"Yes." His voice strengthened. "But I didn't do it. You can't pin it on me! I wanted my knife, that's all——"

"Not quite, Raven. Why did you want it so urgently? Tell me that."

The man swallowed hard, and at a nod from Slade Irvin released his clutch. Eddie screwed round his neck and rubbed it with the palm of his hand.

"D'you want to strangle a fellow?" he grunted at Irvin. "My neck's raw."

"Never mind your neck now," snapped Slade. "You may have to later. Answer my question. Why did you want that knife so urgently?"

"I guessed he'd been stabbed with it, and I didn't want to get mixed up in no murder business. 'Tisn't healthy."

"How did your knife——"

Eddie jabbed out a hand.

"Give me a moment. I knew that was coming. Listen. Forget what I told you last time you had me in; about not wearing a knife, I mean. I still wear one. See? I admit to it——"

"Too late to do that now, Raven. We'd found it out."

"Well, never mind. I had my knife on me when I came here. But, I don't know, this place seemed all right, if you get me. Chap hasn't got to look out for himself here——"

"Hasn't he? What about your cousin?"

"I didn't mean that way!"

"All right, go on."

"I took off my sheath, with the knife when we went in to dinner. Not too comfortable to sit down for any length of time with that prodding your thigh——"

"Cut the explanation. Where did you put it?"

"That's what I've been leading up to. I hid it in the pocket of my overcoat, which hung in the hall. There wasn't anyone about when I hid it, in the same pocket with my gloves, and I thought no more about it. But when he"—Eddie pointed to Clinton—"got my coat and found only the gloves in it I knew which knife had been used."

"Very well, here it is." Slade held out the weapon.

"Yes, but the sheath wasn't there."

"You mean the sheath is still missing?"

"Well, I looked all round that bedroom, and it wasn't there. And I didn't fancy the job, I can tell you, with him there under that sheet. I was nearly frozen outside on the coping, and when I tried to——"

"All right. We'll leave out the pitiful stuff. You got cold, but you got your knife, didn't you? The knife that slew your cousin and made you a rich man!"

Eddie rocked.

"I didn't do it!" he muttered vehemently. "You've got to believe me. I didn't do it!"

"Who did, then?"

"How should I know? I wasn't anywhere near that bathroom all the time we were rushing about."

"Oh, so you're certain of that."

"Didn't I tell you all that before?"

Slade changed his tack.

"Look here, Raven. You said no one saw you put this knife in your overcoat pocket. Yet how do you explain its being stolen?"

"I didn't say no one saw me. I meant I saw no one. Someone must have seen me——"

"If you're telling the truth." Slade's tone was sceptical.

"Of course I am. D'you think I'd lie about murder——"

"If you were the murderer."

Eddie showed signs of wilting.

"I didn't do it, but you've got me. All right, so what?"

"What about the safe in the library? Where'd you get the key? Or are you going to tell me you didn't pull that job?"

"Say, what're you trying to get at?" Anger warmed the glance Eddie flashed round the room. "I'll buy it. What's this mean about a safe?"

There was a slight undertone of professional interest in his voice.

"The safe in the library here's been robbed of five thousand pounds. The key was stolen from Herman Raven's key-ring. Know anything about it?"

This time Eddie retained his customary poise.

"You're making a day of it, ain't you? What about asking me if I'm Jack the Ripper, or if I'm the fellow who held up that bank clerk in Wembley last week, and got away with——"

"Drop that tone, Raven. It won't help you."

"WELL, what d'you want me to say? First you lug me in here and try to pin a murder on me. That won't wash——"

"I'm not so sure."

"I'm telling you it won't. And then, just to keep me interested, I s'pose, you ask me if I've lifted five thousand out of the safe. What do you take me for? Would I worry about five thousand when I've got a cut of the old man's fortune coming? Am I likely to gum everything up just because there's a little tin safe here? Anyway, I didn't know there was five thousand in it, did I?"

"No. But somebody with nimble fingers lifted the key, Raven. You've got nimble fingers and feet."

Eddie's expression became sardonic.

"Keep this up, and you'll have me laughing. Besides," he added, as an idea occurred to him, "if you've got the key——"

"We haven't," Slade told him. "That's what's funny. Both key and sheath missing."

"Look here, let's see this safe."

"Very well."

No one was more surprised at Slade's acquiescence than Eddie. But when he was shown the safe in the library he grinned.

"I shouldn't have wanted a key for that. Give me a tin-opener and five minutes, that's all."

Slade considered. "You know, Raven,

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you've said little except to deny what I've put to you. You've got no proof——"

"Don't I know it! But no more have you."

"In fact," Slade continued, "with your record, you're not in a very healthy position at the moment. You're the most likely person in this place to have done both crimes——"

Eddie flared.

"That so?" he sneered. "All right, it's none of my business, and I don't make it a practice to help flat-feet, but take another look at that there secretary. What's he doing messing about with Vera Tooley for? Answer that one. Wasn't she Herman's fiancee? Well, why the googoo eyes between 'em? Bendiloe's mighty sweet on his late master's wife-to-have-been."

"What are you driving at, Raven?" Slade's glance met Clinton's. Callum stared from one to the other, his mouth drawn down.

"If those two don't think they're in love, then I've never been that way myself."

"You're suggesting Bendiloe killed your cousin because of Vera Tooley?"

"I'm suggesting nothing. But you did mention five thousand quid, which is missing. Didn't Bendiloe have the best chance to lift it? Well, with the girl and the money he wouldn't stand such a bad chance with old Tooley himself."

Slade took a turn about the room. Callum watched Eddie uneasily, but was forced to admit: "There's certainly an angle there, Slade."

"I'll tell you better how it looks when I've talked to the girl herself. And I've not forgotten the missing photo, Callum. Don't lose sight of that. It suggests a sentimental person, and usually they're not killers. My idea's that Bendiloe took the photograph himself. Did you see his face when I pointed out that it was missing from the wallet?"

Eddie had been following this closely.

"So you don't think he's your man, eh?"

"I still think, Raven, you're the more likely."

Irvin asked: "What are we going to do with him?" and jerked a thumb at Eddie.

"Let him loose," said Slade. "He seems quite bright as a detective."

Eddie glowered and went out, slamming the door.

"Lord! Is it twenty past eleven already?" exclaimed Callum. "I must get through to the station, and arrange about some relief men. It's cold outside, and the men watching the doors and drive'll be perished."

"Better get hold of Bendiloe, then. He's got some sort of pull with the kitchen, I s'pose. Have something warm made. The sitting isn't over yet—not by some hours."

The three went out together, and Callum left the other two, to go in search of the secretary.

Slade turned to his assistant. "Know where Vera Tooley is, Clinton?"

"In the drawing-room, with her father, I think."

They went to the drawing-room, but Miss Tooley was not there. Edgar Sterridge was playing a game of chess with Maurice Tooley, which was not going too well for the latter.

"My daughter?" grunted Tooley, his receding chin attempting the impossible. "In her room, trying to get some sleep. Poor girl, she's worn out."

Edgar Sterridge regarded the detective with whimsical gaze.

"Nothing I can do to help, Inspector?" he inquired.

"Not just now—— I shouldn't do that," cautioned the detective.

"Eh? Oh! No, no!" Sterridge withdrew his queen into safety. Tooley blew his nose. Slade and Clinton returned to the corridor.

"We'll have to find out which is Vera Tooley's room, Clinton. You don't know?"

Clinton shook his head, and they went in the direction of the servants' wing.

They were crossing the hall to the foot of the stairs. Slade paused as the door of the lounge burst open and someone called shrilly, "Thief! Thief!"

The two detectives turned back. Through the doorway of the lounge someone fell headlong in a scrambling heap.

It was Eva Raven.

After her came Alice, brandishing a skinny arm. She didn't notice the detectives.

"Thief!" she called again to the shrinking girl at her feet. "Where did you get five thousand pounds if you didn't steal it? Answer me that!"

Then the indignant Harry burst into the hall, and behind him the rest of the Ravens. Alice retreated, still waving her hand, which clutched some papers.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bloom."

Startled, Alice found her hand imprisoned in Slade's. She released what she had been holding. They were treasury notes. The detective counted them. They totalled five thousand pounds.

"Very interesting! Where did you get this money, Mrs. Bloom?"

Alice pointed an accusatory finger at the girl sobbing in Harry's arms.

"I opened her handbag by mistake, and there it was, all that money. She's a thief, that's what she is. Where did she get that amount of money from honestly? She hadn't anything when she was married, and Harry doesn't earn more than four pounds a week—if that."

Callum, accompanied by the dead man's secretary, came across the floor. Slade beckoned the latter.

"Seen this money before?" he asked.

The young man started.

"Good heavens! It's the money stolen from the safe!"

IT was nearly ten minutes later, when peace had been restored in the lounge, that Slade, Clinton, and Callum sat down once more in the dead man's study.

"There's a riddle for you to crack, Callum," the Yard man invited. His face frowned. "Tell me why someone robbed a safe of five thousand pounds just to give it to a little simpleton like Harry Raven's wife."

Callum shook his grizzled head.

"It's beyond me," he sighed.

"Eddie might have put it there, thinking to collect later," said Clinton dourly.

"I thought of that, Clinton, and turned it down. He wouldn't have risked it with Eva. Alice is out, too, for the same reason. They're both squawkers. Janet Raven's a different proposition. She's older, and she can be close if she wants to. Eddie might have fixed something up with her, but not with the other two. And one thing's certain, he wouldn't have mistaken their handbags. No, Clinton, this thing rather inclines me to believe Eddie Raven. That money was either a plant or was dropped because it was too hot. Well, for the time being I'll take care of it." The Yard man patted his breast-pocket. "One thing's troubling me, though."

The others waited.

"Whether the actual stealing of the five thousand was a trick move," he added after a pause.

"How do you mean?" asked Callum.

Clinton understood. He nodded. "You mean something else might have been taken from the safe, something more important than the money, and the money stolen as a blind?"

"That's what I'm wondering, Clinton," said Slade, "and the devil of it is I've no way of making sure. Really sure, I mean."

"What about Bendiloe?" said Callum.

"That's the trouble. What about him? Until I know he's not mixed up in this business I can't take his word to mean much. If he's in love with Tooley's daughter it complicates things——"

"All right, then, let's see the girl," said Callum, very definitely.

As no one seemed to know where Maggie Trumbull was the two Yard men, accompanied by the local inspector, climbed to the first floor and began tapping on the doors of all the rooms they had not entered. They eventually found Miss Tooley in a room at the end of the first-floor corridor. She was still in her evening gown when she appeared at the door in answer to Slade's rap. The detective noted that her face showed little sign of distress.

"What is it?" she asked, her dark eyes trying to find an answer to her question.

"You haven't retired yet Miss Tooley?"

"No. This upset—poor Herman—you understand——"

"We understand. But we should like a few words with you, Miss Tooley. About Mr. Raven . . . You may be able to help us."

"I?"

"You were engaged to him," Slade reminded her, and before his level stare her gaze dropped to the cluster of diamonds on the third finger of her left hand.

"Will you come in?"

She held the door invitingly. They entered. It was a comfortably furnished room, and the light from a dressing-table lamp suffused darkly polished woodwork and cut glass with a warm glow.

"There's really very little I can tell you," she began when they were seated. "Herman was not of a very romantic nature——"

Slade interrupted her.

"Forgive me for reminding you, Miss Tooley, but I'm not a reporter," he told her. "I want facts upon which I can base my investigation of your fiance's"—she winced—"murder. Material facts. I don't want to know what his nature was, but what he did, what he said, anything he proposed doing—or threatened."

She looked up at the last word.

"Threatened?" she repeated.

Slade looked at her keenly.

"Miss Tooley, I'll be frank. I've come to the decision that Mr. Raven was a jealous man."

"What makes you think that?" She was being cautious, which made Slade pick his words with greater care.

"He carried a photograph of you secured to his pocket-wallet——"

She interrupted hastily.

"Herman was very fond of me, you see, and——"

"And he was jealous, wasn't he?"

"Why, I—I yes, I suppose he was—a bit. That was his way."

"Had he reason to be jealous?"

The brutal directness of the question hurt.

"Indeed! I don't think this is——"

"I'm sorry, Miss Tooley, but I want an answer. You see, if Mr. Raven thought he had reason to be jealous, and quarrelled with someone, there might be a motive for the crime."

She shrank back, a hand raised to her

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mouth. It was her left hand; the half-circlet of gems flashed mockingly.

"But no—no!" she mutte"d fiercely. "I can't believe it—I won't!"

"Then there was someone?"

She was no longer looking at the three men; her gaze was fixed upon the pale image of her face in the dressing-table mirror, as though she would read something in that frightened reflection.

"No!" Her lips barely moved; the syllable was all defiance.

"Mr. Raven hadn't quarrelled with his secretary, then?"

Her body twisted round. As she moved the bright sheen of her dress seemed to flow over her.

"Not Arthur!" she cried. "You're not trying to tell me Arthur killed ?" He wouldn't! I know it. I know!"

In her sudden distress she seemed blind to the fact that she had made a great admission.

"How do you know?" pressed Slade.

"He told me. He promised he ould do nothing—nothing that——"

She stopped, the words trailing off, and her eyes widened as realisation swept over her.

"Oh, my Heavens!" she moaned, and her head sank forward.

Slade raised her, gently. The other two men stood by, trying to look grim, and failing. There was something ineffably pathetic about the drooping figure in the satin dress.

Her dark eyes opened. Their lashes were moist. Her hands pecked at the lapels of Slade's jacket.

"You're not going to arrest him?"

The detective shook his head.

"But tell me," he insisted, "did they quarrel?"

"Once—only once," she whispered.

"Yes."

"That is all. It was about me. But Arthur said they wouldn't quarrel again. He promised me."

"Did either of them threaten the other?"

"No. They agreed to forget their difference."

"But Arthur Bendiloe didn't forget, did he? Because you love him, don't you?"

Her head shuddered.

"Yes," she admitted softly.

"And your father would have been against your marrying just a secretary?"

She nodded.

THEY went out, leaving her sitting very still, her pale face turned from the light and the coldly truthful mirror.

"Well," said Slade as the three walked down the corridor, "it's a toss-up between the two now, Eddie Raven and Bendiloe. The money part of it certainly seems to point to the secretary. That would have been a good move from his side, to 'burgle' the safe, dump the cash, and then announce the 'burglary.'"

"Certainly would have been smart," admitted Callum.

Clinton said nothing until they had almost reached the head of the stairs.

"Bendiloe wasn't the man who attacked the maid," he pointed out. "He was in the dining-room."

"So was Eddie Raven," said Callum.

"Wait a minute," Slade remarked. "We haven't been inside these rooms." He pointed to the rooms on their right.

They went into the first room. It was sparsely furnished as a lounge of some kind. A few bookshelves lined one wall, and a writing-desk stood against the window.

The second room was also unlocked. They went in. It was a bedroom, but obviously in use. The furniture was neat and serviceable, and a bowl of deep crimson and gold chrysanthemums stood on a side table near the foot of the bed.

"Silly place to have a table," remarked Callum, and opened a wardrobe. "Not quite Raven's sartorial taste. Must be Bendiloe's."

But Slade wasn't troubling about the personal objects in the room.

"He evidently comes to his room and does some work. Hullo! This is interesting." He broke off, and the others crossed to the desk which he was scanning. Slade's finger traced two damp, sticky lines on the blotter. The lines formed a wide V. "Somebody's stuck down an envelope with gum and dried it here. Where's the paste-pot? It isn't on the desk."

They looked about. Clinton found it.

"In this cupboard. It's full of stationery and things."

Slade went back to the blotter. Taking out his folding-lens, he examined the inkmarks on it. Fortunately the blotter was in cleaner condition than the pieces of blotting-paper strewing the desk. The Yard man's glass travelled slowly across the blotter, and came to rest at a point on the left-hand side, the side nearer the door.

"What do you make of this, Clinton?" he asked, making way for his assistant, and giving the sergeant his lens.

Clinton made the same of it as Slade did.

"'Vera darling.' The l's not all there, and the d might be anything. But that's it, right enough."

"Notice anything else, Clinton?"

The sergant bent his back again.

"No, can't say I do." He knew very well there was something else to be noticed, or Slade would not have asked the question. His face puckered. Suddenly it cleared. He looked up. "The ink's still blue——"

"Right, Clinton. That wasn't written so long ago. The ink hasn't had time to change to black."

"You mean Bendiloe wrote it to-night?" said Callum.

"He did. But why? She didn't say anything about a note. Another thing. That's the only piece of his note that he blotted on the pad. Didn't he finish it, or what? Come on. We'll go back and asked her a few more questions. We've a heap more to learn about this angle."

As they passed into the corridor Callum said: "I don't see where all this is helping to solve who killed Raven."

"What do you mean?" asked Slade.

"Well," said the local inspector, "Vera Tooley's already said Bendiloe didn't. She'll stick to that, won't she? I bet she does! Anyway, the chances are she doesn't know who killed him unless she did it herself, and do you think that's likely? Meantime tell me who the 'real murderer' is, and I'll—"

"Just so," said the Yard man. "Tell me who the 'real murderer' is, and I'll——"

Callum threw up his hands.

"All right. It's your job. Only it seems to me we're going round in circles, not getting far. Thought I'd just say so."

When they knocked on the door of Miss Tooley's room they found she was not there. They went back to the head of the stairs.

"Did a young lady pass downstairs recently?" asked Slade of the policeman on guard, and described the girl.

"Yes, sir. 'Bout five minutes ago, while you were in that other room up there."

The two Yard men and Callum went downstairs. A uniformed sergeant—the man who had met Slade at the door when he arrived—approached and saluted. He jerked a finger towards the lounge.

"There's one o' those in there wants to see you, sir," he told Slade.

"What about?"

"Don't know, sir. He came and whispered it to me while the rest were having another little flare up. Some of 'em are asleep now, though. He told me not to let any of 'em know what he's said."

"All right, sergeant. Bring him into the library."

A couple of minutes later the library door opened and the sergeant ushered in a wide-eyed and nervous Jim Raven.

"YOU'RE James Raven?"

"That's right." Jim's normally brusque tone was rather awed. He fidgeted, and was plainly anxious to get something off his mind.

"You've got something important to tell me?"

"Ain't I just!"

"Better sit down, then."

Slade indicated a chair, and the eldest of the Ravens seated himself gingerly on the edge. His hands rubbed the knees of his trousers.

"All right. Fire ahead," the Yard man invited.

Jim was thoroughly cautious. He looked round before speaking.

"That there Edgar Sterridge ain't in here, is he?"

"No. Why?"

"You'll hear," Jim promised, and settled himself more comfortably after the assurance. He rubbed his hands down his thighs. "My wife and I've been putting our heads together," he went on. "There's something you should know. Me and my brothers and sister are not rich people on account of this murder."

The policemen looked at each other.

"What are you driving at?" asked Slade, puzzled.

Jim fidgeted again.

"It's not a nice sort of thing to talk about," he started again, "and it's like dragging up the past. But you see——"

As he paused, fumbling for words, light broke on the Yard man.

"You mean, Raven, that you and your brothers and sister are not legal heirs of your father—that your father wasn't married to your mother?"

Jim nodded vigorously.

"That's it. The others don't know, though. Only me and Janet know. The old man told me years ago, but he kept it from the others."

"What about your father's other children?"

"You mean Celia and the Twins? Oh, I reckon they're all right. He married their mother. She wouldn't have it no other way. You see, when he went off with our mother he was already married——"

"What?"

Slade stared. He saw a host of complications arising, and also a possible reason for the strangely definite wording of Fred Raven's will.

"That's right," said Jim. "It was over this girl he'd been forced to marry by his parents that he left home—ran away. 'Least, that's the tale the old man told me. He could tell 'em when he liked, I'll admit. But Janet and I thought you ought to know. You see, you said as we had a motive. We ain't, have we?"

Slade smiled.

"If this is the truth, Jim," he said kindly, "there's certainly no motive against you and your wife. You can rest assured about

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that. But if the others don't know this—why, the motive remains, doesn't it, in their case?"

Jim scratched his head over this problem. Doubt crossed his square face.

"You mean, because they didn't know they weren't the real heirs they—— Oh, what a mess!"

"You're right, Jim. But tell me," continued the Yard man, "what made you ask if Mr. Sterridge was in here."

"Because he knows the truth about it all."

"You're certain of that?" asked Slade eagerly.

"Certain? 'Course I am! I told him all about it myself—at least, not him, but the chap who came making inquiries on his behalf. You know, I don't like these lawyers. Always something goes wrong when they meddle with your business."

"Who was the person who made the inquiries, Jim?"

Jim scratched his head again; but rumpling his hair did nothing to refresh his memory.

"Blessed if I know now. Janet will, though. That woman's got a memory for names like a spider's web for flies; holds 'em all."

Clinton went out and brought back Janet. She didn't appear too pleased to find herself in her husband's company again.

"What've you been saying, Jim?" she asked as she took a seat at Jim's side.

"Only about the old man, Janet."

"Oh! Well, couldn't you tell it straight? What do they want me in her for?" she inquired petulantly, and though the question was directed at Jim it was plain that she was speaking to Slade.

The detective smiled. He could see that Janet might be difficult, if she chose.

"Your husband couldn't remember a name, Mrs. Raven——"

"Him remember anything! I'd like to see him! Unless it was what he backed in the three-fifteen or how much Fred Farmer borrowed from him last week."

"It was the name of the man who came to your home with an inquiry about the family—your husband's father's family, I mean."

"Climpson," snapped Janet crossly.

"Did he say he was from Mr. Sterridge's firm?" asked Slade.

Jim had subsided, and was chewing the tips of his fingers.

"No. Because he wasn't," retorted Janet, with fine logic.

"Do you know which firm he came from, Mrs. Raven?"

"It wasn't a firm in that sense," she replied. "It was a detective agency."

Jim's fingers dropped away from his mouth.

"Ah, now! I remember the name o' that!" he exclaimed.

"Shut up!" said Janet. "Where are your manners? Can't you see I'm doing the talking?"

Jim got a bit sarcastic.

"See? I can blooming well see and hear it!"

Slade strove to capture the woman's attention once more, and after she had spent a full ten seconds glaring at her husband he succeeded.

"What was the agency's name?" he asked.

"It was called the Bott Detective Agency. That there Mr. Climpson—I never liked his looks, I might tell you; too ferrety for me, and his eyes were too close together; I never trust that sort—well, that there Mr. Climpson he said Mr. Sterridge was employing his agency, and he showed us his official card, as he called it, though I can't say it looked specially official to me. Just a plain printed card, with his name under the agency's."

"And when this man Climpson showed you his card your husband told him all he wanted to know. Is that it, Mrs. Raven?"

"It certainly is, and if he'd acted on my advice he'd have kept his trap shut."

Slade didn't detain the pair long after that. When they had gone he looked at his watch.

"Nearly half-past twelve. I can't expect 'em to remain quiet all night, Callum. You've fixed things at the station?"

"Yes, that's fixed. But I'm stopping here. Something interesting might turn up."

"Well, I'd certainly like to see it. This case is falling flatter every minute. Now Sterridge's name has a query after it. If we keep at it long enough we'll be suspecting the whole bunch."

Callum had shaken off some of his weariness. He grinned.

"Not a bad idea to start that way," he suggested. "Can't overlook anything then."

But the sour look he got from Slade didn't encourage him to continue in that vein.

"I'll put a call through to the Yard," said the C.I.D. man. "If I let 'em go I might be losing valuable evidence. This bunch will remember the devil of a lot they won't think up while they're here, and one of 'em's got the sheath of Eddie's knife and the key. Besides, something else was taken from the safe with the five thousand. Something in a longish envelope."

Callum's eyes widened. "Well, I'm jiggered! What little bird whispered that bit of news?"

"Recollect that pot of paste in Bendiloe's room?" said Slade. "It's been puzzling me. Terry was right. He did see someone go in there, and that someone wrote a note to the girl and also opened a letter taken from the safe. He also refastened the letter after opening it, so as to make it appear that it had not been tampered with. Hence the paste."

"Bendiloe's the only one who fits all that," Clinton pointed out.

"I know," said Slade. "I've got no proof, but I must find that envelope. It's got something to do with Herman Raven's murder. Bet your lives on that. It may answer the riddle. Anyway, I want it, and if we all disperse it's a cert I shan't get it."

"So what?" asked Callum.

"So I'm getting in touch with headquarters. If I can arrange to keep them all here throughout the night, even if we've got to let 'em bed down somewhere, I'll do it. There's too much hidden evidence for the murderer to be easy. Separate 'em, get 'em in different rooms, and the murderer might try something fresh. We'll keep a look-out, Callum, and be ready to act smart. Get me?"

"All right. Sounds as though we might be in for a stirring time, Slade."

"We might be in for anything in this house," said the Yard man crisply.

He went into the hall, and crossed to the telephone. He placed the receiver to his ear, and then stiffened. The flex had been cut!

He placed the useless instrument on its small stand, and as he turned away he stiffened for a second time. From the other side of the hall rose a piercing shriek.

THERE could be no mistaking that long, trailing cry of horror. A woman had screamed.

The scream had come from the dining-room.

Slade reached the dining-room door at the same moment as Callum and Clinton. He opened it and dashed through, flinging over his shoulder to his assistant: "Keep the others out, Clinton." The sergeant promptly shut the door and stood with his back against it.

Inside the dining-room only one light burned, a single lamp-bracket at the far end. The great cluster of the electric chandelier hung from the ceiling like a dead thing. Slade swung past the table, and drew up by the single light. Callum approached more slowly.

"Lordy!" muttered the local man under his breath, as his eyes beheld the sight riveting Slade's gaze.

LYING on his back, one leg doubled under him, a broken wineglass gripped in his nerveless fingers, was Edgar Sterridge. A few feet away lay Celia Raven.

"Is she dead?" asked Callum.

Slade bent over the crumpled figure of the girl.

"No, fainted. Help me move her."

They lifted her up and sat her in one of the chairs. She lay back, her face white, a smear of lipstick across her cheek. The Yard man kneeled beside Sterridge and unbuttoned his slip evening vest.

"Dead," he pronounced, feeling for a heart-beat that was not there. "But he wasn't stabbed or shot."

His eyes travelled to the fragment of wineglass in the dead fingers. He glanced up. A tray with decanter and siphon reposed on the sideboard above the dead man. Slade leaned forward, forced open the pale lips, and sniffed.

"Poisoned," he said, rising. "Cyanide. Well, somebody's getting hasty, Callum. But it's bad, just when I thought Sterridge was keeping something up his sleeve which he could tell us. He knew too much for someone." He glanced again at the girl. "I wonder if she's aware of what Sterridge knew. Seeing him like that more than just frightened her. She panicked."

As though she were aware that he was speaking about her, at that moment the girl's eyes fluttered open, and she stared at the Yard man. Then her gaze dropped, she saw the still figure on the floor, and shuddered.

"He is—dead?" she asked tremulously.

Slade nodded. "Poisoned," he told her, and his voice was harsh.

She shuddered again, and sat stiffly upright. After a moment color flowed back into her cheeks.

"Why did you come in here?" asked Slade.

"I wanted to be alone," she replied.

"Any special reason?"

"Somehow I couldn't think with the others present."

"And you had something to think about?"

After a pause she said, "Yes." The word was barely audible.

"What was it? About the murder of your cousin?"

She looked up quickly. A sudden sharpened intelligence brightened her glance.

"I'm not sure," she confessed.

Slade turned to Callum.

"Switch the lights on," he said. "This room looks miserable with just the one light. "Now"—he turned to the girl as the big chandelier blazed—"we're at sixes and sevens. Let's straighten things out, Miss Raven. Seeing Edgar Sterridge lying there gave you a big shock, didn't it?"

She nodded.

"In fact, of all the people here you least expected to find Sterridge murdered?"

She nodded.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

"Now, then," Slade asked, "why? What do you know about Sterridge that made you panic when you saw him?"

"Panic?" She seemed striving to gain time in which to collect her scattered thoughts.

"Uh-huh." Slade placed himself between her and the body on the floor. Callum looked on.

A tongue-tip moistened her lips. "Well, you see, Mr. Sterridge is—was—my employer."

"You worked in his office?"

"Yes."

"His private secretary?"

"No, but I have taken down his letters. I do filing jobs, too."

"I see. Did he recognise you to-night?"

"Yes. He smiled at me across the dinner-table, and spoke to me afterwards."

"Did he say anything to you about your uncle's will before to-night?"

"No."

"Then what were you afraid of? What was it you wanted to be alone to think about?"

Her body relaxed as she sighed. A hand was pushed wearily across her face. Slade spoke over his shoulder to Callum.

"Mix her a drink. She's nearly all in."

The local inspector splashed whisky and soda-water into a glass. Slade took it, absently held it to his nose, and the next instant spun round.

"Good heaven, the whole decanter's been doctored!"

Callum had been contemplating pouring himself a drink. His face drew long.

"You—you really mean it!" He poked a finger inside his stiff serge collar. His throat had gone dry.

"Smell," the Yard man invited. "Cyanide all right. Like burnt almonds."

Callum sniffed at the glass, took it from the detective, and gingerly placed it on the tray.

"What shall I do with this lot, then?" He pointed to the tray, with decanter, syphon, and glasses.

"Open the sideboard, put the tray inside as it is, lock the door, and give me the key. Wait a minute. Better put these on the tray, too."

Slade slipped the broken glass from between the dead man's fingers, picked up the few scattered fragments, and passed them to Callum, who handled them as though they were red-hot cinders. When the local inspector passed him the key after locking the sideboard the Yard man turned to the girl.

She was sitting very still, regarding them with wide, speculative eyes.

"A narrow escape, Miss Raven."

Her answering smile was very wan.

"Let me see, you hadn't answered my questions, had you?"

There was a gentle insistence in Slade's tone.

"Well," she said, "I knew that our being invited here to-day was serving another purpose."

"Oh! . . . What purpose?"

"That I'm not sure about. But Mr. Sterridge knew."

"He did, did he? And how did you come to learn that?"

"Accidentally."

"I'm afraid you'll have to be more explicit, Miss Raven. How do you mean, accidentally?"

"I overheard Mr. Sterridge talking to someone last week."

"Who was the someone?"

"I don't know."

"But you were in the office?"

"There are two entrances to Mr. Sterridge's private office. One through the other offices and one from the main corridor of the building. Private visitors, who've no wish to be seen by the staff, call on him through the latter."

"I see. That was the way this person entered?"

"He must have. He didn't come through the general offices."

"Oh, so it was a man. You didn't recognise the voice?"

"No."

"A pity. But what was said that you overheard?"

"I was working at one of the filing cabinets against the wall next to the door into Mr. Sterridge's office, and when the visitor raised his voice I could hear what he said, though the words sounded muffled."

She hesitated.

"And he said . . .?" Slade prompted.

"I heard him say, 'You work with me, Sterridge, and you'll get your share. Try any tricks, and I'll promise you now you won't get far.' After that Mr. Sterridge spoke, and I missed what was said, but suddenly heard the other man saying: 'And don't forget, Sterridge, this idea of his, about having those pauper cousins of his up there, will be a fine cover.' I didn't hear any more, as I'd found my file, and had to go back to my desk. But I knew to what he referred, of course, our coming here to-day. It puzzled me at the time, and after Mr. Raven was murdered I wondered whether I'd overheard Mr. Sterridge and this other person planning to kill him."

"WHY didn't you tell me of this before?" asked Slade sternly.

She looked very pathetic.

"I might have been wrong," she pointed out reasonably; "in fact, I may still be wrong. I've no proof. I only know what I overheard. But it's been worrying me so much these past few hours that I'm afraid I got a bit snappy. In the end I thought I'd come in here and think it over. I was wondering whether the best thing would be to tackle Mr. Sterridge on my own——"

"That would have been risky, Miss Raven, if Mr. Sterridge was a murderer."

"I know, but, you see, I couldn't be sure. And then Mr. Sterridge isn't the sort of man to murder people——"

"You never can tell."

"But I don't see what reason he could have——"

"Of course you don't. If he'd had a reason he would have killed to prevent people knowing. That's what we call having a motive," the Yard man added drily.

She shook her head bewilderedly.

"Yes, yes!" she said quickly, showing signs of nerves. "But I know Mr. Sterridge, have worked for him. He isn't the type. He might get the best of a man in business deal, or he might even trick him through the terms of a contract, but he wouldn't kill him. That I'm sure of."

Slade stood back and shrugged.

"Personal impression's a great thing—when you can trust it."

"I've always trusted mine!" she flashed. "I've had to learn to trust it!"

"So . . . And you think you're right about Edgar Sterridge?"

"I know I'm right."

"All right, then, we won't argue about it. Callum, take Miss Raven to the other side of the room."

Wonderingly the local inspector took the girl's arm and accompanied her to the far end of the table. They sat down together. Slade bent over the dead man, and examined his pockets. Nothing seemed disturbed. But in one of his trousers pockets he found something that interested him more than all the other objects he had removed. Without saying a word to Callum or the girl he went out. He was back again in a couple of minutes.

He crossed to the girl's chair and held out his hand. She glanced frowningly at what it held, a small key.

"I don't understand," she said.

"You've never seen this key before?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"H'm. Your experience in a solicitor's office has made you precise in your statements, Miss Raven."

She flushed angrily, but said nothing. Slade tossed the key into the air and caught it.

"It may interest you to know that this is the key to the safe in the library here."

"Well?"

"Some time since lunch-hour to-day that safe was robbed of five thousand pounds—"

She caught a hand to her mouth, and half rose.

"Not the money found in Eva's bag?"

"The same. This key"—again Slade tossed it up and caught it, and this time the girl's strained glance followed its movement—"I just found in Edgar Sterridge's pocket."

"But—but I don't——"

Slade interrupted. "I know. You don't understand. No more do I. But I'm going to, and you're going to help me, Miss Raven."

It was said threateningly, and she took it very well.

"How?"

"Two people in this house now can tell me things I don't know about Sterridge. You're one."

There was a pause. Then she asked, "Who's the other?"

"Bendiloe, Herman Raven's secretary. Know him?"

"Only by sight. He's come to the office once or twice. But I don't suppose he's even noticed me before."

"Know anything about him"

"Nothing."

"All right. Let's get to Sterridge, then. What do you know about your late employer?"

"Very little except what I've told you. Nothing about his private life. And it's no use asking me about the stranger I heard him talking to. So far as I know I've never seen him, and I couldn't make the wildest guess at who he was."

Slade looked at her long and earnestly. "All right," he said, "that'll do for the present, Miss Raven. But don't talk to anyone out there."

He pointed to the door. She went out. The Yard man turned to the other.

"Callum, the phone wire's been cut, and this is what did it."

He took from his pocket a bulky pocket-knife with one small blade and one large blade. He pointed to the initials cut in the bone handle—"J.R."

"Jim Raven!" exclaimed the local man.

"Correct. Look at this blade." Slade opened the large blade and pointed to its edge, which was broken and blunted, and to which a thin strand of the flex adhered. "But how did it get in his pocket—as well as the safe-key? Tell me that, Callum."

"BUT Callum couldn't, neither then nor half an hour later, when he left in one of the police cars to report at his own station, get in touch with the Yard, and find Dr. Surrey.

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When Callum left Ravenscroft Slade was nowhere farther along the road to solving the mystery of the second murder in the dark old house than he had been when he first entered the dining-room after hearing the girl's scream. No one, according to the answers he had elicited, had been near the dining-room, except Celia Raven.

Slade retired to Herman Raven's study with Clinton. For a while he stood at the window, looking out into the darkness shrouding the world without. Rain still fell, the big drops striking the pane with monotonous regularity. The tall shape of a policeman patrolled the gravel path outside, his wet cape gleaming in the light from the study window. The man's face was hidden under the deep peak of his helmet.

"Still pouring," muttered the Yard man to himself. "He'd be a fool to try to get away in this."

Clinton stood by the desk and said nothing until his superior turned and stepped closer.

"She was lying," he said, and added, "Vera Tooley."

Slade sat down wearily.

"I KNOW she was. She had a note pushed into her hand all right, and it was written in Bendiloe's room. It's pretty safe to assume that."

One of Callum's uniformed men entered.

"Mr. Tooley would like to speak to you, sir."

"Send him in," said the Yard man, and the dreamy look left his face. For a moment he wondered if here was an answer to his question, but the instant Tooley appeared he put such a thought away. Maurice Tooley was a man with a grievance. He entered, sniffing loudly, and tapping his receding chin with a highly colored bandana.

"Confound it, sir," he began, dabbing with the bandana, "but have I got to herd in with that other crowd, including one of my own employees, and one I detest most of all? Why can't I have a room to myself?"

Slade tried to meet the objection half-way.

"The drawing-room——"

"Bah! The fire's gone out, and the place is like a refrigerator. No, I mean a bedroom. I'm tired, and want some rest."

Tooley muttered into his handkerchief for several seconds before the words grew audible.

"Confoundedly tiresome, all this. I must phone my home and give instructions——"

"Sorry, Mr. Tooley. The wire's been cut."

"What!" The pickle manufacturer's head snapped upright. His protuberant Adam's apple wobbled uncertainly in his scraggy neck. "You mean——"

"I mean that until Inspector Callum gets back, Mr. Tooley, we're completely cut off from the outside. Perhaps you understand now why I'm taking these precautions. I haven't a man here to watch every member of the guests and household staff, so they've got to watch each other. Remember, someone who's committed two murders is in this house now. He—or she—may be planning a third."

"You tell me this," he complained, in a high, screeching voice, "and expect me to remain down here—to be murdered!"

There was nothing at that moment Slade felt less inclined to do than smile; but the sight of the other's face was too provoking. Even Clinton turned his back to hide his amusement. There was something sublimely clownish about Maurice Tooley's fear.

The Yard man spoke soothingly, as he would to a child.

"Oh, I don't think you need be afraid, Mr. Tooley——"

"Eh? Why not? Sterridge was poisoned, wasn't he? And Herman was stabbed, too, eh? It may be my turn next——"

He was trembling. His eyes cast wildly round for a chair. He sat down.

"Why should anyone wish to murder you, Mr. Tooley?" asked the Yard man.

"Why should they want to murder Herman and Sterridge?" countered the other, blinking owlishly.

"That's what I'm trying to find out," Slade told him. "Perhaps you can help me."

"I help you?" Tooley sat upright. Fresh wrinkles caliphered his too-prominent nose. "How?"

"You've met Sterridge several times?"

"Of course."

"Here, or in a business way?"

"Here, generally. I've only met him once on a matter of business; and that was a three-cornered affair."

"What impression of him did you get?"

"How do you mean? Darn it," Tooley flared, "you can't expect me to pick a dead man's character to bits!"

"But I infer that it would be possible?"

Tooley's mouth became very moist. He leapt to his feet.

"Infer what you wish! I didn't come here to——"

"To what?" asked Slade gently, as the other grew purple in his effort to find the right word.

"Bah!" said Tooley and made for the door.

"Just a moment, sir!" called Slade, and there was that in his tone which caused the other man to turn back. Maurice Tooley looked his inquiry. He did not speak.

"Do you know that Bendiloe is in love with your daughter?"

Slade had been counting on surprising the other. He was not disappointed. The color quickly receded from Tooley's cheeks, leaving them pasty-white.

"Do I— What?" he gurgled.

"If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Tooley, your daughter is in love with him, also. I'd like to know if you've had any quarrel with Bendiloe."

Then the pickle manufacturer recalled himself and reared again.

"Who the devil do you imagine you are, eh? Asking impertinent questions, and telling me my daughter is—Bah!"

Mr. Tooley rattled the door-handle, but did not pass out. He turned a twisted, puzzled face to the detective.

"What are you driving at, anyway?"

"Well, being in love with Herman Raven's fiancee might be considered a good motive for murder by some people. Jealousy, the eternal triangle, and all that stuff, Mr. Tooley. But the person who slew Raven killed Sterridge; and the same motive doesn't hold. Don't happen to know anything about Bendiloe's private affairs, do you?"

"I don't. What's more, I'm not interested. And keep my daughter's name out of——"

"What did she come downstairs to see you about just before we found Sterridge?"

Tooley was stopped in mid-flight. He caught his breath, puffed like a decrepit adder, and resorted to his bandana. But he did not reply.

"Was it anything to do with a note she had received?" pressed Slade, leaning forward and scanning the other's features intently.

But mirrored in Tooley's sunken face was only bewilderment.

"I don't know what you're talking about. Didn't she tell you? After you'd seen her in her room she had a sudden headache. She came down and asked me for some aspirin——"

"Do you usually carry aspirin with you, Mr. Tooley?"

"Always since I hurt my head in a car smash. I'm subject to very bad headaches. I feel one coming on now."

He put his hand to his head. Slade nodded sympathetically.

"I'm sorry. Must be the excitement and——"

"Excitement—bah!" Tooley glowered. "It's that devil Raven—Jim Raven, my foreman. I'm not going to sit down under what he said to me. Monday morning he goes—and quick. I've put up with him and put up with him, and this has settled it. I'm not standing——"

He beat his bony knuckles against his forehead.

"Better take two or three aspirin tablets——" began Slade.

"Bah!" snapped the pickle manufacturer, looking as sour as a jar of his own onions. "Never take tablets. Can't swallow 'em; they'd choke me. Very small throat. I have powdered aspirin."

He took a small phial-like bottle from a pocket, unstoppered it, and poured a stream of white powder into his hand. Putting out his tongue, he dropped the powder on to it. As he put the bottle back in his pocket he grimaced.

"Like swallowing ground moth-balls."

"I've never tried them," said Slade, with a straight face.

"Bah!" bleated Tooley, and this time went out.

Giving him time to disappear, the Yard man went to the door, beckoned a constable, and said: "Send in James Raven."

Jim came in looking tired and worried.

"What's it this time?" he asked.

Slade came forward and held out something.

"This yours, Jim?"

Jim looked, stared, and blinked.

"My knife! I missed it after dinner! Where'd you find it, guv'nor?"

"In one of Sterridge's pockets."

"In one of—— What's it mean?"

"Can't you tell me, Jim?"

"Me? Me tell you? Why, I—— Say, what's behind all this? I used that knife last to scrape my pipe out with. Janet, she said my pipe was over-ripe. So just to please her I gave it a scrape round. She said the scraping didn't do any good, but that ain't my fault, is it? I can't help——"

"All right, Jim. Where did you leave the knife?"

"In the lounge before dinner. Thought I put it on the mantelpiece. You know, I scraped my pipe, and threw the scrapings in the grate. So I reckon I put the knife on the mantelpiece."

"And you haven't seen it since?"

"Not till you showed it to me just now."

"All right, Jim. That'll do."

At the door Jim waited, scratched his jaw reflectively. "Can I take my knife now?"

"No, you might mislay it again," said Slade.

"BETTER sit down and try to get some rest, Clinton," advised Slade as the latter lit his pipe. "I've changed my mind—not letting Sheldron go back tonight. When the doctor gets here he may be able to tell us something we don't know, though it isn't likely. Anyway, I may want Sheldron to take some more shots. So collect him and Irvin, and keep 'em by you. I'm going for a prowl."

Clinton sat down and took out his notebook. Slade went into the hall.

By the front door stood a constable;

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

another walked up and down the strip of parquet in front of the lounge. They watched the Yard detective mount the stairs and when he crossed the landing of the first floor they watched his shadow disappear along the wall.

From a door farther along the corridor he heard the sound of someone pacing restlessly to and fro. That would be Celia Raven.

He tapped on her door. A voice asked, "Who's there?"

"Inspector Slade. Are you all right, Miss Raven? Not afraid?"

There was no answer, but he heard a key turn in the lock. A moment later he was staring into the pale face of the girl he had found by Sterridge's body. Celia Raven's eyes were wide, and her hands were clenched tightly.

"I'm glad you've come, Inspector," she said.

She drew him inside and closed the door.

"Listen!" She held up a hand, a finger pointing to the ceiling.

FOR several moments all Slade heard was the dismal moaning of the wind blustering down Davenall Lane. Then his mouth pursed. In the room overhead someone was crying.

"Know who it is?" he asked.

The girl shook her head. "No, but there are two up there, a man and a woman."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes. I think they've been quarrelling. I couldn't catch what he said, though."

"Hasn't the woman spoken?"

"Yes, but it was the man who raised his voice. After he shouted at her the last time she started crying. He hasn't shouted since."

Slade was silent a while. The crying continued.

"It's either Maggie Trumbull or Mrs. Apple. There aren't any other women in the place. I'll go and see what it's about." He paused, looking at the girl. She was trembling. He patted her arm, and said more kindly, "Don't worry yourself, Miss Raven. Lock the door when I go out, and don't fret. Try to get some sleep. You look all in."

She smiled wanly. "Somehow, Inspector, I don't think I shall sleep much."

"All right then. Got a book?"

"No, but I don't want to read, thanks. I—I couldn't, somehow."

Slade went out. Before he moved towards the stairs he waited to hear the key turn in the lock again. The stairs led up a short flight to a narrow landing, giving on to rooms set behind the gables of the house.

He walked to the end of the landing, where a door was half-hidden in shadow. The sound of crying was louder now.

He rapped on the door. The crying stopped.

"Who is it?" called a voice the Yard man recognised as the footman's.

"Inspector Slade. Open the door, Benson. I want to come in."

A bolt was unshot and a key scraped. The door opened inwards a few inches. Benson's face appeared.

"Can't you let us be for a quarter of an hour, Inspector? We're discussing something important——"

"I guessed that. It's the reason I'm coming in."

The footman cursed under his breath, and held the door wider open. Slade pushed his way past the man and stepped into a small room, almost filled by the bed and wash-hand stand against the farther wall. Sitting on the edge of the bed, plucking a handkerchief to shreds, was Maggie Trumbull.

There was nothing of the defiant maid about her now. Her pretty face was stained with tears, and in her eyes was a stricken look. There was a rent in one of her stockings, and her hair was tumbled about her face. She watched the detective enter without interest.

"Shut the door, Fred," she said to Benson. "The draught nearly cuts my feet off."

Benson slammed the door shut, and hirched inside the room. He was glowering blackly at the Yard man's back. Slade pointed to a three-parts-empty whisky bottle on the wash-hand stand.

"Better go easy, Benson. That stuff won't do you any good." Then he turned to the girl. "What's the trouble?"

The footman summoned what Dutch courage was left to him. "That's none o' your business," he growled.

"No?" said Slade complacently.

"Perhaps you'll tell me," he said to the maid, but she made no response; just sat there on the bed tearing her handkerchief.

Benson flung his burnt match on the floor.

The tip of his tongue moistened his lips.

"Well?" he challenged Slade.

"Did you kill Herman Raven?' asked the Yard man.

"I didn't have the chance!"

The girl slid from the bed and pushed an arm round Benson's neck.

"Fred!" she gasped. "Fred, you didn't do it—swear!"

He shook her off roughly. "Keep out of this and leave me alone. I'm through with you. Hear me? Through!"

"No, Fred, no!" she wailed, trying to encircle his neck again. "You don't mean it. You can't—now!"

"Oh, don't I?" he sneered. "Wait and see."

"This won't do you any good, Benson," Slade cautioned the other.

The footman spat out his cigarette and trod on it.

"Listen," he said. "I'm no good at spouting. But get this straight. I didn't do for Raven, though I'd have smashed his face in with pleasure." He pointed to the cowering girl. "I thought we were engaged to be married. See? She talked a lot of saving up for a home. I'd been careful with my money, hadn't let it leak. It'd a been better if I had. She got it out of me with her carny fawning. A hundred and twenty quid. And all the time playing up to Herman Raven."

He advanced on the girl, brandishing an arm. The veins in his neck stood out like cords. The detective caught the arm. For a moment the two men stood there, both threatening, both straining. But Slade's grip was good; it held and the pressure did not relax. Suddenly Benson's muscles relaxed.

"All right," he grunted. "I know when I've been a fool. She's cleaned me, but because Raven's passed out on her she's not creeping back to me."

Maggie Trumbull was crying bitterly.

"It's not true," she muttered between her sobs. "Not a word of it. I can explain——"

"Oh, you can explain all right! You always could——"

Slade stood between them. His pipe had gone out again.

"Shut up!" he barked. "You'll have to clear this mess up between you; but it'll have to wait. I want the murderer of Herman Raven and Edgar Sterridge. You say you didn't kill Raven, Benson. Got any proof?"

"About as much as she has that a man attacked her," sneered the footman. "My word. And I dare say it's as good as hers. It ought to be better."

Slade looked from the girl to the man, and said to the latter: "So you don't think she was frightened in the way she explained?"

"I don't! I didn't at first, though I didn't tell you. Like a fool, I thought of her."

He glared.

"All right. Drop it," said Slade. "What do you think happened, then? She screamed. You can't get by that."

"She screamed all right, but she won't tell you why. And why won't she? Because there's money in it somewhere. Bet the soles of your boots on that." He pointed a shaking finger at the girl. "She's getting something out of all this. I know her. I've been blind, but I ain't any longer. She's out for number one, what she can collect, and she don't give a hang who she collects from—me, you, Raven, anybody, even a murderer!"

The girl's sobbing had stopped. She sat crouched over the end of the bed, staring like one mesmerised at her accuser.

"Is that true?" Slade asked her severely. He was still uncertain in his mind about her.

"No—no, it isn't! Not a word of it's true!" she muttered, her gaze fixed on the footman's face. Only her lips moved.

Benson picked up another cigarette and struck a fresh match. He held the flame cupped in his hands.

"Don't think you'll get the truth out of her. You won't. You'll have to dig it up for yourself."

He lit his cigarette, and flicked the match away.

"You don't know what it is, then?"

Benson grinned sourly. "D'you think I'd be this dumb if I did? I ain't a cop. But have you any idea what I'd do if I was?"

"What?"

"Go through her things with a comb. You'll find plenty to open your eyes. I'll be bound, including a pass-book with my hundred and twenty quid and what she's picked up from Raven." He chuckled hoarsely.

At this moment Maggie Trumbull acted like lightning, and the detective was taken off his guard. With a swift bound she was at the door and on the other side, with the key in her hand. As Slade lunged forward the lock snapped. Her footsteps died across the landing.

The Yard man turned about, to find Benson grinning.

"SO she was too smart for you, eh?"

There was no mirth in Benson's tone, and his grin was unpleasant. The Yard man's mouth twitched.

"What's this mean, Benson. If this is someone's idea of a joke——"

"No, no—not a joke. But it's someone's idea all right. Maggie's. She was just stringing you along, with those tears. That girl can think 'em up faster than any other liar I've ever met."

Slade walked to the bed and sat down, eyeing Benson with fresh interest.

"She can't get out of this house without being seen. The drive is watched at both gates."

"That makes no difference. She can get out of a window in the scullery and out back through the grounds to a break in the fence. Then she can make her way across the grounds of the house to the west of

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this. Who's going to look for her there?"

Slade rose, walked to the door, put his shoulder to it, then came back.

"So there is a way out of this place that isn't covered?"

"I bet there's two or three."

The Yard man was feeling irked. The thought that he had allowed a slip of a girl to trick him in this way was not very soothing. He frowned at Benson.

"Well, why the devil do you sound so contented all at once?"

Benson lazily took his cigarette from his mouth and let twin streams of smoke trickle from his nostrils.

"I reckon I've paid my price for a seat. A hundred and twenty quid——"

"Shut up about that money!" snapped the detective.

Benson looked peeved.

"You didn't lose it," he pointed out.

Slade examined the door again, but it was no use. He couldn't hope to pull the door open against the lock. He might try attracting Celia Raven's attention in the room below, but recalled that he had warned her not to open her door. She might think a summons from above was a trick.

"WHAT about the other rooms on this landing?" he asked the footman. "Who occupies them?"

"Maggie had one. There's only another, but it's not much better than an attic. Smaller than this. You've got to duck when you get inside or else——"

"All right. Never mind the details. Is anyone in it?"

"No. Never has been that I know of."

Slade crossed to the window, his mind made up. It was the only hope, if he wasn't going to let the girl sneak away; and all at once he very urgently wanted to know why she had been playing her game, and what that game was. Could the footman be right? Was the maid mixed up in the mystery of Herman Raven's murder? If so what connection was there with the other mystery, the poisoning of the solicitor?

"Hey, don't be a fool! You'll break your neck."

Benson was clawing at the detective as the latter jerked at the window and leaned out. Slade shook him off.

"Stand back. I'm going to get out if I can. I don't want to be stuck here till someone remembers there's a top story."

He was astride the window, peering into the darkness.

"You'll break your neck," said the footman again.

Carefully the Yard man reached farther out, then drew himself over the sill, groped with both feet until he found foothold, and lowered his weight on to the coping. With his right hand he felt the wall at the side of the window and below. He stooped, holding to the sill with his left hand, and his right hand brushed a leaf smooth with rain. He edged himself a few more inches to the right, his fingers feeling at the leaf until they had discovered its shape. An ivy leaf.

Through Slade's mind hummed one thought. He must save time. Time was all-important. The girl might hold valuable evidence. . . . Perhaps the vine would provide a means of descent to a room on the floor below. . . .

His hand pushed through leaves and found a stem. It was too fragile. He moved on farther. The stem ran downward, and he had to stoop so that his back ached, but he traced that stem to its mother-branch. His sleeve was soaked with rain from the leaves, and his fingers numb from the cold. He straightened himself to regain his breath and ease the ache in the small of his back.

Then forward again, every nerve tense, every muscle quivering. Seconds dragged into minutes, and the minutes seemed interminable. His progress was slower now. He had come to the point where the vine's uppermost leaves stretched above the coping. The slippery leaves might provide a fatal foothold should he tread on them.

The strain was telling on him. Perspiration mingled with the rain streaming down his face and hands. More frequently he had to pause before he could squirm forward that other inch. He was bending low, groping with his right hand again, when a fresh thought horrified him. The other window towards which he was striving might be fastened!

His right foot found a safe ledge on a tough branch, and, gripping the main stem with his right hand, he lowered himself until his left foot was securely placed on another branch.

For several minutes he clung there, recovering his strength and regaining his breath. Then he began an easier descent, and three minutes later was dangling over the sill of a lighted window. His fingers tapped the pane, and Celia Raven crossed the room to behold a sight that opened her eyes wider than even the dead body of her employer.

Slade was shivering when he stepped into the room.

"Quick! Unlock the door, Miss Raven. I've got to get downstairs!"

She hesitated.

"But you're soaked! You can't——"

"The door, Miss Raven," he urged, with forced patience.

She unlocked it, and he dashed out. He flew down the stairs three at a time.

"Has the footman come down?" he called to the policeman outside the lounge.

"Haven't seen him, sir," replied the man.

"Has anybody come down?"

"Only Mr. Raven's secretary, sir."

"None of the women?"

"No, sir."

Slade dashed to the study, pushed open the door.

"Clinton, I suspect Maggie Trumbull and Benson are trying to make a getaway. Warn the men outside. Irvin, come with me. You, too, Sheldron."

With that he was hastening towards the servants' wing. Pill heard the rushing of feet, and came out of his pantry to see what was the matter.

"Seen Benson or Maggie Trumbull?" cried the Yard man.

"No, sir."

"All right. Is there any way through a window in the kitchen?"

"I—I'm sorry, sir. I don't understand."

"Doesn't matter. Kitchen's through here, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, scratching his head, but the detective had not waited for his answer.

In the kitchen Slade found the window swinging open, rain seeping over the sill. With a bound he was on the draining-board at the side of the sink, then clambering through. He dropped to the ground, and his feet slithered in liquid mud. Irvin and Sheldron followed close behind.

In the distance a light faintly gleamed.

"Give me your torch, Irvin," panted the chief officer of Department X2.

Slade turned on its bright ray, and sent it spinning across the damp grass. Raindrops curveted in the sudden beam.

"Look!" shouted Sheldron, and threw up an arm.

Slade peered in the direction in which his assistant pointed. A doubled-up figure was running as though to cut them off.

"Benson, by heaven!" roared Slade above the wind. "Don't let him get clear!"

The Yard man was light on his feet, but Sheldron, the photographer, was lighter. He outstripped Slade, and forged a lonely lead. Slade kept the ray from the torch directed in front. All at once the doubled figure ahead straightened up, hesitated. Sheldron was not far away. The distant figure cupped its hand to its mouth.

"Don't wait for me! Hook it, Maggie!"

Then Benson turned about and ran like a hare. Obediently Sheldron wheeled half-left, pacing a long stride.

Slade flung over his shoulder: "Follow Sheldron, Irvin. I'll make the fence." With that, he spurted. Where Benson had halted he saw a gap in the feather-boarding of the grounds' fencing. He ducked under the top horizontal batten, and found himself ploughing among unkempt grass tufts and dead weeds. Ten yards away a path skirted the miniature wilderness, and beyond was a trim lawn. Across the lawn a woman was hurrying with two suitcases. Even as Slade made out her indistinct shape she passed into the blackness ahead.

He raced forward again, and although he was unhampered he almost missed her when she ran behind a garden shed and made off to the right. She knew her way, for she reached a side-gate in a high brick wall before the detective. When Slade turned on the pavement outside she was about thirty yards ahead, but her steps were dragging.

"Stop!" he bawled.

For all the heed she took he might not have exerted himself. She did not pause to glance backward. He raced after her. He had gained ten of those thirty yards when a car sidled round a corner. Immediately the girl jumped into the road. The car drew to a pause, and a man in a peaked cap climbed out of the front seat.

"Well, well!" said Callum, holding the girl's wrist in a tight grip. "This is a surprise, Maggie!"

The surprise was mutual. One of the suitcases slipped from the girl's clutch. It fell with a heavy thump in the road, and the jar burst the bulging locks. The lid flew open.

At that moment Slade came up. He stared down at what the car's headlights revealed.

"So that's the answer!" he muttered.

The suitcase was stuffed with silverware.

SLADE watched Pill replenish the fire in the study. When the butler moved back with the coal-hod the detective caught his arm.

"Rake out Mrs. Apple. We want coffee, hot, and lots of it. We're all frozen."

"Yes, sir."

Pill's frightened gaze hovered round the room. Irvin and Sheldron looked thoroughly bedraggled after their gallop through the night. The former had stumbled once, and a solid cake of drying mud adorned one leg from ankle to the knee. A little apart from the others stood the prisoners. Maggie Trumbull looked tired. She had stripped off her raincoat and combed back her hair. It was noticeable, too, that she had changed her stockings. Her companion hung behind her, a sulky expression on his face, as though the fault for the misadventure lay with someone else. He did not meet Pill's

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eyes. The butler's disdainful triumph would have been too much.

Pill stalked out, sniffing. Before he closed the door he threw a final glance at Clinton and Callum, at the other end of the study. Between them they had the suitcases with the Ravenscroft silver.

"May I sit down?"

Maggie Trumbull spoke. Slade glanced at her over his shoulder. His expression did not change.

"Did you kill Herman Raven?"

The question, coming when it did, took her by surprise. She opened her mouth to speak but no words issued.

"Did you?" rapped Slade, wheeling full round.

Benson's chin went up; he took a step forward.

"Cut out that stuff. We don't know anything——"

"Shut up!" barked Slade.

For a moment Benson's gaze hung on the other's, rebellious, but he fell back the step he had taken, shrugging.

"Very well. If that's how you feel about it."

The girl's eyes grew soft with appeal. Her lips fluttered, and a dimple folded in her chin.

"I—I'm very sorry," she murmured.

Slade laughed, but it wasn't a pleasant laugh.

"You would have been had I broken my neck!"

"I didn't know. If I had I shouldn't——"

She stopped as the Yard man advanced. He took her by an arm, and his grip was none too gentle, and propelled her toward a chair. He pushed her into it and stood over her.

"You wanted to sit down. Right. Listen. You're going to stop this farce. You two have been slick. You pulled a fast one on me, and it nearly cost me more than you two are worth. But luck was running the other way. You two cheap crooks—— Stop that nonsense!" Slade snapped as the girl wiped away a couple of tears on her finger-tips.

Her eyes dried miraculously.

"I'm not a cheap crook," she protested.

SLADE grinned sarcastically. "My mistake. I'll take back the 'cheap.' That silverware would have brought in a tidy sum." Suddenly he wheeled on Benson. "That was your plan, wasn't it, to murder Raven and get away with this haul?"

The footman groaned.

"How you do harp on one note!" he drawled.

"Be sure it isn't a death note, my friend!" Benson's eyes narrowed. "What are you getting at?"

"You know—murder. You killed Raven, didn't you, Benson? And there's your motive."

The Yard man pointed to the suitcases. Benson shivered; his cocksureness dripped from him.

"You're not sticking to that?" he said uncertainly.

"I am," said Slade, with as much show of sincerity as he could muster.

Benson's nerve gave. He jumped forward, only to be grabbed by a watchful Irvin.

"It's a frame up!" he shouted. "You know it! I didn't kill Raven." And in desperation: "Perhaps you'll say I poisoned that whisky and did for Sterridge?"

Slade gazed at him reflectively. He was getting the man down to the required state.

"You had plenty of opportunity—and cyanide isn't so hard to get."

"It's bluff!" yelled Benson, but his eyes revealed his fear.

"Call it, then," invited the detective quietly.

That was too much for the frightened footman.

With a sudden twist he was out of Irvin's restraining clutch and clawing at Slade's arm.

"You're not arresting me for that!" he cried huskily, his face shiny with moisture. "Anybody here could have done it.

"I haven't come across a better motive yet," Slade told him. "Robbery with violence. You killed Raven because he found out about the theft, and you knew that it meant prison anyway."

"It's a lie—a lie! Some of that stuff"—the footman threw a hand behind him—"was on the table during dinner. It wasn't collected until an hour ago. How could he have known——"

"But it was you who made her scream, wasn't it?"

"No. I was in the kitchen. You can't get me like that. Both Phil and the cook will swear I was."

"All right," said Slade. "What made her scream? The Ravens, Tooley and his daughter, and Sterridge were in the dining-room when she screamed. Who was the man who attacked her——"

"No man attacked her!"

The girl jumped forward. "He did. That was the truth. There was someone in that corridor——"

"And he had hairy hands, didn't he?" Slade reminded her sceptically.

"Yes. That was the truth. Every word of it——"

"Liar!" shouted Benson, rounding on the girl. "You're trying to wriggle out, leave me holding the bag. Well, it won't wash. You're in it to the neck. Why you had to pull that screaming gag I'm hanged if I know. Another of your tricks. But I'm not falling for that hairy-man stuff. You were up to something. I believe you stuck Raven, then tried a fading-out act. Would have been just in your line."

There was nothing of the meek footman who had sipped tea in Mrs Apple's sitting-room about Benson now. He was a man drugged with fury. He was facing he knew not what, and vindictively determined that the girl should share what was meted out to him.

Slade donned a more impressive manner.

"I think you stand a good chance of being arrested for murder," he told the shrinking footman. And to Irvin and Sheldron: "Take 'em out and keep 'em behind locked doors. And for heaven's sake don't give 'em a chance to fight."

When the prisoners had been hustled out Callum took out a handkerchief and mopped his face.

"Just where does all that get us?" he asked Slade.

The Yard man seated himself. Lines of tiredness pencilled his face, and his eyelids drooped.

"It's too early to ask me that, Callum."

The local man grunted. "That's a pun, Slade."

"It's a problem, if you ask me, Callum. What do you make of it, Clinton?" invited Slade, looking at his assistant. "Think either of those two know anything about Raven's last adventure?"

"If they do," said the sergeant cautiously. "I can't see how they fit in with Sterridge's murder. The crimes are connected."

"Yes, I agree, Clinton, they are connected. But where, why, and how? I haven't a single answer yet. . . . I think it's time we had Bendiloe in and gave the screw another twist. After all this his memory might be freshened, and he hasn't satisfied me altogether. I don't like that Vera Tooley angle. I thought the old man would throw a fit when I broke the news. Hallo!" he broke off, as Pill entered behind a tray laden with cups of coffee. "We'll finish one job at a time, eh, Callum?"

The coffee was hot and soothing to tired men. When Pill had retired Slade accepted a cigarette from Callum. He stood before the fire, now blazing merrily, and let the warmth travel upwards over his body.

"I'm beginning to think, Callum—" he began, when a rap sounded on the door. "Come in!" he called.

Dr. Surrey entered, bag in hand. He glanced at the coffee-cups and twinkled at the Yard man. "Very pleasant aids to deduction, Inspector."

Slade pressed a button on the desk. "We'll get them refilled, doctor, and perhaps another one, too. What about Sterridge?"

DR. SURREY put his bag down and shrugged. He stood beside the detective, holding his hands to the fire and rubbing their palms together.

"Nothing I can tell you that you don't know, Inspector." He paused. "Cyanide all right. He was dead a few seconds after he hit the floor, and he'd been dead about a couple of hours when I examined him."

"Tell me, doctor," said Slade, "actually how quick is cyanide—I mean, how soon after taking it are the effects noticed?"

"Practically instantaneous," replied Dr. Surrey. "A very few seconds, fifteen at the outside. In solution, of course, the action might be delayed another five seconds. But you can see how quick it is."

"Yes," said Slade slowly, "but that's not worrying me mainly. What occurred to me is this, doctor. Sterridge had poured himself out a glass of whisky, but there was no stain on the carpet, which means that he must have drunk the glassful. Had he taken a sip, say, and waited a few seconds, he would not have taken another. He'd have fallen down, and the whisky in his glass would have been spilled on the carpet. The point of all this is, why did Sterridge drink his glass of whisky at a gulp? That is what must have happened. True, he may have felt in need of it, probably did. But what had suddenly made him in need of it. That's what I'm trying to get at."

Dr. Surrey nodded ponderously.

"I see. That hadn't occurred to me. Normally he would have gone in, poured himself out a glass, and taken a sip. Nineteen men out of twenty take that preliminary sip."

Slade included Clinton and Callum when he gestured with his hand.

"Exactly. Sterridge was agitated, I believe, when he went into the dining-room. We know now, of course, that he had good cause to be. He knew too much. But Tooley tells us he was playing chess with him until his daughter interrupted them. Therefore, presumably, what had agitated him had taken place before he sat down to that game of chess. I've been trying to imagine what it could be. Perhaps he had been threatened by the murderer. Perhaps, even, he had threatened the murderer. Certainly Sterridge knew something about the Raven family he had kept secret from his client, unless this dinner-party was a darned bad joke on Herman Raven's part."

Judging by the frown on the doctor's face, this reasoning was too fine for his comprehension; and if Callum was not altogether certain what the Yard man was driving at he was shewd enough not to

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admit it. He looked very wise as he puckered his brows and stroked his chin.

The door opened and Pill appeared. His normally placid face was working convulsively.

"I was coming to answer your ring, sir," he told the Yard man, "when a stranger dashed past me——"

"What!" cried Slade.

"Yes, sir. A man I haven't seen before. I don't know how he got in. I——"

"Where is he now?" snapped Slade, already at the door.

"He ran up the servants' stairs on the first floor, sir, but I don't know if——"

"Come on, Clinton."

Slade was in the corridor outside. However, he had not gone more than a few yards towards the hall when a shot rang through the house. Before the detective reached the stairs women were screaming, doors banging, and racing footsteps pounded along corridors. By the time he reached the landing of the first floor a knot of people were assembled at the farther end of the corridor, outside Vera Tooley's room. Slade pushed them to each side. On the floor, blood gushing from a nasty wound in his side, lay the crumpled figure of a man in a greenish tweed suit. His face was sallow, his hair sleeky black, and a bushy moustache which on closer inspection proved to be false concealed his upper lip.

As Dr. Surrey forced his way to the Yard man's side the latter glanced up.

"He still lives, doctor," he said as he rose. "For heaven's sake patch him up! I want him to talk."

THE wounded stranger was put in Bendiloe's room. While Dr. Surrey made his examination and tended the wound Slade paced the floor. With deft hands Dr. Surrey was tying a reddened bandage about the man's waist.

"Did you get the bullet?" asked the detective.

The doctor shook his head; his lips held a safety-pin. Slade said no more, but watched the man on the bed with speculative gaze.

Dr. Surrey removed the safety-pin from his lips, secured a bandage with it, and looked at the detective over his shoulder.

"It's a nasty job, Inspector," he said gravely. "The bullet'll take some locating without an X-ray. I'm afraid I'll have to give him an opiate."

The Yard man shrugged.

"I don't want to be callous, doctor, but is that necessary? Unless he can talk I'm at a dead end. Here's something fresh, something I don't know about, which may clear up the murders. I can't afford to gamble——"

He stopped. The doctor had looked at the patient again, and had shaken his head.

"I'm sorry, Inspector. This man's condition is very dangerous. I've only half a notion of what's been sliced by the bullet, but I've seen enough to tell it's a bad rip; and the bleeding is too free for my liking. He's a plucky 'un, I'll say that. Didn't murmur when I stuck the probe in . . . I'll give him an hour or so and then have another dig. He ought to be got to hospital——"

"Let him leave this house," said Slade gloomily, "and the case is ruined."

For several seconds doctor and detective eyed each other aggressively. Each was standing by his professional principles. Finally the former made a submissive gesture with his hands.

"It'll be taxing him more than I care to do," said Dr. Surrey, "but if you insist——"

He paused, waiting for the detective to deny his insisting, but Slade remained silent. The doctor leaned across the bed, lifted one of the patient's wrists, felt the pulse, and then, leaning nearer, said: "Can you talk?"

Not a muscle of the man's face moved.

"Ask him again," urged Slade.

Dr. Surrey put his mouth to the man's ear.

"Can you hear me speaking?" he asked.

After a moment the patient's eyelids trembled open. Deep hazel eyes stared upward over the doctor's shoulder into the Yard man's face.

"What is your name?" asked Slade.

The man's mouth opened, his tongue moistened his lips.

"Water," he murmured, his eyes closing again.

Slade brought a glass of water and handed it to the doctor, who raised the patient's head so that he could sip the liquid. He handed the glass back to the detective, and gently lowered the man's head.

The man's eyes opened. Again his gaze met the Yard man's.

"I can tell you nothing. Don't—worry me."

Slade drew a chair to the side of the bed and sat down.

"It's no good talking like that," he said brusquely. "You're hard hit. We know that. But we've got to know what you're doing here, and who shot you. Also why?"

A semi-dazed look came into the hazel eyes. The man's head rolled from side to side, as though he would clear is vision.

"The pain's gripping him," whispered Dr. Surrey. "His hands are like ice."

"Answer a few questions, and then we'll be able to get you to hospital," promised the Yard man.

The man raised a feeble hand and crushed his moustache.

"Listen," said the detective. "You came here to rob the safe in the library. Wasn't that it?"

"Quite bright, aren't you?" The stricken man seemed to be enjoying a joke.

"But you didn't plan to kill Raven to get his key, did you?" went on the detective coaxingly.

"I didn't want a key . . . wasn't necessary . . ."

"Then why was Raven murdered?"

"Can't you guess that one too?" replied the man mockingly, but his mouth was drawn at the sides in pain.

"I'd sooner be told who killed him. Was it you?"

"No."

The word rattled in the man's throat, and of a sudden a fresh gleam entered his eyes.

"What was it you planned to steal from the safe?" demanded the detective.

The trembling lips curved in another smile.

"I didn't say I came to burgle the safe, did I?" he murmured softly.

Slade got up.

"Then you won't talk?"

"Not the way you want me to. Try another subject, Inspector."

The last word was barely audible. The mocking eyes closed.

Dr. Surrey said, "It's no good, his mind is made up. I'd better give him an injection. After a short sleep he may change his mind. But I'm afraid he's right."

"What do you mean?"

The doctor took an hypodermic syringe from its case and drew back the plunger.

"He hasn't got long. A few hours at most."

Slade left the doctor to his work and sought Clinton. The sergeant was scanning some freshly-filled pages in his notebook.

"Searched them all, Clinton? Women, too?"

"Yes, sir. No sign of a gun."

"I didn't think there would be. It's been hidden, like the key and the knife-sheath. Well, there's only one thing to do. Search the whole house. You and Callum had better arrange it between you. Where is Callum?"

"Making that Raven crowd wish they hadn't been born."

"Well, they're not wishing anything I don't. Know where Pill is? I want him, and I want those invitation cards he collected."

"Right. I'll get him. He's locked himself in his pantry."

A few minutes later Clinton came back with the butler. The latter was trembling, and looked very frightened.

"Do you think there's a lunatic in the house, sir?"

Evidently Pill had been thinking up some theories of his own. He made the suggestion timidly.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised, Pill. However, at the moment I'm more interested in those invitation cards. How many are there?"

The butler offered the Yard man a bundle of cards.

"I don't know, sir. I didn't count them. As soon as a guest showed me his or her card I took it and let that person in. Most of them I showed into the lounge. One or two wanted to wash themselves first."

Slade was going through the cards, reading the names on them. He looked up.

"Give me your list of the people here, Clinton," he said.

The sergeant turned to a page of his notebook and passed it to his superior.

"That's the lot," he added.

Slade glanced down the list and then looked at one of the cards a second time.

"Clinton, you haven't got a Mr. Percy Raven down in your list."

The sergeant frowned. "Then he isn't here," he said defensively.

"I BELIEVE you, Clinton," said Slade, "but someone calling himself Mr. Percy Raven got into this house with this card—which looks genuine."

Both the sergeant and the butler stared at the card in Slade's hand. The wording on it was identical with that on the other cards. What was more, the name "Mr. Percy Raven" had obviously been written by the hand that had penned the other names.

"Who wrote out these cards, Pill?"

"Mr. Bendiloe, sir. But—but there must be some mistake."

"Then we'll have Bendiloe in. Fetch him, Clinton."

While the sergeant was gone Slade looked over the cards once more. There was no mistaking the obvious. A card, in every way similar to the others, had been made out to Percy Raven.

Slade crossed to the door, and called down the corridor to the constable in the hall, "Ask Inspector Callum to send Jim Raven in to me."

Jim arrived at the same moment as Clinton and Bendiloe.

"Now," said the Yard man, as Clinton placed himself against the door, "I've got some questions to ask both of you. You first, Mr. Bendiloe. You made out the invitation cards for the dinner-party yesterday evening, didn't you?"

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"That is so," said the secretary, trying to guess beforehand what was coming.

"How many cards did you make out?"

"Why, I can't say offhand. I had a list, and copied the names from that."

"I see. Who gave you that list?"

"Mr. Sterridge."

"And where is the list now?"

"I gave it back to Mr. Sterridge."

"Did he ask you to?"

"Yes. He said he would want it in connection with apportioning the moneys to be paid out."

"And I take it you kept no duplicate of that list?"

"No. I saw no reason for wanting it."

Slade turned to Jim, who stood brushing his unkempt hair with his left palm.

"All your brothers and sisters are here, aren't they, Jim?" he asked.

"That's right, sir. Our own lot and the Twins and young Celia. We're all here."

"You never had a brother named Percy, did you?"

"Percy?" Jim's fingers plucked at his ear. "No, sir. The old woman did have another kid, what died, but it hadn't been christened."

"I SEE. Remember, Jim, you told me about your father's being married before he left home?"

Jim threw a nervous glance at Bendiloe.

"That's right, sir, I did. But that's a secret," he said, a suggestion of reproof in his tone.

Slade smiled. "I know, Jim. But what I want you to tell me is this. Did your father have any children by that first marriage?"

"No, sir!"

Slade frowned. "You're certain of what you're telling me, Jim?"

"That's what the old man told me, sir. As I told you before, he sort of took me into his confidence like, once; told me about why he left home. He married this girl because his family wanted him to, but he couldn't stick her. She was too churchy and starchy for him, an., as you might've gathered, the old man was a bit of a loose 'un when he liked. Wanted his own way, and all that, I mean. He told me the row with his people happened because he wouldn't treat his wife as a wife. His father sort of told him he'd either do what was expected of him or clear out. He cleared out. And don't we know it!" he added feelingly.

All this was news to the secretary. He stared at Jim as though he hadn't observed him properly before.

"Then—then you're not entitled to any of the legacy," he said wonderingly.

Jim's brow grew dark.

"Look here, young fellow, if you're making any of those nasty insinuations——"

"That's all right, Jim," said the detective soothingly. "Mr. Bendiloe was only regarding the legal aspect of things."

Jim looked uncertain, and said, "Ah!"

"Mr. Bendiloe," continued the detective, "do you recall Mr. Herman Raven saying anything about his uncle's early life?"

"No. His father had told him practically nothing about his family. Of course, he realised there had been some scandal——"

"And that's another word I don't like," growled Jim. "My old man was a toff, even if he hadn't got a top-hat." He paused, somewhat embarrassed with this discussion of family matters.

He stopped again, shuffling his feet, and looking thoroughly uncomfortable.

"We know how you feel, Jim," said the Yard man. "But there's a big mystery behind all this. Your cousin and his solicitor were murdered, and we don't know why. But we do know that someone calling himself Percy Raven came here to-night; and we do know that Sterridge knew of that person—if his name was on the list he made out."

Slade looked hard at the secretary, who flushed.

"You're not suggesting——" began Bendiloe hotly.

"I'm suggesting nothing, Mr. Bendiloe," Slade told him just as coldly. "I've only your word that the name of Percy Raven was on that list. You can give me no proof. However, I do know that you made out that card."

Bendiloe's lips pressed together.

"You'll probably find the list at Sterridge's office," he said sullenly.

"Maybe," agreed Slade, and turned to the butler, who stood apart from the group. "I want you to come upstairs with me, Pill. I want to try an experiment."

"Just a moment, Inspector."

Bendiloe had started forward.

"Well?"

"Something's just occurred to me. If Mr. Herman's uncle"—Bendiloe cleared his throat—"married the second time before his first wife died, then——"

"Quite!" snapped Slade. "Then none of the family here now are entitled to a penny. I'd thought of that, thanks. It limits the motive, doesn't it?"

With that he went out, leaving the secretary to ponder his last words. In the secretary's room Dr. Surrey was still sitting by the patient's side. He looked up as the Yard man entered.

"I've got the butler outside, doctor," said Slade; "and while he's asleep"—he pointed to the man in bed—"I want to try out an idea."

The doctor frowned. "I'm afraid I shan't be able to give my sanction to anything—er——"

"That's all right, doctor," the detective assured him. "He won't even know about it. Excuse me."

Slade leaned across the bed and patted the false moustache once more on the patient's upper lip.

"Don't say anything," he cautioned the doctor.

Dr. Surrey rose and walked to the window, stood with his back to it, a puzzled look on his face. Slade opened the door and beckoned to the butler. Pill entered slowly, his eyes darting in all directions.

"What is it you want with me, sir?" he asked Slade tremulously. "I've done nothing——"

Slade patted the butler's shoulder.

"I know, Pill. That's all right. You've got nothing to worry about." He led the butler to the bedside. "Ever seen him before?"

The butler looked long and hard at the face of the patient, the lower part of whose face was altered considerably by the moustache.

"No, sir."

"You didn't let him in with that Percy Raven card, then?" continued the detective.

"No, sir," Pill replied. "I should have remembered that moustache. There was one gentleman with a moustache, a Mr. John Bloom, I believe the name was."

"That'll do for the moment, Pill. Just wait outside till I call you."

"Very good, sir."

Pill went out. As the door closed, Dr. Surrey drew nearer the bed.

"I don't catch on, Inspector. What's the idea?"

"Just something that occurred to me, doctor," said Slade, and, leaning across the bed again, removed the patient's false moustache and put it in his pocket. "I'm certain this man got in here with a card inviting a Mr. Percy Raven. As far as I can make out there's no such person. And Sterridge is now past telling us anything. I've got to try to find out the reason for the subterfuge. Also why someone should try to kill our unknown friend. Well, you heard what Pill said. The man didn't come here wearing that moustache. Therefore he must have put it on while he was here. But why? However, first let's see if Pill recognises him now."

He went to the door and summoned the butler again. This time Pill's gaze went immediately to the man lying in the bed. He started when he saw that he was now clean-shaven.

"Recognise him now, Pill?" asked the detective.

For several seconds there was doubt on the butler's face. He looked up suddenly.

"Yes, I remember him, sir," he told Slade. "He was one of those who wanted a wash. Said he'd come a long distance and didn't feel fresh."

Slade nodded encouragingly.

"Good, Pill. That's useful. But tell me, do you remember the name on the card he gave you?"

Pill shook his head.

"No, sir; I'm afraid I can't help you there."

"Still, he gave you a card?"

"Yes, sir. No one entered without a card."

Slade stared for a moment at the sleeping man.

"Well, that seems to have decided who is Percy Raven," he remarked. "That isn't his real name, I'm certain. But I'm a long way from guessing why he came here—and who told him to come."

SLADE sat alone in the dining-room at Ravenscroft. The large room was peopled with shadows, for only the light over the sideboard burned.

All at once he started. The mechanism of the clock whirred; three deep, booming gong-strokes recalled him to the room of shadows. The third gong-stroke had not finished echoing when he felt something hard prod into the small of his back. He stiffened.

"Don't move," warned a muffled voice behind him, and the thing sticking into his back prodded harder.

Slade sat rigid. He knew that behind him was the murderer of Herman Raven and Edgar Sterridge, a killer whose words were not bluff, and that the thing sticking into his back was the muzzle of the gun that had brought death so very close to the man who called himself Percy Raven. The detective heard the ticking of the clock more clearly now than at any time since he had retired to the dining-room to puzzle over the latest development in the case. He passed a hand across his forehead.

Instantly the muzzle pressed closer, warningly, and that muffled voice spoke again.

"I said, 'Don't move.' I shan't tell you again, you fool."

There was something mocking in the tones that roused Slade as nothing else would have done. It was as though a personal challenge had been flung at him.

The next thing Slade was aware of was that something was being slipped over his head and drawn tight about his eyes. The

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blindfolding was deftly done. As Slade rightly guessed, the article used was a rolled table-napkin, tied in a noose. Once the detective was securely blindfolded the pressure in his back eased. He felt warm breath on the nape of his neck as the person behind him leaned over his shoulder and felt in each of his inner pockets. Jim Raven's knife was lifted, and the key of the safe. He heard a soft footstep beside him and the snap of an elastic band.

Slade's mouth set in a hard line. The robber had taken his notebook.

Why? . . . What was in it that he had overlooked, and that was so important——

The gun muzzle prodded his back again.

"You will remain seated in that chair until you have counted a hundred—not too quickly," said the muffled voice. "But you will not start counting till I say the word "Start."

Slade leaned back in the chair, waiting for that word. His eyes were hot under the tightly drawn band round his head. But his ears were not covered, and he strained them. He heard the robber pull open one of the drawers of the sideboard, and there was the chink of disturbed cutlery. Then again that subdued chuckle. The detective grated his teeth in his impotence.

The sideboard drawer closed and more seconds passed, while the detective feverishly tried to imagine what the other was doing.

"Start."

Slade obeyed the word literally. . . . He was racing through the twenties when he heard a faint click. He missed count, raced on through the forties. At fifty-seven he could wait no longer. He sprang up, tore the bandage from his eyes, and stared at the tall wall-cupboard beside the sideboard.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he muttered, and threw himself at the cupboard door.

BUT the panels were of tough, seasoned oak. His charge made no impression on them. One tug at the bronze drop-handle on the right stile told him the door was secured from the inside. Slade ran to the door. His cry as he raced down the corridor brought Clinton hurrying into the hall. Another door opened and Callum rushed out. In a few crisp sentences Slade explained what had just happened.

"We'll search the place floor by floor," he finished. "But I want Pill. He'll know about that cupboard."

Callum sent one of his men after the butler, and while he was gone Slade asked the local man if he knew where the Ravens were. Callum shook his head.

"No. I left 'em to themselves about twenty minutes ago. Couldn't keep at 'em all night. I went into the library."

Slade glanced at him quickly.

"Bendiloe in there?"

"No. Did you think he was?"

"Told me he would be in there some time, going over a lot of papers, bills and things. Didn't see him at all, did you?"

"No," repeated Callum, and gave the Yard man a straight look. "D'you think so?" he asked.

Slade shrugged.

All I know is somebody was keeping close tabs on me. I was like a kid nabbed in a game of 'he.' Not a chance."

The constable came back with Pill. The latter's eyes were blinking wearily.

"Sorry, Pill," said Slade, "but I've just been robbed. I had to drag you out——"

"But it wasn't me, sir——"

"I know. Listen. I was in the dining-room, and the person who stuck a gun in my back"—Pill shuddered very artistically—"came and went through the door of that cupboard next to the sideboard. Now, then, what's the trick of that cupboard, Pill?"

"T-trick, sir?" stammered the butler, at his wits' end.

"Pull yourself together, man," snapped the detective, who was in no patient mood. "What's behind that cupboard door? Where can one get to from it?"

Pill took a great, greedy gulp of air, spluttered, and finally managed: "It opens into a hatchway, sir, that's no longer used. Mr. Fred Raven had it put in. It leads up to what was his bedroom on the first floor and to one of the spare rooms on the second floor——"

"What is it?" cried Slade. Pill's face had suddenly turned the hue of freshly-kneaded dough.

"Well, sir, going down, that hatchway leads to the kitchen, and——"

"What?"

"—and I've been down there alone, sir. Supposing he'd gone down and got me!"

Slade cursed under his breath.

"The door of the hatchway opening into the dining-room is locked. Who has the key, Pill?"

The butler made feeble gestures with his hands.

"It's lost, sir. The same key fitted the doors in each room—I mean on each floor, if you understand——"

"I understand. Get on, man."

"Well, sir, after Mr. Raven's death, back last year, the service lift wasn't used any more. The key was left on a hook in the kitchen, but it's been missing since before Christmas."

"Quite recently, then?"

"Yes, sir. Quite recently, as you say."

Slade turned to Callum.

"You and Clinton better take a couple of men and cover each floor. Get Pill to show you the rooms with the hatch, and——" He broke off and wheeled round to the butler again. "Have you a hatchet or a chopper, Pill?"

The butler's eyes started from his head. He drew a swift hand across his mouth, and cowered back.

"We've a chopper," he murmured through clenched fingers.

"Right. Get it—I want it."

The butler gave the detective one last despairing look, and fled.

"What's the idea?" asked Callum.

"I'm going to bust that door in," said Slade. "And I'm going to pull the lift down and go up in it. I might find something."

Callum shook his head, but did not stay to argue. After selecting one of his own men and beckoning to Irvin, he and Clinton, with the other two close behind, set off on their hunt upstairs.

Pill came back, a formidable-looking cleaver in his hand. He handed it to Slade.

"Ahem!" He cleared his throat in a manner which was at once arresting and reproving.

"Yes, Pill?"

"Might I ask what you intend to use that chopper for, sir?"

Slade grinned, and swung his right arm in a manner that caused the timid butler to dodge back a couple of steps.

"You may, Pill. I'm going to smash the service-lift door in, and then—who knows?" The grin slipped from his face. "Now get upstairs and help Inspector Callum," he snapped.

Slade hastened back to the dining-room, and switched on the lights in the candelabrum. A glance at the clock showed him that barely five minutes had passed since he rushed out of the room. With a hefty swing he drove the steel broad blade of the cleaver into the door. The oak trembled, and bit at the destroying steel. Slade had to tug hard to release the chopper. Four hard blows burst the panel, and he chopped down on the broken oak like splitting firewood. Then he drove at the join of the stile holding the lock. By the time he had made any impression on the stout-grained timber his arm ached. Sweat streamed down his face.

After a mighty downward drive the chopper cut the lacerated woodwork like a knife; the whole frame of the door trembled, and with a crunching sound the central rail parted. Slade pulled back the door and stared into a well of darkness. He put out a hand and groped until his fingers touched ropes running upwards. He gripped one and tugged. The rope gave easily in his grasp and from aloft came the sound of something slipping downward towards him. At the same moment he was conscious of a light draught on his face from below.

The serving-platform came down with a swishing sound, and he braked the rope. The platform was a thick piece of wood, the corners secured by iron templates to which were fixed pulley-wheels, the whole about two foot six inches square. Slade lit a match, and by its tiny flame inspected the bare brick walls of the lift well. The flame died, and he climbed on to the platform, which, to his surprise, supported his weight easily. He pulled himself up by means of the rope.

Crouching low, and pulling strenuously at the rope, the platform under him rose slowly. He paused to strike another match. Looking up, he saw above his head a similar door set in the bare brickwork. Dusty cobwebs clung to the corners of the shaft, black and malignant-looking. When the platform drew level with the door he steadied it and rose to his full height. Under him the platform rocked.

Drawing back the chopper, he smashed it down against the lock of the door, which flew open at the first blow. He dropped into the room within. It was empty save for the white-shrouded corpse of Edgar Sterridge.

Still grasping the chopper, the Yard man walked to the bed and surveyed the covered corpse. So far as he could see it had not been disturbed. He drew back the sheet, and gazed at the composed features. The hands were folded as they had been when Slade last left that room.

HE put back the sheet, and as he did so a key turned in the lock of the door leading into the corridor. Callum stood framed in the doorway.

"Well?" he demanded of the Yard man. Behind him stood Clinton the butler, and the policeman who had been mounting guard over the bathroom on that floor.

Slade shrugged.

"No sign, Callum, save that." He pointed to the light. "It was on when I came in. Also I noticed you turned the key."

Callum's face set in an obstinate expression.

"That's all very well," he objected, "but Smith says he's seen no one leave a room in this corridor in the last quarter of an hour."

The constable behind Callum nodded.

"That's right, sir."

Slade looked stumped. "You mean, Smith," he said to the constable, "that you haven't left your chair outside the bathroom for the last quarter of an hour?"

"Well, sir——" The man hesitated.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

Slade nodded. "I thought as much. Let's have it, Smith."

"Well, sir," repeated the constable, "about ten minutes ago I thought I heard a strange popping sound at the end of the corridor. It is a bit dark up there, and I thought after a bit that I'd been mistaken. So I waited. Then it happened again, and I went up to see what it was. About a foot from the wall I found these."

He brought his hand out of the pocket of his tunic. In the palm lay two half-crowns.

"What the——" Callum pulled himself up short and took a deep breath. "What's the answer?" he substituted.

"I think I can tell you," said Slade. The Yard man gave the two half-crowns back to the constable. "Keep them, Smith. They're small compensation for the stripes you've lost."

The man took the coins in fumbling fingers.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

Slade smiled thinly. "I'm not blaming you, Smith. It was a clever trick, but the fact is you've let a murderer get by you."

Smith stared.

"Let's have it, Slade," grunted Callum.

"It's simple enough," said the detective. "When our man stepped out of the service lift in this room he wanted to go to the next floor for some reason——"

"Well, why didn't he go up there by the lift?"

"Obviously because he didn't know whether the room with the hatch is occupied or not. This was, but Sterridge wasn't likely to tell us much.

"All right. He had to go up the stairs. How did he do it?

"By opening the door a little and rolling a couple of half-crowns down the corridor. Smith heard a couple of plops. There's a low skirting-board round the wall. The plops were made by the half-crowns striking this end on. While Smith was picking them up our sharp-witted friend sneaked out of this room and up the stairs."

"Locking the door after him?"

"Yes, and leaving the light on—probably to fog us. Pill, who's in the room with the service lift on the next floor?"

"No one, sir. Miss Celia Raven is in the room next to it."

"Come on, then. We've no time to lose."

Slade turned off the light, relocked the door, and dropped the key into his pocket. The party mounted to the next floor, leaving a reflective constable eyeing two half-crowns and wondering about three stripes.

"Which is the room, Pill?" asked the detective, as the party paused in the second-floor corridor.

"That one, sir," replied the butler, pointing a trembling finger.

Slade tried the door. It was unlocked. He pushed it open suddenly, and flattened himself against the wall. But no bullet sped through the opening.

"As I feared, he's got away," muttered the Yard man, and went into the room.

The single light in the centre of the ceiling revealed a sparsely-furnished room, the bed not made up, the chairs set back against the walls. The door of the service lift was open.

"He locked the other doors," Callum pointed out. "Why didn't he lock this one?"

"In too much of a hurry, most likely," said Slade, coming back from the gaping hatchway. Suddenly he cursed.

"What's the matter?" asked Callum.

"Of course, he waited up here until we left the room downstairs, then he went down again by the service lift. That's why the door's open. We must have been in the corridor when he stepped on to the platform."

Clinton eyed his chief.

"But why did he come up the stairs, in that case?" he asked. "It would have been simpler to have come up all the way in the lift."

Slade nodded thoughtfully.

"That's right, Clinton," he admitted, and then his head jerked up. "But wait. He wanted to see if there was anything in that room where Sterridge is that might give him away. What it could be I don't know, but Sterridge might have told him something——"

He stopped. The eyes of all the party had turned to the wall behind the bed.

"You heard that?" said Callum wonderingly.

Slade did not reply. He was listening. The sound came again, a muffled moaning sound.

"Good heavens, the girl! Of course, she was in Sterridge's office——"

Without waiting to complete what he had been about to say, the Yard man dashed past the others into the corridor. Celia Raven's door was locked, and his loud rapping brought no response save another muffled moan. Slade hesitated no longer, but drove the cleaver smashingly against one of the panels of the door. In a couple of minutes the door was open. He stepped inside and pressed down the light-switch.

Lying trussed and gagged on the bed was not Celia Raven—but her half-brother, Eddie!

EDDIE sat upright, blinking at the people gathered round him, and rubbing the top of his head tenderly. There was a vicious snap in his eyes.

"If I get my hands on the blighter who gave me that cosh I'll make his sweet nut hum," he promised.

"That'll do, Raven. Now, answer me. Where's your sister?"

"How should I know?"

"Wasn't she up here when you came in?"

"No. Nor was the door locked. I thought at first I'd come into the wrong room when I switched on the light, but when I saw her handbag on the dressing-table——"

"Wait a minute," said Slade. "You're sure it was on the dressing-table?"

Eddie glowered again.

"What're you getting at?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Only this. The handbag isn't on the dressing-table now. Did you pick it up?"

"Hey, are you trying to pin a pinch on me? Did I take Celia's handbag! What sort of a worm do you think I am?"

"A pretty slimy one, if you want the truth."

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" sneered Eddie. "The bright detective makes his deductions. Well, where the devil have I put it? I suppose I gave myself this bump on the boco and tied myself up like a blooming Houdini just to pull the wool over your eyes. Well, take it from me, it wasn't necessary. If I'd wanted to trick you——"

"That's enough," snapped Slade. "If you didn't take the bag then the person who gave you that clout did. D'you know what your sister had in her handbag?"

Eddie was about to utter some further sarcasm, but thought better of it.

"Her week's wages and some make-up, I suppose. Not much else except a little notebook she keeps and her keys."

"What about the notebook? What sort of notes does she put in it?"

"Hanged if I know. All I can tell you she's got a notebook. She don't take me into her confidence much."

He grinned impudently.

"Then she's wise," grunted Slade.

Eddie choked. Before he could go on they were all startled by the sound of another shot. Someone yelled, and the cry went echoing through the house. After that pandemonium broke loose.

Slade dropped his cleaver and raced for the stairs, down which he leaped four at a time. He found a wide-eyed group barring his progress along the corridor of the first floor. The centre of attraction was P.C. Smith, who was poking a stubby finger through a neatly drilled hole in his helmet.

"Where did he go?" cried Slade.

A scream answered him. It came from the room at the far end of the corridor.

"Vera Tooley's room! Who was it, Smith?"

"I didn't see, sir. He rushed out of that room"—the constable pointed to the room Slade had broken into from the service lift—"and at the same moment he fired. The shot made my head hum. When I could see clearly he was threatening to shoot his way in that room if the lady didn't open it."

Slade wasted no more words. He sprinted up the corridor. Behind him the concourse held back, afraid yet curious. As the Yard man reached the door of Vera Tooley's room Clinton and Callum, closely followed by Eddie, broke through the throng and followed up the corridor.

Slade wrenched at the door-handle, but the door was locked.

"Open this door, Miss Tooley!" he shouted.

The only answer was a scream.

Slade banged on the door and shouted louder. Someone inside turned the key. Slade's fingers came away from the door-handle, and the door swung open a few inches, enough for the detective to see that the room beyond was in darkness. He gave the door a kick, and, ducking low, jumped inside. As he did so a bullet plugged the farther wall of the corridor, and plaster fell in a shower. A cold feeling ran down the detective's spine. The bullet had passed through space where a moment before his head had been.

Already his mind was working to make a capture. The shot had come from the window. Fortunately the corridor outside the room was in gloomy semi-darkness, and the open door did not reveal him in a strong light. Otherwise he would not have crawled three yards. As he groped his way towards the window on his hands and knees he was conscious of someone on the floor opposite sobbing.

He stretched out a hand and touched a girl's face. It was wet with something that was not tears. His fingers knew the touch well.

Blood.

He sprang to his feet and bounded to the window, which was open, and through which a raw wind was snarling, waving the curtains to and fro. He looked out, but could see nothing save the outline of a fire-escape zigzagging above and below him. It was still dark, and no moon shone. Through the last dregs of fog one could glimpse a few stars.

"Clinton, your torch!" the Yard man called back to his assistant.

In a few strides the doughty sergeant was at his chief's side with the square-cased flash-lamp he generally carried in the pocket of his jacket. Slade flashed the ray up the fire-escape and down, revealing dripping ivy and rust-reddened iron stairs. But there

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was no sign of the man who had escaped through the window.

"We're too late, Clinton. If there'd been a moon we might have spotted him. As it is——"

Slade shrugged and turned back to the motionless figure of the girl on the floor. He lifted her head as Clinton switched on the light. Across her face was a wide, bloody smear. The detective took out his handkerchief and dabbed what he thought was a nasty wound, only to peer at the girl's face, in surprise.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "This isn't her blood!"

"What!" cried Callum, bending over the Yard man's shoulder. "Not her own blood? What d'you mean?"

"Look," said Slade, pointing. "There's no wound; not even a scratch. She must have got the blood from someone else."

The door was pushed wider open and Maurice Tooley stamped in, puffing, waving his bandana before his face. His jaws champed, and there was a belligerent glitter in his eyes as he beheld the prone figure of his daughter.

"What's all this!" he cried. "Look at that blood all over Vera's face, Inspector. Is she hurt badly?"

"She's fainted, Mr. Tooley." Slade sounded tired.

"Fainted!" half shrieked the pickle manufacturer. "Fainted! Why, she looks like death itself! Isn't there a doctor here? Let him come at once and tend to her. I insist that my daughter——"

"Yes, Mr. Tooley, by all means," said the detective, taking the irate gentleman by one arm. "But if you will excuse me——"

"Excuse you!" bayed Maurice Tooley, waving a futile little fist. "I'm hanged if I do, sir! This comes of your confounded—Ah, Vera, my girl, what is it? How do you feel?"

The girl had come to, and was sitting upright, a hand raised to her mouth. She saw the blood on her fingers, and screamed. Immediately her father was fussing over her, patting her shoulder, calling for a doctor, water, and bandages. Slade looked at Clinton and shrugged. The girl was now sobbing against her father's shoulder.

Dr. Surrey looked in.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. "Anything I can do?"

"Tooley grabbed him by the sleeve.

"Yes, doctor. Look at my girl. See if she's hurt badly." He stood up, mopping his face with the bandana.

"What a night!" He turned his comic face on the detective. "What in heaven's name does all this mean? What's happening?"

"I only wish I could tell you, sir," said the detective truthfully. "As it is, I'm afraid unless your daughter can help us——"

"My daughter! For heaven's sake, man, I don't want her dragged into this! Think of it! The scandal—my business— and that I've——"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Tooley, it's too late to think of keeping people's names out of what's going to get a lot of publicity." Slade's tone was nasty. Tooley's ineffectual clowning, as he regarded the other's pomposity, was getting on his nerves. "I've already told you about your daughter and Bendiloe——"

Tooley's chest puffed out.

"And my daughter tells me you are mistaken." There was a crowning note of triumph in the pickle manufacturer's voice.

Dr Surrey stood aside. A single glance had shown him there was nothing he could do for the girl, that there was nothing that wanted doing. She had been badly frightened, and was still nervous. That was all.

"Is that so, Miss Tooley?" asked the Yard man coldly.

The girl dropped her head in her arms.

"Oh, I don't know!" she sobbed. "Don't talk to me. Just leave me alone."

"We'll go, Miss Tooley," said Slade more gently, "after you've told us who broke into this room just now."

She looked miserably at the detective.

"I don't know," she muttered. "The light wasn't on——"

"Listen, Miss Tooley." The Yard man's gentleness disappeared. Once more he was the ruthless investigator. "Was it Bendiloe? I want the truth."

"I don't know who it was, Inspector. That's all I can say." Vera Tooley's blue-black eyes gleamed.

"All right," said Slade thinly. "But let me remind you, Miss Tooley, that helping a murderer is a heavy responsibility."

Slade did not stay to beat about the bush. He was angry. He had been frustrated. How he was not sure, but he had the feeling, and he could not put it away.

Outside in the corridor nearly the entire household were foregathered.

Slade scanned each face as he walked through the lane they made for him. He knew it would be idle telling them to retire again. There would be no more sleep in Ravenscroft that morning. On the stairs Irvin and another constable lingered.

"Seen Bendiloe?" asked Slade.

Irvin shook his head.

"Can't find him anywhere. He's not downstairs, and he's not up."

Slade was about to cross the hall to make a fresh search when Dr. Surrey's voice arrested him. He looked up. The doctor was beckoning with his hand.

The Yard man mounted the stairs again. Dr. Surrey drew him into the room occupied by his patient, leaving the door ajar.

"Well, doctor?"

"He'll be round in about a quarter of an hour. I thought I'd better give you the tip, so that you can be handy. He won't last much after that, though I'll do what I can."

Slade looked steadily at the pale, yellowish features glistening on the pillow.

"All right, doctor. I'll be handy," he said, and went out again.

Ten minutes passed, but the fresh search failed to find Bendiloe. Nor did any of the searchers discover Celia Raven. Benson and Maggie Trumbull remained under lock and key; no further complications seemed to be arising from that quarter. But the girl who was employed in Edgar Sterridge's office and Herman Raven's secretary had disappeared without leaving any trace.

Slade was on the point of arranging a search of the grounds when a constable approached and told him Dr. Surrey wanted to see him. He entered the secretary's room to find the patient sitting propped up in bed, a feverish gleam in his deep hazel eyes.

"YOU'LL have to be quick, Slade," cautioned the doctor. "He's sinking fast, and I'm helpless. But he's excited about something."

The Yard man nodded, and passed to the patient's side.

"What is your name?" he asked, but as soon as he had spoken he saw that he had made a wrong lead. The eyes of the dying man hardened, and the moist lips set in a firmer line. He said nothing, but stared long at the detective.

Slade became desperate as he realised that this opportunity of gaining information about the mystery was slipping away.

"Listen," he said coaxingly. "You haven't got long. You know it and we know it. Two men have been murdered. You yourself will be the third. . . . Did you kill Herman Raven and poison Edgar Sterridge?"

There was a considerable pause, during which the eyes of the dying man dulled. For a moment the detective dreaded that the end was at hand, and he breathed heavily when he saw the patient's tongue poke through his stretched lips.

"No . . . I did not kill them. . . . I came to break open the safe . . . for the papers."

"Which papers? Where are they?" cried Slade eagerly.

"In a long envelope——"

"Where's the envelope?"

"I put it in the——"

The last word was inaudible. Both the detective and the doctor reached over the bed.

"Where?"

"In the drawer."

"Which drawer does he mean?" Slade asked the doctor, who shrugged.

"Which drawer?" he asked the patient.

"In the sideboard in the din——"

A tremulous cry of pain finished the explanation.

"Give him another injection," said Slade.

"I DAREN'T," said the doctor. "He'd go to sleep, and that'd be the end. He wouldn't talk again."

Slade cast his mind back to those moments when he was blindfold in the dining-room. The person who had robbed him had opened a drawer of the sideboard and extracted something. The envelope . . . Then he had been right about the safe robbery.

He went to the cupboard and took out the pot of paste, which he held before the dying man's eyes.

"You came in here with the envelope, didn't you? You opened it and sealed it down again. Why?"

"I wanted to see if it was true——"

"If what was true?" asked Slade.

"About—about Ruth and—and him."

Another cry of pain escaped the drawn lips.

"Who is Ruth and who is the man you're talking about?" went on Slade.

There was a sudden trembling of the head on the pillow, and for a few moments the eyes of the patient closed. They had not opened when he murmured: "Ruth was my sister. She didn't get a square deal . . . that was why I wanted to find out . . ."

"Who was the man?" demanded Slade, realising that the other was on the point of losing consciousness.

The question penetrated the fog clouding the dying man's brain.

"Ruth was my sister," he repeated slowly, with effort.

"Yes, but the man," persisted Slade. "Who was the man who didn't give her a square deal?"

"Herman Raven!" The dull eyes opened, and a fierce light sprang into their depths. "He married her and kept it a secret—and—and when the baby came he—he wouldn't do anything to—to——"

The words trailed away in a whisper of breath.

"Who is your sister? Where is she now?"

White teeth showed between the dying man's lips, and words rattled in his throat.

"Dead. She poisoned herself . . . and he killed her—Herman Raven killed her . . . and now he's dead and little Roger is——"

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

"Yes? What is it?" said Slade quickly.

Dr. Surrey was sitting stiffly erect, spellbound by this sudden revelation.

"I don't know. It's very dark. I can't see," murmured the man who had not many minutes to live. "I want Ruth . . . I want to tell her that——"

He gulped, and a trickle of blood seeped from one corner of his mouth. Slade wiped it away.

"Tell me where Ruth is and what you want to tell her, and I'll see that she's told," said the Yard man huskily.

"Just—just tell her it's all right."

Slade looked at the doctor.

"Delirium?" he asked.

"Shouldn't be surprised. It's probably true, what he said about her having poisoned herself, and he's just forgotten she's dead."

Slade nodded thoughtfully, and leaned across the bed.

"Where can I find Roger?" he asked.

But the other didn't appear to have heard.

"Where can I find your sister's son, Roger Raven?" the detective asked again.

This time his question brought a response.

"I don't know, but she will tell you." Desperation animated the low tones. "It was all a trick, a dirty trick. She knows! I tell you she knows!" The words were almost shouted. The man's frame trembled. "It was a trick! If she was sorry for Ruth, why did she become engaged to him? I say it was a trick—and she knows it! She fooled him like she fooled Ruth . . . she and that secretary . . . Oh, and I loved her . . . I loved her once! . . ."

He died two minutes later. When Dr. Surrey drew the sheet over the still features Slade was leaning against the window-ledge, staring into the darkness without.

Dr. Surrey was sitting at the foot of the bed, eyeing the Yard man speculatively.

"It looks as though she's got herself in a fine pickle, doesn't it?" he vouchsafed as the detective strode across the room.

"Well, she ought to know her onions, with old Tooley in the same line of business!"

The doctor chortled, but Slade had never felt less like laughing. He opened the door and snapped a sharp "Come here!" to the constable at the end of the corridor.

"Tell Inspector Callum and Sergeant Clinton I'd like to see them in here at once," he said as the man saluted.

When Callum and Clinton came in Slade explained in few words what had happened. Normally the local inspector might have had some comment to offer, but the expression now on Slade's face did not invite talk.

When Constable Smith opened the door to usher Vera Tooley into the room she was followed by the tubby figure of her father, his little beady bright eyes nearly popping from his goat's face. Before the door had closed Slade had stepped up to him.

"I didn't ask you to come, Mr. Tooley. I've had enough of your interference, and I'm standing no more of it. Your daughter's got herself mixed up with murder, and I'm not having you gumming up the works. Get out!"

Maurice Tooley's moist mouth drooled. A pudgy hand plucked undone the bottom button of his dress waistcoat. But the words would not come. He stood teetering on his toes, as though the patent leather of his shoes pinched his wide feet.

"Are you getting out, or shall I have you put out?"

Slade's tone caused Callum to glance uncertainly at Clinton, but the sergeant shook his head. It was too late to hold Slade back. He had slipped the leash and was tackling this job in the only way he had faith in.

Tooley spluttered. "My heavens, man, I'll lodge a complaint about this! I've never been treated so——"

"Well, it's a change for you. And now, if you don't get out, I'll hold you for conniving at murder too. You've wasted enough of my time."

This time, however, Tooley wasn't listening to the detective. He was staring at his daughter.

"Vera!" he cried, on a strange, cracking note. "Vera—what does this mean? You're not——"

"Listen!" she said fiercely. "You were told to get out. Go—go! That's all. For heavens sake leave me alone!"

Tooley wavered, took a couple of hesitant paces towards the door. His resentment seemed to have evaporated, replaced by shocked wonder at that sudden display of temper by his daughter. Slade jumped forward and grabbed the pickle manufacturer's arm.

"On second thoughts, Mr. Tooley, you'd better stay." The detective's gaze met that of the daughter. "You're going to help me get her to talk."

"Yes, yes, but about what?" asked Tooley, munching the sides of his mouth. The expressions on the faces of Callum and Clinton were not friendly. "I don't understand——"

"You will," promised Slade, and looked at the girl. "Come here, Miss Tooley."

Mechanically the girl obeyed.

"This man accused you of being concerned in the murder of Herman Raven, your fiance."

She stared at the ominous shape under the sheet.

"Accused me?" she asked huskily.

"Yes. He said you and Bendiloe tricked Raven as you had tricked him."

With a deft flick of his wrist Slade threw back the sheet, revealing the composed features of the dead man.

Vera Tooley glanced once at the deathstill features. Then her eyes closed. Slade, watching her burgundied lips, saw them frame a name . . . Pete.

Her father caught her as she slipped to the floor.

"SHE'S all right now," announced Dr. Surrey.

Some seconds later Vera Tooley's dark eyes trembled open. Her gaze passed over the doctor's shoulder, beyond the stolid figure of Clinton, to Slade's lowered face, and her extravagant lashes fluttered.

"What——" she began, but stopped when she realised there was no sympathy in the Yard man's steely glance.

"If you've finished fainting," said Slade brusquely, "I'll begin my questions."

Maurice Tooley was trying to pick things out of the air.

"Vera's tired, Inspector," he said placatingly, "and she's upset. Let me answer your questions——"

"Keep out of this," Slade told him threateningly.

Tooley retreated, routed at his first stand. Thereafter his daughter stood alone.

"Well?" snapped the Yard man. "I'm waiting. What was his name?"

"Pete Haverill."

The name was wrung from her.

"All right. What do you know about him?"

"Not much——"

"Stop that! I said what do you know."

She gave in, but the watchful detective saw that her capitulation was not complete. The set of her lips was thoughtful. He knew she would lie if she thought she could get away with it.

"I knew him some time ago. We were friendly."

"How friendly?"

"Very friendly."

"Engaged to him?"

"No."

"All right. His sister's name was Ruth, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Had he any other family?"

"Not that I know of."

"But you knew both brother and sister well?"

"Yes—I suppose you would call it well."

"Never mind what I would call it. When did Ruth Haverill meet Herman Raven?"

"I don't know. Some two or three years ago."

"Before you knew the Haverills?"

"No. Our acquaintanceship went back longer than that."

"THEN you knew what the sister was doing when she married Raven—that she was tying herself up to money, and to a young man who wanted to play round the town?"

Her eyes dropped.

"I didn't know Herman well till afterwards."

"You knew, though, that he left his wife?"

"I thought he'd divorced her."

Slade's finger menaced again.

"Is that the truth?" he grated.

"Yes," she said stubbornly, though he knew she lied.

"All right." His tone dropped, became silky-soft. "You fell in love with Herman Raven, didn't you?"

She hesitated, searching for the trap.

"Later," she admitted cautiously. "After I quarrelled with Pete."

Mentally the detective grimaced. She had side-stepped neatly. Actually he scowled.

"Was the quarrel about Raven?"

"No."

"What about, then?"

"Am I to rake up all my past?" she flared.

"I doubt if I could stand it," Slade retorted. "But you'll dig up what I want you to or you'll find yourself in Holloway."

She pouted. "No, we didn't quarrel about Raven. It was about Pete, and——"

"Yes?"

"It was about money. He hadn't got enough! There, now you know."

Slade shrugged and smiled enigmatically. "Raven had, hadn't he? And when you fell head over heels in love with his fair-haired secretary you thought you'd squeeze enough out of him to last you both—even if your father threw you out? A pretty piece of work. I understand now what Haverill meant by a trick."

The scourge of his sarcasm stung her deeply. A dull flush mounted her cheeks.

"Guesswork—nothing else," she taunted him.

Slade continued to smile. "I'm good at guessing, and you're keeping me at it. Listen. I want this clear. You didn't let Raven know you knew about his wife and boy, did you? You were trimming your cards so's to sweep the board when you threw in your hand. You were going to try a polite form of blackmail. Raven to pay for your tune—or else? And he couldn't have stood for that much sensation in the papers, could he?"

She remained silent, watching him.

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He went on. "So much for your own game, Miss Tooley. But there's a bigger game at stake. It's got three murders on the score-board already."

"Is this more guessing?" she asked him.

"Maybe—maybe not," he returned evenly, not put out. "I'm talking about the Raven fortune. You and Bendiloe put your heads together to fleece Raven, and one of you got the idea of tapping the Raven fortune. And there was one very important piece of evidence affecting the distribution of the Raven fortune."

Her long lashes hooded her eyes.

"Go on," she mocked. "As a bedtime story it's not so bad."

"It'll sound better in court," Slade told her, and she bit her lip savagely.

The detective's patience was rewarded.

"What is that important piece of evidence?" she asked.

"Herman Raven's wedding certificate. It was in the safe. But it's not there any longer."

Not by a flicker of a muscle did she reveal what was in her mind then.

"May I sit down?" she asked. "I find your manner too devastating, Inspector."

Slade kept control, though the gibe rankled. Dr. Surrey brought her a chair.

"Thank you." She smiled bewitchingly at the hovering medico, but Slade dragged her attention back to himself.

"I want you to tell me what else was in that envelope, Miss Tooley, and why Pete Haverill came here to get it."

There was a long pause. Somewhere behind him the Yard man heard the girl's father clicking his tongue in annoyance. The squeak of Maurice Tooley's patent-leather shoes told how uneasy all this talk left him.

"I don't know."

"I shan't give you the opportunity of answering that question again—here," said Slade coldly.

Slade approached nearer her chair.

"Where's Bendiloe?" he shot at her.

"Am I his keeper?"

Slade didn't miss the chance she gave him. "I shouldn't be surprised, from what I've seen to-night."

SHE flushed hotly, and as quickly paled. Behind the detective Maurice Tooley started a round of violent protest, but was cut short by Clinton.

"Where is he?" repeated Slade.

"I don't know." There was ice on the words.

"Where's Celia Raven?"

"I don't know."

"Who was the man who forced himself into your room?"

She took a deep breath. The detective's questions were piling up in the form of an argument.

"I don't know."

"Listen", said Slade, and his right fist pounded his left palm.

Anything might break any minute, he kept telling himself. She couldn't last much longer. She'd have to break under the treatment. But she was harder than he had bargained for.

"This party to the poor relations was a great stunt. There was fifty thousand to be shared out, and when Raven got the idea first of all you worked it up. It was a great opportunity for you to get him just where you wanted him—like that."

Slade extended a hand, and slowly the fingers closed until the fist was doubled.

"You played on his vanity," he went on, replacing his hand in his pocket. "He fell for that stuff about giving the poor relations a good time, and the notion of playing the gracious rich cousin appealed to him. You saw to that. You saw, too, what a splendid opportunity was presented for getting him out of the way. The motive might be anybody's except yours. That was neat. But you didn't count on Haverill's speaking before he died, did you?"

She did not meet the detective's glance this time. Her eyes stared aside at the bed, and there was fresh horror in them, as though something had been made clearer to her understanding.

"I didn't know," she whispered, so that Slade had to bend to catch the words.

"You didn't know what?"

"That Pete was mixed up in this—that—"

Tears welled in her eyes, but Slade was not to be duped easily.

"YOU'RE just putting me off," he accused. "It won't work. You've got to tell me the truth about this plan concocted by you and Bendiloe—and Haverill."

He added the last name after a pause. Instantly she flashed a contemptuous grimace at him.

"Pete wasn't in this."

Slade smiled easily.

"You expect me to believe that after he told me himself——"

"He told you?" She took him up quickly.

"I asked him why he came. He said to get the envelope out of the safe. He wanted to know the truth about his sister and Raven. He'd got it in for Raven all right—but he didn't kill him. You know who did."

He shot the last words at her in the hope of surprising her into some unwary denial. She merely shook her head, and muttered "You're barking up the wrong tree."

A dour expression came to Slade's face.

"Thanks for pointing it out. I'm barking all right. I've been barking so much some people think I've got no bite." He left the girl and strode up to her father, and for several seconds looked the pickle manufacturer over. Maurice Tooley had every appearance of a man uncertainly arising from a nightmare. He returned the detective's gaze as though he feared the threatened biting was about to begin. "You knew the Haverills, Mr. Tooley. Tell me all you know about them. All remember."

The crisp reminder stayed a half-thought protest Tooley was about to utter. He stared balefully at his daughter for a few seconds, tapped his receding chin two or three times with a manicured thumb, and said meekly enough: "Vera knew Ruth Haverill from the time they were schoolgirls. The Haverills and my wife and I were neighbors for many years, until Pat Haverill was killed in a train accident in France. That was a couple of years ago. I rather lost track of them then, but I knew that Vera and Ruth kept up some correspondence. However, this is all very disturbing——"

Mr. Tooley was becoming his old self. His chest inflated a few inches more than Slade cared to see.

"Mr. Tooley," he said, "I'm going to make you responsible for your daughter's safety."

Vera Tooley's head jerked up; her father gasped.

"You—— What!"

"You heard me very well. You're not going to let your daughter out of your sight until you leave this house."

"But, good heavens, man—why? What's—who're——"

"I cannot answer any further questions now, Mr. Tooley. You have seen yourself how difficult your daughter has proved. I'm hoping she'll become more tractable when Bendiloe——"

"Ah, I'd like to give that young man a piece of my mind!"

"It would probably be a very small piece."

"Eh?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter! I was speaking more to myself than to you."

Tooley regarded the detective suspiciously, but apparently decided he had no cause to take offence, for his face cleared. His manner became effusive.

"In that case Vera and I can——"

"Stay here!" snapped Slade. "Clinton, bring Maggie Trumbull in here."

Tooley subsided, the bladder of his conceit badly pricked, and while Clinton was gone there was silence in the room. However, though no one spoke, glances were eloquent, and the tension grew. When the sergeant returned with the sullen-looking maid—and rebellious, too, judging by her drawn upper lip—his entry saved Vera Tooley from giving way to a bad display of nerves. She glanced up in relief as the door opened, and then flushed as she realised that Slade, watching her face, knew how close she had been to screaming aloud.

"Oh!"

All eyes focused on Maggie Trumbull's pale face. The maid had stopped short in her tracks, half-way across the room, under the light, so that her face was in shadow. Slade had withdrawn the sheet from the face of the dead man, and it was this grim spectacle that held the maid's surprised gaze. But there was more than surprise in that gaze, as Slade saw; there was recognition too.

"Well, Maggie, what is it?" asked the detective.

At sound of his words she started, looked round hurriedly, then made as though to pull herself together. She pointed.

"His hand," she said.

Slade looked at the dead man. She sheet had been carelessly tossed to one side, revealing one of the hands. Round a finger was a plain gold band.

"Well," he frowned, "what about the hand?"

"That's the hand that covered my mouth!" said the maid excitedly. "I remember the ring now . . . a hairy hand with a ring on one of the fingers . . . and I remember, too, it was the right hand that had the ring and covered my mouth."

Another chair was brought for Maggie, and after she had seated herself and had been allowed to collect her suddenly scattered wits Slade tried some more questions on her. But her well of information had dried at its source. Slade desisted, mentally calling the defiant maid something she would not have considered complimentary.

"All right, Clinton," he said. "Let's have Benson in now."

Clinton went out again, accompanied this time by Callum. Tooley asked timidly, "May I inquire how long you intend to keep us in here with—with——"

He glanced uncertainly at the glistening face of the corpse, and poked a finger down his collar.

"With the late Mr. Peter Haverill?" inquired Slade, with mock sententiousness.

Tooley gave him a sour look.

"Oh, what's the use?" he muttered.

"None at all, Mr. Tooley" the detective assured him.

The door opened and steps scuffled outside.

"Here, what the——"

Benson's protest got no farther. A jab from Clinton's knuckles sent him reeling into the room. Before the man could straighten himself Slade had grabbed his arm and drawn him to the foot of the bed.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

"Seen him before, Benson?"

It would have been futile for the man to lie. His start of recognition was sufficient answer.

"Let's have what you know about him," said Slade.

"I don't know anything about him—I've only seen him once before."

Benson's face was working convulsively. From the impression the dead man had made on him he might have seen a ghost.

"When was that?"

"Just before dinner this evening. I was going to look for Mr. Edwin Raven, I believe the name is—anyway, he was in the billiard-room—and as I crossed the landing I saw this man"—he pointed to the corpse—"talking to Mr. Bendiloe. I—I thought they were quarrelling."

Slade received the news with relish.

"Go on, and you heard what, Benson? Don't tell me those long ears of yours didn't catch something."

For a moment the footman's glare was murderous.

He took a deep breath. "All right," he said sullenly. "I did hear him"—with another jab of the finger at the corpse—"say something."

"Well?" said Slade, as the footman hesitated.

"He said"—Benson wiped his mouth with the palm of his hand, which he stroked down the skirt of his jacket—"as near as I can recollect, 'You'll get something else if you don't mind your step—something you won't have time to regret, my friend!' That was all I heard, for they heard me coming, and turned away."

"Was there anything about the other man's attitude that was threatening?" Slade pressed him.

"That I couldn't tell."

"He wasn't wearing a moustache when he was speaking to Bendiloe?"

"No. I should have remembered that."

"Right, Benson. Stand back there." Slade pointed to a position near Dr. Surrey. "Clinton, I want Jim Raven sent up now."

The sergeant went out once more, and again there was an uneasy silence in the room.

They were not kept waiting long.

Jim entered, looking scared, and when he saw Maurice Tooley he bristled.

"Better not bring him anywhere near me," he told Slade, menacing Tooley with his fist. "I ain't finished with Mr. High-and-mighty Tooley yet. Give me the sack after twenty——"

Tooley was already in the saddle.

"Inspector, I must protest against that man being brought into the same room as——"

"You protest! You! Why, you wry-necked, bald-headed, in-toed——"

"That'll do, Jim!" rapped Slade, whose temper was shortening again.

The pickle manufacturer sniffed most suggestively.

"'Jim' now. I didn't know the police were so democratic, though I've always thought——"

"I'm not interested in what you think, Mr. Tooley," said Slade coldly.

Tooley sniffed again.

In the little lull that followed Slade took Jim's arm and propelled him to the bed.

"Take a good look at that man, Jim. Ever seen him before?"

Jim looked hard, then started back.

"Crikey, he's a stiff!" he exclaimed.

Had the occasion not been so tragic the expression mirrored on Jim's face would have seemed worthy of a first-rate music-hall comedian.

"Yes, he's dead, Jim," assented the detective. "But have you seen him before? That's what I want to know."

Jim frowned, looked from the Yard man to the face in the pillow, and back again to the detective. He shook his head.

"No, I ain't never seen him before," he said, and would have turned away but for Slade's restraining hand.

"Just a minute, Jim. I've not finished with you yet."

Alarm widened Jim's murky eyes.

"You ain't—— Why, what——"

"Nothing to get alarmed about. Just watch."

Slade removed the false moustache from the dead man's upper lip.

"Now, then, Jim. Take another look. Does he seem any more familiar to you?"

Jim had commenced to shake his head when he stopped, peered closer, and then walked round the bed and leaned over the dead man. He looked up, frowning in a puzzled manner.

"That's funny. There is something sort of familiar about him—now. But I can't recall just . . ."

He stopped, shaking his head and staring with wide eyes.

"Try hard, Jim. It's very important."

Jim contorted his mien in a mighty effort to cudgel his recollection into compliance, but without success.

"No good, sir," he said, releasing his rubber-like features. "I just can't place him. And yet—— No, it's no use."

"It wasn't here—to-night—you saw him, was it?"

"No, not to-night. . . . But it wasn't a great while ago."

"Last week some time?"

"Likely as not, sir. Can't say definite."

"All right, Jim. That'll do then."

In his march to the door Jim paused once, to glare at Tooley, and so ferocious was the glare that the pickle manufacturer threw up an arm defensively. Jim reached the door and opened it, to find his path blocked by the burly form of Inspector Callum.

The local man brushed Jim aside as though he were a curtain.

"We've found her, Slade!" he exclaimed.

Slade turned round. His thoughts had been elsewhere.

"Eh?"

"I said we've found her," repeated Callum excitedly.

"Who?"

"Celia Raven, man. Who the devil do you think?"

Callum, like the rest, was missing his night's sleep.

"Oh, have you?" said Slade, and enthused some interest into his tones. "Where was she?"

"At the bottom of the service-lift shaft, bound and gagged. I think the doctor'd better take a look at her. She's in pretty bad shape; and if there's any brandy in the house she'd better take a pull. Her clothes are soaked."

WHEN the door of Bendiloe's room had been locked upon its solitary occupant, the corpse of Peter Haverill, the two Yard men and the doctor accompanied Callum downstairs to the kitchen, where Irvin and Pill were chafing Celia Raven's numbed hands. She smiled feebly as Slade walked up to her chair.

"Got some spirits that haven't been doctored, Pill?" he asked.

The butler nodded with dismal comprehension.

"Yes, sir. I'll get a fresh bottle from the cellar."

"Oh," said Slade casually, "so there is a cellar. It wasn't mentioned before."

"Well, it's not a regular wine-cellar, sir. Just a small place under the pantry, with a trap-door and a few steps leading down."

"All right. Get some brandy, Pill. Miss Raven looks as though she can do with some."

The girl lifted her head.

"Please, I'm all right now."

"Well, you don't look it," said Slade. What are you waiting for, Pill?"

The butler was hovering close to the Yard man's elbow.

"Shall I ask Mrs. Apple to make something hot, sir?" he inquired.

"All right. Go and see Mrs. Apple first, then bring the brandy. We'll be in the study."

"Very good, sir."

They trooped out of the kitchen, and when the girl was seated before the fire in the study Slade began his questions.

"Now, then, Miss Raven, will you please tell me all you can about what happened?"

Her first words were spoken suddenly, and from her tone one might have hazarded that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I suppose it was my own fault, Inspector. You told me not to move out of the room——"

"And you did?"

"Yes. I can't say why, only that the place got on my nerves. Alone in that room, thinking all sorts of things and wondering what was happening and what was going to happen, I got scared. I know I had a sudden desire to go downstairs and be with other people. I couldn't sleep, and thinking only made my head ache. I know it sounds babyish——"

"YOU didn't leave your room because you wanted to see Eddie, did you?"

She glanced up at this interruption.

"No," she said slowly.

Slade nodded. "All right. Please go on, Miss Raven. When did you leave your room?"

She looked back at the fire.

"I don't know the time. After—after finding Mr. Sterridge I lost track of time . . . I mean, time didn't seem to matter any more; all I wanted was to get out of this awful house, with its——"

She shivered.

"Yes?"

"I don't know," she murmured. "I can't explain the feeling I have. It's as though there was some terror stalking me in the dark here. . . . No, not quite that. It's a feeling——"

She shivered again.

"All right, Miss Raven. Go on with your story."

Slade signed to Clinton, and the sergeant took out his notebook and unscrewed his fountain pen. The girl saw none of that.

"When I'd made up my mind to go downstairs I opened the door and stepped into the corridor, leaving the key in the lock. I hadn't taken three steps when the door of the room next to mine opened. I was startled, and what I saw made me want to scream. . . . In the doorway stood the figure of a man, and over his head and shoulders he wore a sort of helmet of some black cottony material. There were slits for his eyes, and that was all. He wore black cotton gloves. As soon as he saw me he jumped forward and pressed a hand over my mouth. That was what stilled my scream. When I had recovered my breath he was pointing an automatic pistol at me."

"Did he speak?"

"I asked him what he was going to do with me, and he said, 'You'll see.'"

"Anything else?"

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"Only 'Do what I tell you, and you won't get hurt—much.' The way he said that last word made me go cold."

She spread her hands to the blaze in the hearth. Over her bowed head Slade and Callum exchanged glances.

Slade leaned forward, interested in what was to follow next.

"And what did he tell you to do, Miss Raven?"

"He told me to open the door of my room, and then he followed me inside. After he had closed the door he took a table napkin from his pocket and tied it round my head, over my mouth, with two corners sticking up over my eyes——"

"But you got a look at his clothes when he turned the light on?" said Slade quickly.

She shook her head.

"I didn't get the chance. He pushed me into the room first, kicked the door shut behind him, then, with his pistol pressed in the small of my back, he tied the napkin round my head——"

She went on quickly with her story.

"Then he switched off the light and opened the window. He caught me by the arm, led me to the window, and told me to climb over the sill——"

"What!" cried Callum.

The girl looked round at him and stared.

"—on to the fire-escape," she added.

Callum took a deep breath. "Oh!" he said. But at the word 'fire-escape' Slade had risen. He remembered that his own clamber down the ivy had brought him to the narrow steel stairs which climbed no higher than the second floor.

"Go on, Miss Raven," he said. "It's now getting interesting."

Whether something in his tone or manner displeased her Slade did not know—in fact, he was unable to understand the retort—but in a moment the girl had faced about, saying, "Is it? As far as I'm concerned it didn't wait till then to get interesting."

Slade made no rejoinder, and after a while she resumed voluntarily:

"I had difficulty in getting over the sill, and he helped me. It was cold, and although I could not see I knew I was high up, and felt dizzy. The fire-escape was narrow, and he told me to go first, one step at a time, and as I went down he held my shoulder. I thought the descent would never end. I started counting the steps. Why I don't know. But it wasn't long before I lost count. Once I nearly slipped, and he gripped my shoulder hard, so that I tried to cry out. He warned me to be silent. At length we got to the bottom, and I felt my shoes squelching in mud. 'You're going to stay here,' he told me, and after untying my wrists retied them to the rail of the escape. Then I heard him climb the fire-escape again. I know I was very cold, and I seemed to be there at the foot of the escape for hours. The napkin in my mouth became a sodden rag, and struggling only made my wrists sore. So I gave up and remained there leaning against one of the iron posts, wondering if anyone would think to come looking for me——"

"Why should you think that?" asked Slade.

"I don't know now any more than I knew then. I don't suppose I really thought anyone would come after me——"

"Not Eddie?"

"No. . . . Why?"

"He went after you all right. He was in your room when someone coshed him on the back of the head . . . so he says. He also says someone—the same someone—left with your handbag. I wondered if it was your notebook that someone wanted."

"My notebook?"

"Yes. Eddie says you keep all sorts of notes in it, bits about the office, telephone numbers, people's initials, and so on."

"That's right, I do. But why should——"

"Remember what you told me about Sterridge's visitor? Perhaps he knew of the notebook. By the way, have you opened it since you've been here?"

"Yes, several times. I keep some of my personal accounts in it, and I remember looking up something shortly after the police first came——"

Slade had a sudden idea.

"Were you looking up how much Eddie owed you?"

She glanced aside quickly.

"I——"

"Were you?"

"I—— Yes."

"He's been trying to get you to give him some more money, hasn't he? That was why he went up to your room?"

"Well, he mentioned a bookmaker's man who's threatened to summons him unless he pays what he owes the firm. But Jim mustn't know!" she said quickly. "He'd break Eddie's neck. He told him last time, when Eva lent him four pounds——"

"So this is a regular touch game of Mr. Eddie's?"

"Well, I don't like to think that his own family won't——"

"Nor does he! But we'll forget Eddie for the moment. You were tied to the post wondering if anyone would come looking for you. Go on."

"I've got not the slightest idea of how long I was there. It seemed ages. Then all at once I heard voices above me. But suddenly they stopped. There was a shot, and then my wrists were untied and I was bundled along to what I suppose was the kitchen, where the window was forced open and I was helped through. It was dark in the kitchen, but it was warm. I remember becoming suddenly drowsy when I was inside, and I've only a vague recollection of having my hands tied again and being pushed inside the hatchway. But as soon as the hatch door was closed on me I had a fearful feeling that I might be stifled in there. I was lying on my back, and my limbs ached. The bandage round my face sent a numbed sensation through my head. I began beating against the wooden flooring of the hatchway with my heels, but down at the bottom of the shaft the sound seemed dead. When at last the door was opened and I saw the light streaming in from the kitchen and felt friendly hands lift me I nearly fainted. I didn't know till then how very much afraid I'd been."

As she stopped she sank back restfully into her chair, and sighed.

"Then you have no idea whatever of your abductor's identity?" asked Slade, leaning an elbow on the mantelpiece.

"None."

"It might have been anyone in the house?"

"Any man," she amended carefully.

Slade accepted the correction with a nod.

"You say that while you were tied to the post of the fire-escape you heard voices. Were they men's voices?"

"They were not clear. I couldn't tell what was said."

Slade regarded her reflectively.

"You haven't answered my question."

She stirred uneasily.

"What do you expect me to say?"

"The truth. It's so much simpler. One was a woman's voice, wasn't it?"

She returned his gaze doubtfully.

"Yes."

"And the woman?"

"Really, Inspector, I don't see——"

Slade went on, remorselessly: "Vera Tooley, if I'm not mistaken?"

She sat upright. "How did you know?"

Slade lolled over, so that his back was closer to the blaze.

"The shot you heard was fired at me. Now, who was Vera Tooley talking to?"

It was a subtle trap; Slade had sprung its like before, many times. There were two ways of avoiding it, by being innocent and by using guile. Celia Raven's innocence saved her.

"I've told you already—I don't know."

"But she sounded anxious, didn't she?" Slade leaned nearer to the girl, and the shadow of him wiped the firelight from her face. "She sounded afraid. Wasn't that it, Miss Raven?"

There was a quiet insistence in his tone, like the hum of a rapier blade as it "whickers" through the air.

"Yes, she was afraid," admitted Celia Raven miserably.

"And you heard her say . . .?"

"I heard her call out, 'For Heaven's sake——' Then there were a few words that sounded blurred; after which I heard 'Arthur.'"

"Got that, Clinton?"

The sergeant snapped his notebook shut, and nodded.

"That'll be all, then, Miss Raven," said Slade. He glanced at his watch. "Where the devil's that butler——" he began, to be answered by a wild shriek, which echoed through the house.

Callum lurched forward.

"Good Heavens! What's that?"

"Pill!" exclaimed Clinton, pulling open the door.

They ran into the hall, slap into the butler as he careered along from the servants' hall. His face was the shade of moist putty; his teeth rattled like castanets.

"I saw him!" he shouted, grabbing Slade's arm. "I saw him down in the cellar! I touched him!"

"Who?"

Pill stove for breath.

"A—a man," he gasped, "in a black mask. He sprang past me and up the steps."

"Where did he go?" asked Slade.

"Across the kitchen and out the side-door."

There was a loud bang on the front door, and everyone glanced towards it simultaneously. One of Callum's men opened it, and a uniformed constable rushed in, his face red with excitement.

"He got past me and made for the common!" he announced.

By the gate at the end of the drive Slade bumped into one of the men watching the house from outside. The man was holding a hand to a battered jaw.

"He broke across the road, sir."

Slade sprinted, reached the edge of the common, and ran between the dripping arms of the thorn-bushes.

Behind him blundering figures panted and crashed among the bushes, searching with bull's-eye lanterns. A shape sprang up alongside the Yard man. He wheeled round, his fists doubled.

It was Sheldron, the Yard photographer, a lanky young man with a long stride and a good power of wind.

"Shall I keep up with you, sir?" he asked Slade.

"Yes, Sheldron. Open out there to the left, and keep your flash-lamp playing this way."

Sheldron slipped away through the mud, and Slade pressed forward through clumps of prickly gorse. From behind from time to time came sharp exclamations, generally

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followed by a cry of disgust as the slippery earth brought another lumbering policeman to his knees. The search continued in desultory fashion for a quarter of an hour, during which time many false alarms were spread; but the searchers pressed forward. There were six of them, and it would have been difficult for anyone to double back between their ranks.

At times the ground rose gradually, and the hunters crested a knoll only to press forward down the farther slope. Slade was leading an assault on the third of such mounds, with Sheldron sending long rays of light flashing towards him from the farther side, when he thought he heard a faint cry from in front. He left the bushes and cover and ran to the top. Below him a pond gleamed coldly in the thin light of the stars. Its banks shelved upward to a ring of leafless trees. Scrambling down the bank was a doubled figure.

Slade turned about, cupped his hand round his mouth, and yelled his discovery. He then raced down towards the pond. Plunging towards him from the left he heard Sheldron, whose long strides enabled him rapidly to overhaul his chief.

"Go on, Sheldron, head him off—and stick!" panted Slade.

With his head tucked down, his flash-lamp turned off, the Yard photographer forged ahead toward a boatshed in the distance. Slade made the best pace he could, which was considerably better than that of anyone following him.

Sheldron did not step on to the landing-stage. He was waiting beside it when Slade drew up.

"Well?" grunted the chief officer of Department X2.

Sheldron nodded. He was a fine athlete, and already his breathing was almost normal.

"He smashed a window at the side and climbed in. Is he armed?"

"I don't know."

Slade hadn't thought about the fugitive's being ready to fight; and Sheldron's question brought back to him the grim reality of the case. They had just left a house with three dead men in it, slain by . . .

He looked towards the hut, and swore under his breath. Sheldron cleared his throat and spat.

"Lord, I'm cold standing here!" he growled.

CLINTON, Callum, and one of the latter's men slithered down the grassy shelf and joined the two Yard men.

"Is he in there?" panted Callum, pointing to the hut.

"Yes," said Slade. "What place is it?"

"A small boathouse," replied Callum. "In the summer children hire paddle-boats and canoes from it, and on certain days bathers are allowed to use it as a diving-station. This pond's the deepest on the common, and just where that boathouse is the pond's deepest."

"I see," said Slade slowly. "If you wanted to drop something into the pond and lose it—that would be the best place, wouldn't it?"

Callum gave his confrere a close glance.

"It would. More than one has been drowned under those piles. Bathers have dived, come up under the piles and got a crack on the head, and sunk down. And if you go far enough there's no coming up. The mud at the bottom of this pond is mighty greedy."

"But when people have been drowned the bodies have been recovered, haven't they?"

"Yes, but not in a hurry. If anything gets stuck in the mud down there it needs a devil of a lot of shifting. Might take a couple of days."

"Is there a boat kept anywhere near through the winter?"

"I don't know. Do any of you?"

Callum addressed the three constables of his own detachment who stood at the edge of the pond.

One of them nodded.

"Yes, sir. There's an old keeper's boat drawn up among the rushes across there." He pointed to the right-hand cup of the loop.

Slade turned to Callum.

"Better send a couple of men over there and get the boat launched. We may want it handy."

Callum couldn't see why.

"Because he may take to the water," said Slade.

"He wouldn't be such a fool. He'd darn near freeze, this weather!"

"A desperate man will take a chance of freezing against the certainty of hanging," grunted the Yard man.

Callum asked no more. He told two of his men to go round to the other side and launch the boat.

"But make sure it's watertight before you get in. Wouldn't surprise me if the bottom dropped out."

The two uniformed men went off, and the local inspector said to Slade: "What next?"

"Getting him out of there safely—and before he dumps in the pond whatever it is he's got."

Callum whistled.

"Doesn't look so good, does it?"

"You're right. It doesn't. We've got to get him alive, and with what he's got in there, in order to make out a case——"

"Do you think he'll shoot?" interrupted Callum.

"He will if he's already killed three men."

Callum gave the Yard man another close glance.

"Say, what're you——"

"Never mind now," said Slade brusquely. "We can't afford to waste time on speculation. Clinton, you and Sheldron creep up to the boathouse and see which side he entered. If he opens fire duck back."

The two Yard men moved off along the weather-worn planking, slinking shadows that zigzagged from side to side. They drew within the ring of deeper shadow circling the boathouse. Minutes passed, and one of those shadows was seen returning.

It was Sheldron.

"On the right side, sir," he reported to his senior. "Not a sign of him, though."

Slade turned to Callum.

"It'd be best if you kept here, Callum, with your other man. That'll cut off any retreat from this side. I'll go up with my men, and your other two men will bear down in the boat. We ought to have a fox-proof cover then."

Slade went along the planking to where Clinton hovered in the shadows under the lee of the boathouse.

"Any sign, Clinton?"

The sergeant shook his head without taking his eyes off the point he was watching, a broken window, now shut.

"No, but he's moving about. Listen."

Slade crouched beside his sergeant; Sheldron got down on his knees behind them. Across the darkling expanse of the pond, lit here and there with flashes of star-gleam, stole the soft, sibilant swish of gently moving water.

"They've got the boat launched," said Slade, and stopped short as Clinton pressed his arm.

From within the boathouse came the sound of someone treading on loose flooring.

"What's round the farther side, Clinton?" asked Slade, pointing.

"The boathouse comes out flush with the edge of the landing-stage. A couple of the piles rise higher than the others, and they've got iron hooks in 'em, for mooring the kiddies' craft."

The man inside the boathouse, judging from the sounds those outside now heard, was busying himself with a heavy piece of furniture.

"What do you think he's up to?" said Clinton. "I heard that sound just before you came up, sir. Sounds as though he's dragging something heavy across the floor."

"Might be barricading the door," suggested Sheldron, rising to his feet to relieve the sensation of cramp in his legs. "Shall I flash my torch in the window, sir?"

Slade would have liked nothing better than a glimpse of what was happening inside the boathouse, but he said: "No, Sheldron. I can't let you risk it. At that range he'd blow you open."

SLADE jumped to his feet.

Careering over the shadowed surface of the pond was a child's paddle-boat, the sort of small craft that holds two children and is propelled by turning a handle, which twists small twin paddle-wheels. Seated hunched up in the centre of the little craft which wobbled dangerously under its weight and the fierce energy propelling the wheels, was a man. Sheldron's strong flash-lamp sent its bright ray spinning on to the rocking paddle-boat, lighting up the figure feverishly working the handles.

"It's him!" he shouted. "Look at that black thing over his head!"

The man's head was covered in something that at first glance looked like a black sack.

"And he's getting away!" growled Clinton. "Unless those others pull hard they'll be left."

It was true. The man in the little paddle-boat was making for the nearest piece of the shore opposite, and he was making faster headway than the two policemen in the rowing-boat, neither of whom was an oarsman.

"Come on, Clinton. Let's run for it," said Slade.

Callum and his man saw the Yard men returning and started racing to the point Slade indicated.

"Don't wait for us, Callum!" called the Yard man, and flung over his shoulder: "Now, Sheldron! Sprint as you never have before!"

The lanky photographer wasted no words in reply. He leaped ahead, within ninety seconds had overtaken Callum and his lumbering constable, and was spurting round the pond like an Olympic champion.

Slade glanced aside across the water. The paddle-boat was now more than half-way across the pond, and the boat with the two policemen was not decreasing the distance between the two craft. The men were fumbling with the oars, now touching bottom, now missing stroke, in their haste to overtake their quarry.

"Sheldron'll do it!" panted Clinton, keeping up with Slade. "Look!"

Sheldron was already more than half-way to the point to which the man in the paddle-boat was making.

"We'll get him yet!" sang out Callum, and consoled himself with the thought, for he was winded. He stopped running, and trotted after the others at the best pace he could make.

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It was just after Callum had dropped out of the race that a cry was lifted from the boat holding the two policemen. One end of the boat was seen to gyrate upward, and then sink, to disappear under the water; the boat gave a roll, and swayed right over, spilling the two policemen into the pond. A gurgling cry rang across the pond.

"Help! I can't swim."

"Help!" echoed the other policeman. Callum stopped dead.

"It's deeper out there, about ten feet!" he called to Slade. "They'll drown!"

"Help!" came the desperate cry again. There was no echoing shout this time.

"Judas Priest!" called Callum. "The water's like ice. They won't be able to move a limb."

Sheldron too had stopped, as had Slade and Clinton. Thirty yards away the two policemen were drowning in ice-cold water. The thought of a plunge into the pond was terrifying; but Slade didn't think. He peeled off his coat, and untied one shoe.

He got no further, for a shout from Callum made him stop to look up. The dark figure in the child's paddle-boat was standing up, arms poised above its head. It swayed as the little boat rocked perilously, then rose and fell swiftly. The men on the shore watched, spellbound. With long, deft strokes the figure moved through the chilly water towards the struggling policemen. Slade, in his shirt-sleeves, forgot the coldness of the hour as he watched every stroke made by the man winning towards the two who were succumbing to the cold water.

"Judas Priest!" called Callum again. "He's got 'em!"

He had. The swimmer was churning the water and hanging on to one side of the overturned rowing-boat. He helped the other two to gain a handhold, and then a grim battle began. Inch by inch, yard by yard, the men won their way towards the shore, kicking a white froth over the surface of the pond.

"He won't do it!" exclaimed the policeman beside Callum. "It's too much for 'em."

But already the greater part of the way towards shallow water was won. Slade and Clinton waded almost waist-high into the water, and the cold struck their limbs with a paralysing sting. By holding hands Slade was able to wade out a few feet farther, until his other hand touched the inverted prow of the boat. The men hanging on to it were gasping painfully. Even as Slade's arm helped to draw the boat faster towards the shore one of the policemen slipped off, his fingers no longer able to maintain their grasp. He sank like a stone, making scarcely a ripple. For a moment Slade stared in horror; the next moment he thrilled with admiration. Without hesitating the figure with the dripping black headdress concealing its features dived forward, caught the half-drowned man, and struck out again for the shore.

Three minutes later the men who had battled in the water were wrapped in overcoats. Slade, hard put to it to prevent his teeth from chattering, tore the soaked black cotton helmet from the head of the men who had saved the policemen's lives.

He gulped.

"Arthur Bendiloe," he began, "I arrest you——" and stopped.

Herman Raven's secretary slipped unconscious into the pool of water dripping from his chosen.

HALF an hour later Slade was towelling himself vigorously after a hot bath. Someone rapped on the door.

"Here's your clothes, Slade."

It was Callum's voice.

"All right. Come in. The door's not locked."

Callum entered and dropped Slade's hurriedly dried and pressed clothes on a chair.

"That's the best Pill could do at short notice. They look better than Bendiloe's, anyway."

Slade paused in his towelling, his hair rumpled, his face red from exertion.

"What's Surrey say?" he inquired.

"Bendiloe hasn't taken much harm from his dip. He's a healthy young animal, and the bath and brandy have made a new man of him. More than I can say for my men. Thomas, the one he rescued, isn't in such good shape. But, I say."

Slade was slipping into his underclothes.

"What?" he asked.

"Bendiloe doesn't know you've arrested him."

"Well, I haven't," said Slade, struggling with a shirt that steamed.

"What the devil do you mean? I heard you——"

Slade stood still, with arms erect and knees crooked.

"Then you think Bendiloe will talk?" persisted Callum, who did not relish being left out of the Yard man's confidence.

"Yes, but not to much purpose. I've got to think of a trick."

Callum shook his head lugubriously.

"It's beyond me. What sort of a trick?"

"To get someone to shoot at him."

The local man bounced to his feet.

"What!" he bawled.

"If you'd kindly reach me that shoe——"

"Oh, hang your shoe!" grunted Callum, but passed it all the same. "What's this mad idea about getting someone to shoot at Bendiloe? Who's the someone?"

Slade grinned annoyingly.

"Don't act that Watson stuff, Callum. You haven't the right air for it. Who but the murderer?"

Callum stared.

"You mean you're going to risk Bendiloe's life by——"

He stopped. Words failed him.

"Ah, my friend, that's where the trick comes in! I shan't be risking anybody's life, I hope. Though, come to think of it, you may be near the path of the bullet when it comes."

"If I let you alone," growled Callum, "I'll probably find myself right in it." He sucked his cigarette and looked up quickly. "How're you planning to fix this—this trick?"

Slade smoothed back his hair.

"I'm still puzzling it out. There are two ways, and I'm not quite sure which of the two I shall choose."

"Well, you haven't got all night," muttered Callum sarcastically. "You'd better make your mind up pretty quick."

"That's just what's troubling me. But you've given me an idea——"

"I'm sorry to hear it."

"Seeing you sitting there, with that bald patch at the back of your head reflected in the mirror over here——"

"If you'd just keep personalities out of it," grunted Callum.

"Certainly. But, as I was saying, seeing your reflection in the mirror here, it occurred to me that if there is a cheval-glass anywhere in the house——"

"A cheval-glass?"

Slade donned his newly-pressed jacket.

"Yes, you know, one of those long mirrors that swivel on a——"

"I know what a cheval-glass is! I want to know why you want it."

"Well, come along. We'll see if there is one first."

It was a philosophic, howbeit somewhat disgruntled, Albert Callum who saw that Slade had a word with Pill alone. The result was that some twenty minutes after Slade had finished his bath a cheval-glass was carried into the library by Slade and Pill. No one had observed the manoeuvre save the policeman who mounted guard in the hall.

"Where do you want it placed, sir?" inquired the butler, who had serious doubts as to what the night had done to the detective's sanity.

"Between those curtains."

Slade pointed to the heavy curtains draping the window opposite the door.

"Between them, sir?"

"That's right, Pill. In between them, so that the curtains hang down either side."

The detective's smile was reassuring, but Pill had his doubts. However, he did as he was bid, dragged the cheval-glass between the curtains, and arranged them so that they hung as Slade wanted.

"That how you mean, sir?"

"Almost. Just a minute."

Slade stood back by the door, eyeing the glass and curtains critically. He crossed the room and shook out the left-hand curtain a little.

"I think that'll do now. But I want a light arranged over here, on this desk."

"But what about the—the main light, sir?"

Pill pointed to the ceiling.

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Pill. That's of no use to me. I want only one light in the room, and that one to be on that desk, just there as a matter of fact."

He tapped a corner of the desk.

"I see, sir," lied the butler. "There's a desk-lamp in the study."

"The very thing. Bring it in here, and fix it, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

AFTER another doubtful glance at the curtained mirror Pill backed towards the door.

"Oh, and, Pill, ask Inspector Callum to step in here."

Callum came in.

"Pill told me you were in here and wanted to see me." The local man caught sight of the mirror. "Well, you've got your confounded cheval-glass, then. Perhaps you'll explain now what your idea or trick or whatever you call it is."

"A little patience, friend, just a little more. There's something I want you to see to for me."

"What's that? I'm glad I can do something besides being the recipient of half-baked notions——"

Slade wagged a finger in playful protest.

"That's not having patience, my son."

Callum laughed.

"All right. You win. I'll admit you've got me up a tree, wondering what it's all about. I'm puzzled to account for that glass."

Slade grinned widely.

"That makes the scheme all the better. But, between you and me, Callum, it's to catch someone's reflection. You see——" The door opened, and Pill came in, a reading-lamp in one hand, a long piece of flex trailing behind him. "Now you'll see," said Slade mysteriously.

Callum watched the butler arrange the plug of the lamp and switch on the light. He then crossed the room and switched off the light-switch by the door. The room was dark.

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save for the dim light thrown by the reading-lamp on the desk. The shelves of books became a vague blur.

Slade looked at the fire critically.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to rake that out, Pill."

The butler showed his amazement.

"It'll be cold, sir," he ventured.

"Then I'm thankful I brought my overcoat," said Slade, and began patting the curtains draped about the mirror.

Pill stared at Callum, but in the local inspector's face read only wonderment as deep as his own. He raked out the fire without more ado. When he had finished, and the red embers were in the coal-box, he asked: "Anything else, sir?"

"Not just now, Pill," said Slade.

The butler went out, and before the door had closed Callum had advanced on the Yard man.

"NOW, then, he grunted, and at sight of the determined look on his face Slade laughed.

He pointed to the mirror.

"That's to catch the reflection of someone standing there," he said, pointing to a spot beyond the desk.

Callum looked from the mirror to the point Slade indicated, and shook his head.

"No, I'm dense. I don't catch on."

The Yard man relighted his pipe.

"I mean Bendiloe's going to stand there, Callum."

The local inspector stared even as Pill had stared a short while before. Some idea of what Slade was proposing flashed through his mind.

"Good heavens, what a gamble!"

Slade looked solemn.

"I know," he admitted. "But what else can I do?"

Callum couldn't tell him. He shrugged, as though the whole problem Slade was trying to solve was beyond him. The Yard man came forward and placed a hand on the other's shoulder.

"I want you to see that none of your men are in the hall when Bendiloe's here. In fact, I don't want anyone in the hall or corridor, Callum."

The local man nodded understandingly.

"It's a great risk, and it might——"

Slade's upheld hand stopped him.

"I realise all that, my friend," he said, in a changed tone, "but there's no time to debate it now. Get Bendiloe and Clinton in here."

The secretary entered while Slade was putting his last touch to the curtains on each side of the cheval-glass.

"Mr. Bendiloe," said Slade, in a casual tone, "I've some questions to ask you." He paused as he saw the young man's face set defiantly. "And I want you to stand here," he added.

He took the secretary's right arm and led him to the place where he wanted him to stand. Rather doubtfully the other took up the position, and then glanced round. But he could discern no apparent reason for Slade's request. The detective, his man once where he wanted him, crossed to the door, looked at the mirror, and then, with a nod of satisfaction—which was not missed by the watchful Callum—came back to his chair by the desk.

"What were you doing at the boathouse on the common?" was the Yard man's first question, and his voice was raised a trifle louder than would have seemed necessary.

Callum stared at the door as the secretary replied: "I cannot answer your question."

"You mean you won't answer," said Slade sternly, "and your reason is because you are afraid—of what?"

Bendiloe squared his shoulders.

"Do you expect me to say?" he countered.

"I expect you to tell me what the secret between you and Vera Tooley is."

Bendiloe started, and his shoulders fell slack again.

"There is no secret," he said stubbornly.

"There is," said Slade, "and I don't think I'm far wrong when I say it concerns Ruth Raven."

From the look that passed over the other's face it was plain that Slade's shot had been accurately aimed.

"So you know . . . about her!" muttered the secretary.

"Haverill said quite a lot before he died."

"Did he tell you——" began Bendiloe, then caught himself up and rammed his fists into the commodious pockets of his dressing-gown.

"Yes?" said Slade softly.

"Nothing."

"Yes?" prompted Slade again, and received the same reply: "Nothing."

"Very well." The detective shrugged, and opened Clinton's notebook. "Let me refresh your memory on a few points, Bendiloe. It may make you see things in a different light."

"I've nothing to say."

Slade looked up from the notebook, and stared at the other quizzically.

"Not even about Vera Tooley?"

Bendiloe's face was haggard. He took a deep breath.

"What's Vera Tooley to me?" he said boldly.

Slade smiled.

"Your wife," he answered.

The color receded from the young man's cheeks. He swayed.

"So you—you know . . ."

"I know you've been a fool," retorted Slade. "But I remember you saved two men's lives to-night. Yours is a strange account, Bendiloe, and I'm not sure how it totals up."

The young man wasn't listening.

"You know," he repeated wonderingly.

"Peter Haverill mentioned you and your wife," said Slade, trying a new lead.

Bendiloe shook his head, as though to clear it, and a strand of his fair hair slipped forward over his forehead. He brushed it back impatiently.

"But he didn't know," he protested.

"Oh, I don't mean he told me about your marriage. I guessed that. He told me you were tricking Raven, Bendiloe"—Slade spoke more sharply—"you lied when you said you didn't know about Haverill. You knew very well that 'Percy Raven' was a fake, as well as you knew that Herman Raven's safe was going to be burgled. Haverill was to have done that job."

Clinton and Callum were interested spectators. The former was watching the secretary, the latter his inquisitor. Slade was dividing his attention between the door and the man he was questioning.

"You knew, too, that Herman Raven was to be mur——"

"It's a lie!" shouted Bendiloe. "A lie!" The goading words had stung him past caution. The veins in his neck stood up like blue cords.

"But you knew Sterridge was in the swindle. You knew the solicitor couldn't help himself, that he had to knuckle under. Now, to come to you yourself."

Slade paused once more, watching the young man reflectively.

"You've lied, abetted in murder, hindered the police in their investigation—perhaps are responsible for two other murders——"

"No—no!" muttered the young man, in a strangled voice. "That's not true. I couldn't help——"

"Them *or yourself?*" asked Slade.

Bendiloe made a feeble gesture.

"Go on. I shan't interrupt again," he said tonelessly. He was beaten, and knew it.

Slade became brisk, but never for long did his glance remain away from the door.

"Very well, we'll come to your last escapade, Bendiloe. What did you run away to dump into the pond—and did you get rid of it?"

The secretary looked all round the library, but did not glance long at the mirror. From where he stood he could not see his own reflection; that could be seen only from the door.

"I did get rid of it," he said.

Slade smiled.

"But you didn't throw it into the pond, did you, Bendiloe? Like a wise man, you considered second thoughts best, and reflection pointed out the folly of discarding what might be held as proof of a very halting story of coercion. So you dropped it in the boathouse, didn't you?"

Bendiloe stared at the detective like a man dreaming; there was an incredulous look on his face.

"How have you learned all this?" he asked huskily. "You can't know—you can't!"

Slade said nothing for a while; simply stared straight at the young man, and his gaze was disconcerting. At last he said curtly: "Is Celia Raven's handbag and the ——" but stopped suddenly. No one else in the library saw the door open another couple of inches.

He amended his question.

"ARE the papers where you can recover them quickly, Bendiloe?"

After a pause the secretary muttered, "Yes—but they're hidden."

"Still, they're in the boathouse as I guessed, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"In Celia Raven's handbag?"

Another pause, and Slade snapped, "Answer me!"

"Yes."

The detective sprawled his arms across the desk and drummed his fingers on a book.

"Right, then. I'll give you one more chance to tell the truth. The truth, mind. No trick confessions to gain time. Are you speaking?"

Seconds ticked by, and Slade's glance did not leave the door.

"I've nothing to say."

Bendiloe's words caused the detective to start, but for the merest moment only did his gaze revert to the young man's face. Yet when he glanced back at the door he saw something that caused the blood to quicken in his veins. He was right! His trick had worked! He smiled as the barrel of the automatic pistol lifted, aimed at the reflection in the mirror.

Crack!

The door slammed on the sound of splintering glass.

"All right!" called Slade. "Take it easy—no damage."

Someone banged on the door from outside.

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"Hey what's the matter?" cried Irvin as he burst into the room.

Slade grinned.

"Just somebody brought seven years' bad luck on themselves—or maybe longer."

Callum clutched Slade's shoulder.

"It was the maddest thing I've ever seen or heard of!" he said. "So mad that I wouldn't believe it'd have worked—like that! What now?"

"Now," said Slade, "we get the whole crowd together, and you watch the last scene."

It was no light task assembling the household after that shot. Everyone in the house had heard it. Reactions were mostly noisy.

Slade, with Callum and Clinton on each side of him, looked at those faces in silence, and slowly, as the seconds passed, a tenser look came to them. They stared back at the detective, hostile, inquiring, doubtful, morose.

Suddenly Eva cried fretfully, "Oh, do something, somebody! Do something!"

The effect was electrical. Face muscles stiffened; eyes lit expectantly. Jim's offending briar slipped to the parquet and broke; but he didn't seem to notice.

Then Slade moved.

He forced his way through the throng, thrusting people away from him. A lane opened before him, and he went down it. All at once he stopped. The expression on his face was something none who saw it ever forgot. His right arm swung back in a whirling arc, and his fist smashed forward, breaking into a white face.

As one person, the group closed about the detective, gasped, and trod uncertainly backward, staring with fascinated gaze at the inert form of Maurice Tooley, lying at the detective's feet.

"Slade!" exclaimed Callum tremulously. "Are you sure?"

The detective did not answer. He took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and for a moment dangled them over the unconscious pickle manufacturer. Then he snapped them over the man's thin wrists. That done, he bent down and felt in the manacled man's pockets. From one of them he took a revolver.

THE three men seated in the office of Department X2 at New Scotland Yard looked round as a rap sounded on the door.

"That'll be Callum," said Slade, and called, "Come in!"

A uniformed constable announced: "Inspector Callum, sir," and Callum walked in, his peaked cap in his hand.

"Hallo, Callum!" greeted the Yard man. "On time, then. You know Clinton. Meet Brawley of the Flying Squad."

Callum felt his hands seized by five fingers with the strength of ten, and he looked into a smiling face with twinkling blue eyes that seemed to say to one: "For Heaven's sake don't look so scared. You won't get your pockets picked."

"Pleased to meet you," said Callum formally.

"Take a chair," said Brawley. "Glad to see you, Callum. I've been envying you that twelve hours of heaven you had at Ravenscroft."

Callum wasn't certain how to take this until he saw Slade's revealing grin.

"You'll soon get used to Abe," promised the chief officer of Department X2, nodding towards Brawley. "I know his looks are a bit simian, but Time's smoothed them down a lot."

There was a general laugh, and then Brawley said: "Incidentally, Tony, I'm a bit curious myself about the finish of this Raven case. What's the johnny's name—Tooley—was he a thoroughly bad crust?"

"Absolutely," replied Slade. "But he was also a bad plotter. If he hadn't been there wouldn't have been three dead men at Ravenscroft that night. One would have sufficed for his purpose——"

"Herman Raven, of course," said Callum.

"Yes, Herman Raven," agreed Slade. "Sterridge was not properly stage-managed, and Haverill was allowed to get out of hand. You see, Tooley held a whip over his daughter and her husband——"

"You mean," interrupted Callum, "that he knew they were married?"

Slade smiled grimly.

"None of that night's entertainment would have taken place if they hadn't been," he told the others. "It was the fact that Bendiloe was married to Vera Tooley that allowed Tooley to dictate to the secretary what he should do and not do. There was an ugly tale behind it all that touched the Bendiloes—the tale of Ruth Raven, Haverill's sister. As you know, Callum, Haverill, before he died, said his sister committed suicide—poisoned herself. He believed that—so did her husband; and Raven's desertion was supposed to be the motive for her taking her life. There's little doubt in my mind, however, that she was murdered, though the murderess's repentance came too late to save her victim."

"Murderess . . .?"

Slade settled himself in his chair.

"My opinion's that Very Tooley poisoned Ruth Raven," he said. "Clinton and I have gone over the facts and the evidence we've got, and both agree on that point. But, of course, it's only our opinion. Personally I'm convinced Ruth Raven was the skeleton in Vera Tooley's cupboard. Motive? Anything you like with a woman like Vera Tooley—jealousy over some man, a hint of scandal, or sudden womanish quarrel in which too many harsh words bared the truth. You know how it is. No one on earth hates harder than women who have been friends for years, and know each other's secrets. It can never be proved unless——

"But seriously, Slade," interrupted Callum, "do you mean that Tooley tried to kill Bendiloe because he thought his daughter would talk? Surely if he had killed him she would have——"

Slade shook his head.

"No. You're wrong there, Callum," he said definitely. "It's a matter of psychology; and it wasn't till I realised the psychological equation of husband and wife that night that I realised how things would shape if Bendiloe was killed. That's why I had to do something to prevent Bendiloe's murder, yet at the same time make the murderer step into the open once more. You see, after Tooley fired that shot he didn't have a chance to ditch the weapon, as he did after shooting Haverill. Everyone came running out of their rooms. He was caught in the crowd. It was what I bargained on; I knew the gun would be in his pocket . . . But I said it was a matter of psychology. I mean in this way. On the one hand there was Arthur Bendiloe, a rather pugnacious young man, married to a girl whom he suspected of a terrible crime—I'll tell you the motive later—yet in love with her, very much in love with her, living a life of pretence and make-believe. He was Herman Raven's secretary and the husband of his employer's fiancee. Small wonder that the situation became too much for him. But there were other complications. Raven had been married—secretly too—and his father, Fred Raven, the millionaire, had not known. The truth had to be kept from him at all costs, or it would have meant a changed will—the pauper cousins might have come in for everything. Well, on top of all this Bendiloe had the worry of Maurice Tooley——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Callum, in the tone of a man who believes he is coming to the significant point of a story.

"—and the worry of Maurice Tooley was no light one. It brings me to the psychology of his daughter, Very Tooley—or Bendiloe; I somehow cannot think of her as married——"

"Nor can I," said Callum.

"CAN her husband?" asked Brawley cynically, but no one troubled to answer him.

Slade went on: "Vera Bendiloe is a selfish woman, rebellious, but a coward at heart. Spite and pride might cause her to set her hand to something; doubt and lack of self-confidence would never let her finish it as she began—if she finished it at all. It's not hard to realise that she and Bendiloe at first were mutually attracted. They met at a house-party where she was three parts drunk. She brought diversion into his life when it seemed crabbed. So he rose to her mood, not knowing that she was going through her normal reaction after a quarrel with Raven, who was not yet officially engaged to her. Indeed, Bendiloe knew nothing about the engagement until after he had married her at some seaside place in Cornwall, the name of which I wasn't told. She went through it in a spirit of gay recklessness, thinking he'd play up to her afterwards. He did—not quite in the way she imagined, though. The situation became impossible—or, at least, nearly impossible. Bendiloe had no money, and the news, he was told by his wife, had to be kept from Raven. Why? he naturally wanted to know. Her father was wealthy. People ate gallons of pickles every day. So he had his eyes opened. There was what might be termed a Tooley family conference. Maurice Tooley was worse off than his bewildered son-in-law—"

"Good Heavens!" broke in Callum. "You don't mean Tooley had lost his money?"

"Was it horses?" asked Brawley, wise in the ways of rich men of middle age.

"About equal lots of that and the stock market," said Slade. "His house and factory were mortgaged to the hilt, and, worse still, he already owed considerable sums to young Raven, who was a member of his club. He had been banking on Vera putting him back on the shelf. You can picture the pow-wow. Words weren't minced. Father and daughter raved at each other, and Bendiloe was made to feel he'd taken the wrong bull by the horns. Vera slanged her father, and he, just to show he was the original block, and could still do some chipping on his own account, dished up the Haverill linen, which was pretty dirty, as Bendiloe saw. There was nothing he could do. He loved his wife in his own way and would have done anything for her. But he was in a trap: his wife and her father on one side, Herman Raven, whom he hated, on the other. To think of Raven crowing over him was too much. He listened to what Tooley schemed, and that's where the real damage was done. If his wife was a murderess, if she'd poisoned Ruth Haverill in a fit of jealous spite, and if he could forget that, he couldn't very well be a hypocrite about the old man. Further, the father held a trump card. There wasn't much love lost between

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THE RIDDLE OF THE RAVENS

him and his daughter; they'd each gone their own way to meet on the same road; and he used his knowledge of the Haverill fiasco to force Bendiloe to agree to his scheme. It was to get control of the Raven fortune, and in many ways it was a brilliant plan, though a damnably ruthless and unscrupulous one."

"The Raven fortune! But how on earth ——? Slade, that sounds impossible," said Callum.

"You're forgetting the child, Roger Raven, Herman's son," Slade told him. "Which brings Edgar Sterridge into the picture."

Brawley clicked his tongue against his teeth.

"You love these involved tangles, don't you, Tony?" he said ironically. "Why, you never get a plain, straightforward case, with an obvious motive, is more than I can guess. I'd go off my nut if I had to string things up this way after I'd finished a case."

He lit another cigarette and rolled it to a corner of his mouth.

"How much of this is coming out at the trial?" he asked suddenly.

"Depends on Tooley," said Slade.

"How do you mean? If he opens up?"

"HE knows he'll swing. If he confesses and trims his confession Bendiloe and the daughter haven't much to worry about legally."

There was a short silence, which was broken by Callum when he asked: "What about his plan to get the Raven fortune, Slade—and Sterridge? How does that fit in?"

"Like this," replied Slade, taking up his narrative where he had left it some minutes before. "There was the child Roger Raven, whose only relative apart from his father was his uncle, Peter Haverill. Tooley saw that if Herman Raven was out of the way the Raven fortune would come to Herman's son, and that the courts would probably appoint the uncle as trustee and guardian. Now, Sterridge knew Tooley owed Raven money, and he might have had his own ideas about Tooley's ability to pay back; but Sterridge was knocked off his perch when Tooley told him about Raven's marriage and its outcome. Edgar Sterridge was not specially high-principled. He doubtless considered Raven's domestic business none of his, Sterridge's. If he took the matter up all he stood to get was the loss of a paying client. So Sterridge kept his own counsel and listened when Tooley spoke. Haverill was sure at the treatment his sister had received; he was in a dangerous mood, and, furthermore, was in love with Vera Tooley. With Vera as bait Tooley dangled his proposition before Haverill. In Raven's safe were the marriage certificate and papers with details of Tooley's debts. Get those and Raven could be made to toe the line. Haverill saw the force of that argument, and Sterridge saw no reason for putting a spoke in the wheel. If a family argument developed later into a fight, so much the better for him. But when Tooley had his plans carefully laid he wasn't certain about Sterridge. Actually Sterridge had nothing to gain by keeping silent, and although he was willing enough to keep back from Raven the information about Tom Raven not being legally bound to the mother of Jim, Alice, Harry, and Eddie, Tooley still had his doubts. It was Tooley whom Celia overheard speaking to her employer. He called on Sterridge to make some soundings for himself. Those soundings decided Sterridge's fate."

"Just how?" queried Brawley.

"Well, let's come to the night of the 13th," resumed Slade. "Sterridge had found Tom Raven's offspring by using a shady detective agency. He wouldn't have used that firm unless he knew it, and it had worked for him before, and each knew where it stood with the other. Right, then. That made me wonder about Sterridge. Was he holding back something from Raven? We know now—at least, we can assume with every certainty—that he was; he was keeping to himself what Jim told me, probably upon Tooley's advice, for Tooley had another axe to grind——"

"The murder of Herman Raven!" Callum's wrinkled face manifested a lively excitement.

"Yes, the murder of Herman Raven," agreed Slade. "Sterridge, I am positive, was told nothing about that—nor were Bendiloe and his wife. Tooley planned that murder in a fiendishly clever way. Herman Raven's death would come as a surprise to every one except himself; and it would come at a time that would make things look bad for Sterridge, for Bendiloe and his daughter, and for Haverill—unless they played his, Tooley's, game to the bitter end."

"But Tooley didn't kill Herman Raven!" expostulated the dour Callum. "I grant you Sterridge and Haverill. But not Raven. Tooley didn't leave the dining-room."

"He did," retorted Slade. "He left it by the service lift. He'd got the key from the kitchen. Bendiloe had probably stolen it some time before. He went upstairs by the service lift, came upon Maggie Trumbull and Raven in the bathroom, and stabbed Raven with the knife he had purloined from Eddie's pocket."

"Here, wait a minute," Brawley protested. "I don't catch on. Be more explicit, Tony. Why did he take Eddie's knife? And what do you mean by he came upon Maggie and Raven? The girl had already screamed and been knocked out, hadn't she?"

"That's right, Abe," agreed the leader of Department X2. "He saw Raven through the bathroom door bending over the unconscious figure of the maid, and he stabbed him before Raven could look round, then jumped out and locked the bathroom door."

"Sounds all right," said Brawley, "but you haven't explained how and why he got that knife."

Slade smiled.

"It's a good job I'm patient, Abe. The detective agency Sterridge employed dug up some interesting stuff about Eddie, enough to give Tooley the idea that Eddie would be there on the look-out for something in his own line of business, which would mean that he would come prepared with his ordinary implements, including his knife. Tooley had ample opportunity to search the coats hanging up in the hall——"

Brawley held up a hand.

"All right, Tony. No need to make it too detailed. I can see a few inches before my nose."

"I was wondering," murmured Slade, and the broad features of the chief of the Flying Squad looked sour.

"Go on," he grunted.

"Well, the job done, Tooley hopped back into the service lift and went down to the dining-room. The whole job needn't have taken more than four minutes, and Tooley, despite his looks and apparent age, was an active man. He could shift himself when he had to; he could both think fast and move fast. Personally, though, I consider he thought a great deal faster than he moved ——"

"I'll say he did!" Callum exclaimed, with feeling, and added, "But what about Haverill while all that was going on? And the rest of the crowd—where were they?"

"The rest of the crowd were hunting downstairs. Bendiloe's job—though, to give him his due, he didn't know why—was to head them off. As for Haverill, while the dinner was being eaten he had tackled the safe. The key had been secured by Bendiloe, while Herman was dressing, and was passed to Haverill by Tooley. You know how Haverill got in with that invitation card Bendiloe faked. That was Tooley's notion, of course——"

"Just a minute," said Brawley, and his tone was thick with argument. "You said Bendiloe headed the whole gang off. But don't forget the maid's scream was accidental. They hadn't banked on that—at least, I mean Tooley hadn't—and so Raven's running from the room and upstairs was accidental and couldn't have been foreseen."

They all looked to Slade. That seemed a poser. But the Yard man smiled knowingly.

"Wasn't Haverill in the corridor?" he asked. "Every one except the maid was engaged with the dinner; and normally she, too, would have been. She'd had a row with the cook, and was clearing out—with more than her own stuff, true—but Tooley didn't know the little sub-plot planned by Benson and the girl. Haverill was up there to create a disturbance and then disappear after he'd led the chase up the stairs. He didn't know why, but that was only because Tooley had left his daughter to explain to him, and she couldn't explain what she didn't know. Haverill had got the money and envelope from the safe and gone upstairs to make a row, when he ran into the girl. He acted on the spur of the moment, as he couldn't risk discovery, and the girl made the row for him."

Callum mopped his forehead, and Brawley said: "My Heavens, Tony, if ever you start to write mystery stories——"

"I shan't," grinned Slade. "I get quite enough of them here."

He paused to light his pipe before resuming.

"THE rest is pretty easy to figure out. You may wonder why Tooley wanted Haverill there at all——"

"You're right," said Brawley. "That's been teasing me all the time."

"Here's the answer, then," said Slade. "Tooley wanted as many people to confuse the issue as possible after he had killed Raven. Remember, he was out after a fortune, and not only that, Raven could have thrown him on the rocks any time he liked, but he didn't know how much Tooley knew, and Vera Tooley was an uncertain quantity. So Tooley figured that Haverill had to be on the scene, and would have to do what he said to save his own hide. That suited Tooley. But his plan, ultimately, was more resourceful. With Vera and Bendiloe divorced, Haverill would grab the chance to marry the girl. He would be the trustee of his nephew's vast fortune, and his wife, dictated to by her father, would have ten fingers in the pie. A nice dream, wasn't it?"

Brawley's explosive comment is not printable. Callum confined himself to a mild "Judas Priest!"

"Yes," Slade went on, "you can see that it wasn't part of Tooley's original scheme to shoot Haverill; that necessity arose later, when Haverill wanted to wash his hands of the murder. But before Haverill was shot—after handing over the envelope Tooley wanted—Sterridge was poisoned. He became panicky. Over a quiet game of chess he showed Tooley that he was ready to blow the gaff. So Tooley doctored the whisky

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and sent the rebellious solicitor to get a drink when his daughter turned up and wanted a word with him. Sterridge went in to kill himself while Vera Tooley started a quarrel. She had just seen Haverill, and he was in a rage fit to pull the house down. So Tooley went out to use another of the weapons he had brought——"

"Yes, I was just going to ask you, Tony," said Brawley. "Why did he bring along the cyanide and the gun—and use Eddie's knife?"

SLADE relit his briar, which had gone out some minutes before.

"Because he was prepared for whatever might happen. Haverill might have muffed things—or Eddie might not have brought his knife—or Raven might not have jumped up from the table and run from the room—anything might have happened except what did, and if this was a detective story, Abe, it probably would have. Well, Tooley was taking no chances. He could have shot Raven some time later, or poisoned his drink. The risk, of course, was far greater. As it was, he was lucky. His luck didn't change till after Raven was dead—when Sterridge and Haverill, his daughter and Bendiloe, kicked against the pricks. He found he could manage Vera and Bendiloe, but not Sterridge and Haverill. And, believe me, it must have taken a deal of heart-burning for him to have shot Haverill. When Haverill died Tooley's chance of playing ducks and drakes with a fortune running into seven figures evaporated like smoke. But it was that or swinging for a certainty, because Haverill had cottoned on to things between Vera and Bendiloe and thought the girl was deeper in the game with her father than she was. . . . I shan't forget in a hurry the things he said just before he died. Haverill went through a devil of a lot for nothing."

There was another short silence. Brawley's next question came with the abruptness of a clap of thunder.

"What about the poisoned whisky? How could Tooley be sure only Sterridge would drink it? There'd have been hell to pay if someone else had downed a glass."

"Tooley was a sound psychologist, Abe. The Ravens were all together quarrelling. Bendiloe was trying to work a way out with Vera in between times when he was dodging me. Haverill was lying low, though Heaven knows where he got to! Must have kept in one of the second-floor rooms, and when we searched all the rooms gone down the service lift. As likely as not Tooley explained that to him; he'd no wish for Haverill to be caught and to talk. . . . So there was little risk of anyone drinking before Sterridge; and Tooley could be certain no one would drink after him."

Brawley demurred.

"Still, it was taking a long chance, I contend. However, Tony, get down to the tale again. What about that stick-up in the dining-room?"

"That was neatly done," Slade assented. "He came down in the service lift for the papers in the envelope, which Haverill had hidden in the hiding-place agreed upon, the sideboard drawer, and he made a good job of frisking me, taking the money and my notes and Jim Raven's knife. But here again is another example of the man's preparedness. He came for the envelope, but he had those napkins ready for an emergency, as both Celia Raven and I found out. And taking Jim's knife, which had been left lying about, cutting the phone flex, and putting the knife and the key of the safe in Sterridge's pocket were smart moves, confusing the issue every time."

"You mentioned Celia Raven," said Callum. "I'm not sure now what happened about the girl. Did Bendiloe clear that up?"

"He didn't have to," replied the Yard man, giving up his pipe as a bad job and accepting the cigarette Brawley proffered. "It's clear enough when you follow the moves closely. Tooley had got his daughter pretty well terrified about what would happen next, and Bendiloe was at his wits' end. He couldn't back down because of his wife—or if he did— But, like everyone else, he'd gone too far. He knew that personally neither he nor anyone else were involved in the killings; they were Tooley's own affair, but to explain that satisfactorily would be too tall a tale, and there are such persons as accessories. So both he and his wife piped down and played as they were told to by Tooley, who was hourly becoming more desperate and more determined to win the great gamble he'd begun. . . . Very well, now. You know how he bumped into the girl when he was wearing that mask arrangement. That was when Callum and I were chasing him. He took her down the fire-escape, tied her up, and went up again to his daughter's room, where Bendiloe was talking to the girl. He told them not to open the door until he returned. He then went back to the second floor and searched the girl's room, coming upon Eddie, whom he knocked unconscious with the butt of his revolver. He took her handbag, because in it he found a notebook with all sorts of items about Sterridge's office. He hadn't time to examine the notebook then, but he couldn't risk leaving it for us to find and wade through. It might possibly contain a clue—perhaps a telephone number that connected him and the solicitor. So he went back to his daughter's room, but for some reason or other went back a different way, down the corridor stairs. Probably we were close behind him then, and he had to take a chance, so dodged upstairs first, until we were gathered round Eddie. However, he went back down the stairs, gave one of Callum's men the fright of his life, and put on a show about shooting his way into his daughter's room. That was so that no one would suspect her. Not bad, when he was thinking as fast as that. And don't forget he'd moved pretty fast; the whole job took less than ten minutes. Inside the room, he stuffed the envelope, money, Jim's knife, Eddie's sheath, and key into the girl's handbag, and gave Bendiloe his instructions. He'd got to put the girl where Tooley told him, then make a break from the house and cache the handbag. You can bet that didn't appeal to Bendiloe, but it was that or get a bullet. Probably his wife came in on her father's side, thinking of her husband's safety. Anyway, Bendiloe's last chip was handed over. He did what he was told. He took the mask, and you know what followed. While Tooley went aloft again Bendiloe hid the girl, and then couldn't get clear himself. Pill was roaming around the servants' quarters. So Bendiloe hopped down the small wine-cellar. When Pill opened it he had to make a dash. You know the dance he led us. But he was a plucky fellow to jump into that cold pond. . . ."

"YOU said he hid the handbag in the boathouse?" said Brawley.

"Yes. I believe he'd have got away if he hadn't jumped into the pond to save those constables of Callum's. You'll have to start swimming classes this summer, Callum."

"I'll have the blasted ponds drained dry," retorted the other, with feeling. "I can't swim myself," he added, and joined in the laugh.

"I don't think there's anything else to add," said Slade at length. "As far as the case is concerned that about finishes it. I might mention that the blood on Vera Tooley's face was her husband's. He tore the nail of a thumb on the window of her room. Celia Raven, tied to the fire-escape below, heard her when she went to him. Incidentally, I was right about the photo missing from Herman Raven's pocket-wallet. Bendiloe ripped it off in a moment when his thoughts weren't too clear. Dumping the 'stolen' money in Eva's bag was a clever move, and was Tooley's own idea. He'd got the money from Haverill. Which reminds me: the note beginning 'Vera darling' which we traced on the blotter was a last frantic appeal from Haverill—not Bendiloe, as I supposed at the time—to the girl he loved. I forgot to mention just now that it was Haverill whom Terry saw disappearing into one of the rooms along the corridor—at least, I take it Haverill was the person. He saw Bendiloe, who was in front of Terry, you remember, and dived in Bendiloe's room. Of course Bendiloe played up to him; he couldn't do anything else. While he was in Bendiloe's room Haverill took a look through what he had stolen from the safe and then the idea came to him to pen that note to Vera. You can bet it disturbed her. Anyway, it sent her running down to her father. Remember, Callum, when she was supposed to be seeking some aspirin for a headache? That fitted neatly with Tooley's plan, as Sterridge went for his death drink when Vera interrupted the game of chess. Jim's recognising Haverill is another queer coincidence which would have told me something had I known how to use it. He'd probably seen Haverill at the Camden Town factory some time when Haverill visited Tooley, and of course Haverill wasn't wearing his false moustache then. The idea of a false moustache, I understand, was to prevent his brother-in-law recognising him should they have met accidentally. Tooley certainly didn't overlook much. Probably he thought of too many details; that might be where he tripped. . . . Anyway, that's the case in a rather large nutshell. Those are the whys and wherefores. Of course, there are Maggie Trumbull and Benson. That lad's going to get something for leaving me dangling on that confounded ledge. I don't think I've met a cooler piece of cold-blooded——"

"All right, Tony," soothed Brawley. "We understand. But you asked for it, being such a fool as to get out on the ledge."

Slade looked glum.

"I didn't know shutting the door and locking it was a trick. The precious pair would pick that night of all nights to make a haul."

"Well, it doesn't seem to have been a lucky night for many folk at Ravenscroft. Only Celia and the Twins—isn't that what they're called?—get a share of the fifty thousand——"

"No," said Slade. "They've agreed that they'll share and share alike. But that's about all they'll get. There'll be a fine and lengthy case over the guardianship of the young heir."

"Where's Baby Roger now?" asked Callum.

"With some old nurse of Haverill's, I believe."

Brawley shook his head.

"That doesn't stop it being an unlucky night," he said dogmatically.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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